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G. F. Woods R. R. 6th P. M.

to Mrs. Whinnell - Boston
a little token of friendly
regards.

Yours truly

Wm. L. G. Wood.
July 1st 1861.

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Sed. Proterozoic

Rock. Kato in Gneiss, base of main

P O E M S.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

C R I T I Q U E S

ON

METAPHYSICAL SUBJECTS.

BY G. H. WOOD.

"But is amusement all? Studious of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Were loudest in their praise, who do no more."
COWPER'S TASK, book ii.

DOUGLAS:

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DEDICATORY SONNETS.

TO THE REVEREND THOMAS ROBINSON, D.D.,
MASTER OF THE TEMPLE, RECTOR OF THERFIELD, AND
HONORARY PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

I.

To thee, my friend, I dedicate my lays,—
For well I ween that thou wilt not refuse
This grateful tribute of my humble muse,—
Thy kind approval, as in early days,
Would be my guerdon, and my highest praise ;
For thou art fraught with Poesy's hallow'd fire,
And skill'd to wake the soul-entrancing lyre,
And roam'st at will through all her flowery ways :
More worthy thou an angel's raptur'd lay,
Than be the subject of my lowly song,—
For thou art meet to join the heavenly throng :—
What tho' my debt of love I ne'er can pay !
'T is blest to owe a debt of gratitude
To those we love,—the virtuous, wise, and good.

II.

HAD I an angel's harp or cherub's tongue,
Or were I "fraught with Poesy's hallow'd fire,"
And skill'd, like thee, to wake the raptur'd lyre,
I'd pour the fulness of my heart in song,
Thou most esteem'd of Friendship's sacred throng!
Illum'd by Faith, fraught with Love's hallow'd fire,
And pure in heart,—ah! well may'st thou aspire
To hold thy seat the blissful saints among:
At home, abroad, in India's¹ sunny clime,
Thy name shall live throughout the course of time;
And long as Persia's tongue on earth is known,
To thee her sons their boundless debt shall own;
In all the church thou art rever'd, belov'd,—
For "every virtue under heaven" approv'd.

¹ Dr. R. was formerly Senior Chaplain of Poonah, Domestic Chaplain to the late Bishop Heber, and afterwards Archdeacon of Madras; and translated the Old Testament into Persian.

ON, on, my Bark, thy airy wings unfold,
Joyous to clasp the fair and favouring breeze,
And fearless speed along the treacherous seas,
Albeit thou bear'st within thy friendly hold
A freight more priz'd by me than gems or gold ;
And should foul winds or envious blasts assail,
No power malign 'gainst thee shall e'er prevail,
With Hope thy pilot, heaven-inspir'd and bold :
"Tutus in undis,"—words inform'd with power,—
Thy motto be, and prove a sovereign charm
All doubt to quell, and fear, and blind alarm :
Then speed thee on in love and friendship's hour,
And some sweet cherub sit aloft the while
To guard the Poet-Bark of Mona's Druid Isle.

INTRODUCTION.

IN introducing this volume to the notice of the public, I beg leave to express the grateful sense I feel of the kind and generous support which I have received from all my friends,—some of them of forty years' standing,—not only in this my native Island, but throughout Great Britain; and I cherish the hope, that these effusions of my humble muse may prove not unworthy of their indulgent patronage.

Some of the Poems have been reprinted from “Fraser's Magazine” and other periodicals, though the greater portion of them has never before been published. A few, from a volume of mine which appeared in 1827, have been added at the desire of my friends.

In the Strictures on Metaphysical Subjects, inserted at the end of the work, I have endeavoured studiously to avoid all technical and scholastic phraseology, and to use the plainest and most familiar style of language, though involving some repetition, — my chief object and desire

being, to expound to the uninitiated the main points at issue between the antagonistic schools of the philosophers of the material and immaterial theories ; at the same time hoping, that these deep and subtle speculations may be found not uninteresting or unedifying to the initiated, who delight in such intellectual studies, and who can sympathise with the bard in his enraptured apostrophe :—

“ How charming is divine philosophy !
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo’s lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.” — *Comus*.

Moreover, I trust that the intelligent reader will perceive, in the perusal of these Strictures, that philosophy, rightly so called, is the handmaid of Divine revelation and true religion. And it was solely to promote the latter, and to overthrow infidelity and atheism, based on materialism, that the learned and pious Bishop Berkeley,¹ and his not less learned and pious contemporary, the Rev. Arthur Collier, propounded their incontrovertible metaphysical doctrines.

¹ So highly eulogised by Pope in the well-known line,—

“ To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.”

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POEMS.

P O E M S .

MEMORY'S PAINS AND PLEASURES.

“ I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream ;”
For Memory rais'd the curtain of the past ;
And lo !—as in some stately theatre,
When tearful Tragedy assumes her reign—
There slowly pass'd before my mental sight
The varied scenes and forms of other years,—
The time, the place, the actors of the hour,
With all the sad habiliments of woe.—

Methought I stood, in meditative mood,
As in the early summer of my days,
Within the precincts of a ruin'd fane,—
A vast pagoda of the gods of Ind,—
For 't was a spot for lonely musing form'd,—
A calm, sequester'd, undisturb'd retreat,
And place of refuge from the noon-day sun ;—
When suddenly I heard, as in a dream,
A distant sound, and soon beheld from far
A group of Indus' swarthy sons draw nigh,

Who bore aloft, on native couch reclin'd,
 But half conceal'd within its curtain'd veil,
 A lovely lady, clad in snowy robes,
 Whose wavy tresses loosely flow'd adown,
 In rich profusion, o'er her graceful form.
 As there, alas ! she bent her drooping head,—
 Surcharg'd with sorrow, wrapt in speechless grief,—
 So tranquil, calm, and mute, and motionless,—
 So sadly, purely pale,—she seem'd, in sooth,
 An alabaster effigy of woe,
 Save that at times she clasp'd, convulsively,
 A lovely babe, and press'd it to her breast ;—
 But vainly press'd the tender, pining babe ;
 For fearful Anguish, with her icy hand,
 Had frozen up life's all-sustaining stream.—

And now, a form, amidst the attendant train,
 Did suddenly arrest my anxious sight,
 As by the mourning lady's couch he strode,
 With hurried steps, and sorrow-clouded brow :
 He was, in sooth, the lady's loving lord,¹
 And seem'd a man in manhood's perfect prime,
 Of courtly bearing and of gentle mien,—
 A form which bore the innate stamp and seal
 Of true nobility,—but now, alas !
 Bow'd down beneath a pond'rous weight of woe ;
 Yet such a form, as with a nameless spell,
 Doth suddenly entrance the gazer's sight,
 And bind the heart in sweet captivity.

And now, three youthful beings 'fore me pass'd ;
 And two were bright in health and beauty's bloom,
 And in their playful innocence did seem
 Unconscious quite of this sad scene of grief,

¹ Archdeacon Robinson, then Senior Chaplain of Poonah, now Master of the Temple, London.

Their parents' anguish, or the direful cause.
Ah! little dream'd they, happy innocents!
That he so late their joyous playfellow,
And younger born, now prostrate lay, struck down
With the dread hand of mortal malady;
And yet no trace of youthful loveliness,
No line of beauty, touch'd by dull decay;
And as he lay in bless'd unconsciousness,
So calmly, gently slumbering into death,
He seem'd more like an angel trac'd in sleep,
'Than mortal compass'd in an earthly frame.
"Whom the gods love, die young;" and, sooth to tell,
No fairer, nobler work of human clay,
No purer, lovelier, lamb-like innocent,
In youth's bright-budding flow'ry wreaths adorn'd,
Did ever breathe its spirit back to God.

And now, a sad, parental scene of grief,
Fulfill'd my eyes with pity's tender tears;
For there, o'erwrought by mortal misery,
In death-like swoon, the suffering lady lay,
Whilst o'er her bent her fond and loving spouse
With watchful gaze, so all intensely fixed,—
Fraught with the deep emotions of the soul,—
His very life seem'd treasur'd up in hers,
His very fate with hers bound up and seal'd,
And on her every breath, and pulse's beat,
To hang, in long and lingering, dread suspense.

But why should I the tragic scene rehearse,
Which now, alas! absorb'd my mental gaze?
For each assum'd a deeper shade of woe,
Until the last, sad, solemn act was o'er,
And Darkness let her sable curtain fall,
And shut the scene of anguish from my sight;
Yet e'er it fell, the pensive Twilight spread
Her shadowy mantle o'er the hallow'd spot,

And, as in pity for the early dead,
Shed dewy tears upon the lov'd one's grave.¹

And now, a change of kingdom, place, and time
"Came o'er the spirit of my" waking "dream :"
Methought I sojourn'd, some few transient moons,
In that vast city metropolitan,—

Queen of the nations of the western world,—
When 't was my blissful lot to meet, once more,
After a long and ling'ring lapse of years,
That lady mother and her loving lord,
That little infant, now in youthful prime,
And that sweet sister, and her brother dear ;
She, all array'd in maiden loveliness,
And he, in manhood's noblest, finest form.
Then varied scenes of pure domestic bliss,
Of peace and joy, and innocent delights,
In bright succession charm'd my raptur'd gaze.

And now, methought, within a spacious hall,²
Where heavenly Harmony her reign doth hold,
There, 'midst the mighty multitude, we found
A social group of raptur'd auditors,
Listening, all ear, to Handel's heavenly strains.

And next, enrapt in hallow'd mood, I seem'd
To stand within a fair and holy fane,³
Rais'd by the hand of heaven-born Charity,
And with the congregated host around,
In high and solemn service, held commune ;
Until there burst upon my ravish'd ear,
"The pealing organ, and the full-voiced choir,
In anthem clear," and harmony divine,

¹ See *Brief Narrative of a Journey from Bombay to the Ghauts*, &c. By an Officer of the Army. London: James Nisbet, Berner's Street.

² Exeter Hall, London.

³ The Chapel of the Foundling Hospital, London.

Which so entranc'd me, that the house of prayer
Did seem, in sooth, the very gate of heaven.
And then, methought, the lady's saintly spouse,—
In form and feature, gesture, still the same,—
Apostle-like, and eloquent of soul,
Pour'd forth in richer, more seraphic strains
Than organ's sound, or voice of tuneful choir,
The glorious tidings of redeeming grace.
At last, it seem'd before the altar's pale,
'Midst other humble penitents, I stood,
And from his hand,—the friend of early years,—
Received the consecrated signs and seals
Which shadow forth a Saviour's dying love.

But now, alas ! a sad and fearful change
Came o'er the aspect of the hallow'd scene :
It seem'd to me that Death's dark hand did shroud,
In sudden gloom, the cheering sun of life,
And all was darkness, and the "shadow of death,"—
"Total eclipse !" that spread a funeral pall
O'er all things erst so beauteous, fair, and bright :—
It seem'd more like a strange, distorted dream
Of that sad, tragic scene of former years,
Than any work of Mem'ry's magic power ;
For, tho' a ling'ring lapse of time had pass'd,
The self-same sorrowers now appear'd as then,
Save that the cause of anguish was transferr'd,
And I,¹ myself the stricken parent, stood,
The chief of mourners, in the place of him,—
That friend belov'd, the lady's loving lord,—
Who now repaid,—ah ! woe is me !—in kind,
The long-contracted debt of sympathy,
Of hallow'd friendship, piety, and love.

¹ The author, at the time alluded to, had just lost his beloved and youngest child, whom Archdeacon R——n. consigned to the tomb.

Yet Memory oft, as if by pity mov'd,—
Griev'd for the grief her scenes of sorrow wrought,—
Me fondly visits, waking, as in sleep,
And, in fresh vision bodied forth to life,
Enchants mine eye, and fascinates my heart
With all her brightest scenes, and forms of joy ;
And then, 'midst hallow'd friendship's chosen band,
One fair Celestial,¹ clad in mortal weeds,
Doth aye entrance me with her sweetest smiles.

¹ Miss Celeste R——n.

ON REVISITING THE GRAVE
OF THE
BELOVED CHILD ALLUDED TO IN THE PRECEDING
POEM,
WHO WAS NECESSARILY INTERRED AT THE FOOT OF
THE GHATS, IN BOMBAY.

SOME ling'ring moons have pass'd away,
Since last I trod this hallow'd spot,
And yet it seems but yesterday,—
A spot too dear to be forgot.—

And now I stand, unseen, alone,
And gaze upon thy lowly bed ;
And hear the breeze, in plaintive moan,
Sing its sad requiem o'er thy head,

Amid the mountain heights profound,
That 'gin to spread a dismal shade ;
For night is gathering fast around,
And all things now begin to fade.

Oh! 't is as wild and dread a scene
As ever struck the gazer's sight ;
And now prowls forth, from forest screen,
The tiger, 'neath the shades of night ;

Whilst screams the vulture from its nest,
And wild wolf howls from mountain cave ;
But nought can break the stilly rest,—
The peaceful slumber of the grave.

Alas ! that in so rude a place,
'Mid savage beasts and birds of prey,
Thou liest, dear child ! and 'mid a race
More savage and more fell than they.

The human savages did smile
To see thee struggle, gasp, and die ;
And, ruthless, seemed to mock the while
Thy parents' speechless agony.

And when the last and saddest boon,
For pity's sake, they deign'd to crave,
Unmov'd they saw thy mother swoon,
But still refus'd that boon—a grave.

Ah ! then I thought of friends and home ;
I prayed, I might but reach once more
My native land,—no more to roam,—
And die upon a Christian shore.

But some did feel for them and thee,
And wept, tho' men unused to weep ;
And, moved with kind humanity,
Did dig thy lowly bed so deep.

And when, beneath this aged tree,
Thy father bent his drooping head,
And, sorrowing, sigh'd convulsively
Some holy texts above thy bed,

Down the rough soldiers' furrowed cheek
The manly tears did trickling fall ;
And they did weep like woman weak,
Subdued by Pity's sacred call.

Thou wert too fair a child of clay
To bear the weight of mortal years,
To linger here in dull decay,
A pilgrim in this vale of tears.

Well ! peace be with thee, dearest child !
The turf sit lightly on thy breast !
And, hov'ring o'er this spot so wild,
Some angel guard thy house of rest !

But I must speed me on my way,
No more this hallow'd spot to tread :
Sweet be thy sleep, till that blest day
That wakes to life the sainted dead !

LINES ADDRESSED TO A BELOVED YOUNG
FRIEND, MISS CELESTE R——N.

LONDON, 1844.

Ah ! dearest lady, would I were, in sooth,
 A heaven-born poet, for thy own sweet sake ;
 Or that some heavenly muse would gently guide
 My inexperienced feet, along the fair
 And flowery paths of Poesy's bright domain,
 To Ideality's immortal bower,
 Where I might feast my raptur'd sight, and cull,
 From all primordial, perfect forms of things,
 Meet types of those supreme realities,—
 Those heavenly virtues,—gifts and graces rare,—
 Which thee adorn,—thy brightest ornaments.

Ah ! well I ween, thy pure and noble mind
 Would spurn the honied sweets of flattery,
 Tho' garnished o'er with Poesy's fairest flowers ;
 Yet thou wilt not, in proud disdain, refuse
 The warm effusions of an honest heart,
 That seeks not, needs no artificial aid
 Of ornament to sing thy eulogy,
 When hallow'd friendship prompts the tuneful lay,
 And thy dear self, too, art the chosen theme
 And burden of my song—a theme so sweet,
 So fraught with excellence, may well inspire
 The humblest bard to sing in raptur'd strains.—

What tho' that friendship rapidly hath sprung
 To life, and light, and full maturity,
 And, like some fair exotic flower,
 Hath blossomed forth and borne ambrosial fruit,
 The goodly seeds in former years were sown,—
 Bedewed, and all embalmed with holy tears,—
 When first we met in far and foreign lands,
 And thou wert but a little, playful child,
 And, in thy happy infancy, perchance,
 Unconscious quite of that sad sorrow's source.
 Ah me ! how vividly I still behold,
 In memory's living light, the time, the place,
 Each thrilling circumstance of that dread scene,—
 That real tragedy in human life !—

And now, once more, after a lapse of years,
 And chance, and change, and strange vicissitudes,
 Led by the same all gracious Providence,
 I meet thee in the flower of youth's sweet prime,
 'Mid scenes of peace, and joy, and blessedness,
 With thee to share supreme felicity,
 Communion sweet, and friendship's hallow'd joys,
 "The feast of reason, and the flow of soul !"
 For have we not held commune, full and free,
 On things sublime, transcendent, and divine,—
 The immortal mind, its everlasting laws,
 The "marvel and the mystery" of our being ;—
 And gaz'd, as 't were, within the veil, and trac'd
 The secret process, and the source of thought,
 And all the states and actings of the soul
 Up to its first and sole immediate cause ;
 And prov'd, from reason's light, the primal truth,—
 "In God we live, and move, and have our being ?"—
 And have we not the holiest rapture shar'd,
 That ever Music's heavenly influence wrought ?
 For ah ! with such a kindred soul as thine,

To share the feast and concord of sweet sounds,—
The soul-inspiring harmony divine
Of Handel's hallow'd muse,—is bliss indeed!

But now, alas! we're doom'd to part once more;
And I must bid a lingering, sad adieu
To thee, sweet friend! and all these varied joys,
To all these fond communings of the soul,
Pure, bright, but transient as a blissful dream,
But which shall live in Memory's deathless bower,—
Shall live and bloom, renew'd for ever more;—
Whilst soothing Hope, with sweet prophetic voice,
Shall ever be our sovereign comforter,
Whispering assurance, to the ear of faith,
That we shall meet again,—perchance on earth;—
Oh, blessed truth, sure anchor of the soul!—
Shall meet again, no more to part,—in Heaven!

POEM,

DESCRIPTIVE OF ST. HELENA, AND OF THE MANNER
OF LIFE, DEATH, AND OBSEQUIES OF THE
LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.¹

This poem was written by the author in the year 1826, on the occasion of his then revisiting that Island.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

As every thing connected with the late emperor, the great Napoleon, is deeply interesting, and especially at the present time, when the imperial dynasty has been so marvellously restored by his nephew, the present emperor of the French, the author has, at the request of some of his friends, reprinted the following poem, from a volume of his published in 1827,—the author having been stationed at St. Helena, with his regiment, H.M. 20th Foot, during the latter years of the captivity of the fallen chieftain.

The burial² of Napoleon, at St. Helena, was a scene too deeply thrilling ever to be forgotten by those who were present, and the contrast between it and the recent funeral of his sometime august antagonist is so striking, that, it is hoped, it will itself furnish a sufficient excuse for these few remarks.

The circumstances of the one are still fresh in every recollection :—the assembled powers, the royal mourners, the reverent multitudes, the voluntary and universal “weeds,” the triumphal pageant—for such, in truth, it was—on which there is no need, at present, to

¹ See Appendix, Note A.

² Napoleon was interred merely with the military honours of a general officer. “The prayers were recited by the Abbé Vignali. Minute-guns were fired from the admiral’s ship. The coffin was then lowered into the grave under the discharge of three successive volleys of artillery from fifteen pieces of cannon.”—*Anecdotes of Napoleon Bonaparte and his Times*. By A. Cunningham, Esq.

dwell. The whole world has bared its head, and stood as mourner by that honoured grave.

But the lonely and undistinguished burial of the mighty captive of St. Helena is less known, and a brief mention of it, by an eye-witness, may not be without interest at the present moment.

The funeral of the great, but fallen and exiled chieftain was truly sublime and touching in its soldier-like simplicity. His coffin¹ was borne to the spot he himself had chosen for his grave,—over which a willow hung its weeping boughs,—upon the shoulders of those who had once fought against him;² but who now mourned over him with such heart-felt sorrow as the truly brave of every nation spontaneously pay to fallen greatness, and such deep pity for his sad, untimely fate, hastened, as it doubtless was, by the unnecessary rigour of his confinement, as could not have been drawn forth by the loftier claims of their own illustrious chief. No gorgeous pomp and pageantry was there, but nature's wild and awful grandeur.

The hallowed fane of his interment was the centre of a deep ravine, surrounded by rugged rocks and mournful trees; his requiem the fitful music of the moaning blast. The emotion felt by all was not produced by scenic effect, by martial strains, by sacred harmonies, the mighty organ's pealing tones, and "full-voiced choir below:" it was from nature's source alone—genuine and spontaneous. They wept in very pity while beholding the humble obsequies of the man, who, for a few brief years, had "made the earth to tremble, and did shake the kingdoms." They wept, in compassion, to think that compassion was all the tribute man could render, in this sad closing scene, to genius, bravery, and lofty aspiration.

No homage more sublime could ever be paid to the majesty of true greatness, than that which was then accorded by every generous heart, even when conveying to the tomb their nation's mightiest foe. But since that day of mourning in this distant Isle, how passing strange has been the progress of events! for, after the lapse of two and thirty years, and immediately after the interment of his heroic antagonist,—the Duke of Wellington,—the nephew of the great Napoleon has, to the astonishment of the world, restored the imperial dynasty, and now reigns over France as Napoleon III.

¹ In it were placed his well-known hat, and also a silver vase containing his heart, embalmed in spirits, which he, on his death-bed, had wished might be carried to Parma, and presented, as a token of undying affection, to his dear Marie Louise; but even this last fond desire was not allowed to be fulfilled.

² The Grenadier Company of Her Majesty's 20th Regiment Foot.

ONCE more I gaze upon that far-fam'd Isle
That stands all lone, and wild, and desolate,
And rears its rugged, cloud-capt head abrupt
From out the bosom of th' Atlantic wave,—
A little speck amid the world of waters,—
Bearing unmov'd th' eternal war of waves,
And to the gazer's wondering sight would seem
Some strange, misshapen, monstrous birth of nature,
Burst from the dread volcano's burning womb,
So black and scath'd its outward aspect frowns ;
Or Fancy deem that one of that vast brood
Which warr'd with heav'n were here, by Jove's dread bolt,
'Transfixed deep, and to this Isle transform'd.

Here Terror sits, enthron'd in awful state,
On high-brow'd rocks that beetle o'er the deep,
Guarding his ancient, solitary realm,—
Like that cherubic watch, with flaming sword,
Which once did guard fair Eden's blissful bower ;
For here bright Eden seems to bloom again
In one eternal sunny summer's smile :—
And here Sublimity and Beauty reign,
Reign here, and revel o'er the wild domain,
In every rich variety of form,
As if they strove in mutual rivalry
T'outvie each other in their sportive wiles,
And with the mighty magic of their art
T' adorn the bosom of this fairy Isle
With every grace, and charm of loveliness.

Oft have I lov'd to roam, at peep of dawn,
Amid this blooming wilderness of sweets,
Which still lay slumbering in night's dewy tears,
Or 'long the high tops of these wood-crown'd hills,
In haste to see the radiant star of day
Slowly arise, in solemn majesty,
From out his cloud-form'd, glowing, bright pavilion,

Above the bosom of the flaming wave,
Gilding the mountain tops, and lofty peaks,
Each craggy cliff, and distant promontory,
And all the glowing scene with burnish'd gold :
There might you see the monsters of the deep
Basking, and sporting in the sunny beam ;
Above the rest the huge leviathan,—
The sovereign prince of all the watery realm,—
Lashing the boiling billows into rage,
Spouting aloft a cataract of foam,
And, like some foundering, tempest-beaten bark,
Then plunge all headlong down the deep abyss.

And now I stand upon the chain of hills¹
That stretch their linked lengths athwart the Isle ;
And, rapt in ecstacy, I gaze around,
Then down upon the wondrous scene beneath,
Till lost 'mid mighty Nature's handy-work,
I soar from "Nature up to Nature's God ;"
For here she triumphs o'er her sister, Art,
And builds her adamantine palaces,
Her spiring pinnacles, and rocky towers,
Adorn'd with quaint, fantastic ornament
In gothic fretwork, wrought by Time's own hand,
Who still doth ornament what he destroys.

And here, toward the margin of the main,
Where fearful Desolation seems to dwell,
Sculptur'd in shapes grotesque and strange,
A host of vast, colossal columns rise,
Which long have brav'd the fury of the storm,
And grown all hoary in the lapse of years :—
These Fancy well might deem some rebel race
'Transform'd, and call them after fearful names.—
But to the left of this fantastic group,

¹ View of Sandy-Bay from Sandy-Bay Ridge.

As if in contrast to a scene so rude,
Nature has lavish'd all her choicest charms,
And, prodigal of beauty, crown'd the scene :
The hills, the dales, and lofty spiral peaks,
E'en to their tops, that pierce the fleecy clouds,
In rich, luxuriant, verdant herbage smile :
Whilst downward, far as e'er the eye can rove,
A lovely, rural landscape glows around,
Where fleecy flocks, and herds all peaceful roam ;
On whose green hills, half-hid in tufted trees,
Sweet pastoral cottages are faintly seen,
And rosy bowers, where Flora loves to stray,
And gardens fair, and blooming orange-groves
Beaming with golden fruit—a realm of sweets !—
Where bright Pomona holds eternal reign.

And now I leave this landscape of delight,
Tho' loath to leave an Eden all so fair ;
For other scenes invite th' adventurous muse,
Albeit unskill'd to soar on wing sublime ;
And I would tell how oft I've wander'd forth,
Smit with the love of Nature's awfulness,
T' explore the terrors of her mighty realm ;
Then would I venture, spurr'd with fearless daring,
To scale the heights of vast acclivities,
And rifted rocks, that seem'd to hang in air :
But there was once—I do remember well—
The thought comes o'er me like some fearful dream
From which we start in terror and amaze,
Which still doth shake our souls' and reasons' strength,
Albeit we know that all was but a dream—
When I did clamber up the rugged steep
Of an high-towering, rocky precipice,
Whose summit form'd a massy, spiral cone :
With labour great, and danger greater still,—
The crumbling rocks oft breaking 'neath my tread,—

I gain'd, at length, the giddy, perilous height,
And gaz'd around, and down the deep abyss,
O'er which the eye wander'd all fearfully,
Until my aching sight began to reel :—
But, O ! the awful grandeur of the scene !—
In front, a dreary, rugged mountain rose
Stupendous, on whose hoary brow did sit
Rugged Sterility, save, here and there,
A brilliant patch of verdant herbage smil'd,
Or flowery shrub indigenous and bright :
The sea-birds, screaming wildly, soar'd aloft,
Or o'er the yawning gulf, on fearless wing ;
Whilst, far adown the deep and dread abrupt,
A sea of floating clouds did roll along,
Leaving th' imagination uncontroll'd
To rove bewildered in the fearful thought
Of viewless, infinite profundity.
Then would I listen to the deafening sound,
That ever and anon would stun the ear,—
Whilst rushing blasts careering swept along,—
Of time-rent rocks down dash'd precipitate,
Dragging a host of fragments in their train,
And bounding headlong to the depths below,
Till the long, deep, reverberating roar,
Like distant thunders, murmuring died away.

It was my lot, whilom to sojourn long
In this lone Isle, shut out from all the world,
What time the mighty Monarch of the earth
Dragg'd out the lingering remnant of his days,—
A prey to fell disease, and cruel hate,—
In sad, inglorious captivity.

'T is not my theme to eulogize the man ;
It suits not me to praise, or to condemn ;
I rather now would write his epitaph,
And let his faults lie buried in his grave.

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”
Yet would I dare to speak in boundless praise,
And eulogize the wondrous works of God ;
And of the wondrous, none more wonderful,
’Mong all the creatures of mere mortal mould,
Than he,—a man endow’d with powers
Of soul so marvellous, and passing strange,—
He was, in sooth, the wonder of the world ;—
For he—so vast his genius—was himself
A Legislator, King, and Conqueror ;
And in his laws alone will live immortal :
None e’er attain’d to greater height of power,
None e’er abus’d that power less than he :
His soul was formed of strange materials,—
A spirit antithetically mix’d,—
Blending the grand, the awful, and sublime,
With all the gentle, playful, innocent,—
“In mind a man, simplicity a child :”—
One hour engag’d dictating laws to nations,
The next a child, with children in their sports ;
To-day led on by glory’s meteor star,
Burning to win the conquest of a world,
The next as anxious o’er some trivial game,
Or losing each with like indifference ;
And seem’d or something more or less than man :
As was his mind, so was his destiny—
Wayward, and strange, and still extreme in all things :—
Ambition crown’d him Monarch of the world,
Ambition hurl’d him headlong from his throne ;¹
And he who was the Conqu’ror of the globe,
Died in sad exile in this lonely Isle.

¹ Or, as Allan Cunningham has finely expressed it, “his own ambition was his glorious conqueror.”

Though sternness often sat upon his brow,
Yet kindness oftener reigned within his heart :
His countenance beam'd the index of his mind,
And that was noble, princely, generous,
And courteous, condescending, affable.

Whilst in this Isle of his captivity,
'Mid all the evils of his adverse fate,
A prey to painful, lingering disease,
"He suffer'd all as suffering nothing ;" yea !
Forgot his own in soothing others' griefs ;
For, like the giant rock on which he stood,
That bears th' eternal war of winds and waves,
He bore unmov'd—how long !—the raging blasts,
And beating billows of adversity.

But, above all, while yet he sojourn'd here,
His life was innocent and virtuous :
Though now set free from all the cares of state,—
With time, and means to riot in excess,
Indulging in no sensual appetite,—
He liv'd retir'd, abstemious, temperate ;
And thus, shut out from all the busy world,
He strove t' improve the remnant of his days
In studious reading ; or, like mighty Cæsar,
Framing his strange, eventful history.
His recreative hours were calmly spent,
In innocent and elegant delights,
Amid the beauties of his garden fair—
Bright blooming flowers, and rich exotic shrubs,
Which brighter bloom'd beneath his tasteful hand ;—
For he himself had fram'd this fairy spot ;
And he would show as fond solicitude
In training up some rosy, favourite flower,
As though 't had been his own bright-blooming boy,¹

¹ See Appendix, Note B.

Whom cruel Fate had sever'd from his side,
And whom his soul the more did doat upon ;
For in his heart still dwelt the tend'rest ties—
A Father's fondness, and a Husband's love.—

And here, shut out from all intrusive gaze,
Hid in cool grot from "broad day's garish eye,"
Thro' which a little babbling rannel stray'd,
He'd muse upon the memory of the past—
His wife, child, country, and that cruel fate
Which thus had torn them from his arms for ever.—

Oft have I gazed upon this wondrous man,
But aye with strange emotions, undefin'd,
Akin to fearful dread and wonderment,
As if oppress'd by some mysterious power,—
Like some poor bird beneath the serpent's gaze,—
Spell-bound, and shivering with sudden fear ;
For, O ! there was a magic in his eye,
That seem'd to penetrate the very soul,
And trace all secrets deeply buried there :
Thus could he read the thoughts of other men,
Himself—a sealed book—unread the while.
There was a withering lightning in his frown,
Which could appal the boldest gazer's heart ;
And yet, for those he loved, or lov'd to please,
There was a fascination in his smile
That won all hearts at once to worship him ;
And what his frown sometimes could not effect,
His smile could,—even subdue his enemies :—
This made him what he was—his nation's idol.—

But I did gaze upon that eye,—how chang'd !—
When all its bright, celestial fire had fled ;
Upon that pallid lip, where, e'en in death,
That smile still lingering play'd, that won all hearts ;
And I did hold that pale, cold hand in mine,
Which once did grasp the sceptre of the world :

And long I bent ine o'er that breathless form,
That smil'd all placid in the arms of death ;
And, rapt in pensive, meditative mood,
I paid the sacred tribute of a tear :
For I had watch'd him withering leaf by leaf,
Ere yet the summer of his years had fled,—
Like some tall monarch of the shady grove,
Torn from its parent earth and sunny skies,
To droop, and die in uncongenial clime.—

But ah ! that day I never may forget ;
For I was present on that mournful morn,
When, hears'd in death, in solemn, sad array,
I saw them bear him to his lonely grave,
Amid the weeping people of the Isle ;
For then no eye was unsuffus'd with tears.
And I did watch the slow procession move
All solemnly along the winding hills,
And then adown the sloping valley's side,
Until it reach'd the lonely, sacred spot,
Where he was laid, low in the silent tomb.

What tho' he be not sepulchred with kings,—
In pageantry and pomp, to rot in state,
Nor o'er him towers some gorgeous monument,—
He needs no monument to tell his fame,
Or roll it onward thro' the tide of time,—
His name shall live while pyramids decay ;—
No brazen tablet to record his deeds,
Which aye shall live in all men's memories :
But yet he *has* a grave in this wild Isle,—
It is a lonely, rural, sacred spot,
A place he lov'd to haunt, and whither oft
He would retire to muse, and meditate,
And which himself had chosen for his rest,
Under a weeping-willow's pensive shade :
There sleeps he peaceful in his lowly bed ;

No useless, mocking monument is there ;
 A plain, flat stone is all that 's left to tell
 Where sleeps the mighty Monarch of the world.
 And hither wanderers from all climes resort,
 Like pilgrims journeying to some distant shrine,
 To pour a tear upon his grassy grave ;
 Or, lingering, sit beneath the willow trees,
 And pluck a leaf thereof in memory.

But now I sigh farewell ! a long farewell !
 O may the turf sit lightly on his breast !
 Peace to the deathless soul of fallen greatness !
 For tho',—allur'd by Glory's dazzling star,—
 His life was spent in turbulence and war,
 He died in faith, and penitence, and peace ;
 For during his long-ling'ring, fell disease,—
 A prey to anguish, cruelty, and wrong,—
 He sought, and found a balm for all his woes,—
 True solace found, pure heav'nly peace and joy ;
 And, from the fountain of Eternal Truth,
 Did quench th' immortal longings of his soul ;
 Yea ! oft was seen engag'd in solemn prayer,
 And heard to plead the all-prevailing name
 And merits of the Saviour of the world,
 For pardon and salvation with his God.

NOTE.—Having alluded to H.M. 20th Foot, which had the honour of guarding the illustrious exile, during the latter period of his captivity, I feel bound to mention an interesting fact, as highly honourable to that distinguished corps as to the fallen chieftain. Napoleon, a short time before his death, presented to the officers of that regiment, as a token of respect and esteem, the *Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough*, in two splendid volumes, quarto, which have long been an object of deep interest in the library of that gallant regiment, and will be ever cherished, by its members, as a valuable heir-loom : these volumes had, originally, been presented to Napoleon by Earl Spencer. But one of the most striking and touching incidents, illustrative of the noble mind of Napoleon,—still great in ruin,

—even in suffering and dissolution,—was the friendly, affectionate, and delicate attention manifested by him towards Dr. Archibald Arnott, then senior surgeon of the 20th Foot, who had the honour and privilege of attending the illustrious captive, and alleviating his sufferings, during the latter period of his life. The Emperor, on his death-bed, desired that a valuable gold snuff-box might be brought to him, and, with his dying hand, and last effort of departing strength, engraved upon its lid, with a pen-knife, the letter “N,” and presented it to his kind and valued friend, as a parting memorial of his deep esteem and heart-felt gratitude. Dr. Arnott had served with the 20th Regiment, which so highly distinguished itself in the Peninsular war, during the campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, against the French, and of this fact Napoleon was well aware; therefore, is this last act of friendship stamped with true magnanimity. The Doctor is still living and in the enjoyment of health, justly beloved and respected by all who have the privilege of his friendship and acquaintance; and whatever may be the intrinsic worth of the costly present, its ideal value, as a precious relic, is, no doubt, infinitely greater in his estimation.

A DYING DAUGHTER'S ADDRESS TO HER
MOTHER.

I HEAR thee sigh, I see thee weep,
I see thine anguish still and deep,
When thou dost think I 'm bound in sleep,
My mother !

And though I feel mine end draw near,
Yet whilst I live,—and life is dear,—
I would not quench the burning tear,
My mother !

But this I crave, when I am dead,—
Ah, let no briny tears be shed
O'er my new-made, peaceful bed,
My mother !

And when I 've bade the last farewell,
Oh, let no dismal passing-bell
Toll its sad funereal knell,
My mother !

Ah, let there be no signs of woe,
For why should sorrow's tear-drops flow,
When I nor grief nor sorrow know ?
My mother !

When I shall sleep in calmer rest
Than when a babe on thy fond breast,
Waiting the summons of the blest,
My mother !

And let there be no type of gloom
To add a horror to the tomb ;
But let sweet flow'rets o'er me bloom,
My mother !

Such as I lov'd in mead and dell,
Which bind me still as with a spell,—
My favourite flowers—you know them well,
My mother !

Ah, let no dismal yew tree shade
The flow'ry turf where I am laid,
As 't were a spot for mourning made,
My mother !

Be nought to dim or bound the eye,
But let the blue and boundless sky
Be still my only canopy,
My mother !

And o'er me beam the sun's bright ray,
And the sweet, cheerful face of day,
And on my grave the sunbeams play,
My mother !

And, from the dawn to twilight dim,
Still be my only requiem
The sweet bird's morn and evening hymn,
My mother !

Or the sweet bird, that charms the night,
Rapt in her fondest, sweetest plight,
Whilst May's young moon is shining bright,
My mother !

Say not these thoughts are weak and vain,
For still, uncall'd, they cross my brain,
Like angel-guests to sooth my pain,
My mother !

And if they be fond fantasies,
'Tis holy nature bids them rise,—
Her latest, dearest sympathies,—
My mother !

Ah, me ! 't is hard the heart to tear
From all that 's lovely, bright, and fair,
All, all we hold on earth so dear,
My mother !

I would not learn the cruel art,
To quench the longings of the heart,
So soon with them and thee to part,
My mother !

Still let me see day's smiling face,
And through the bright, blue, boundless space,
The sun still speed his glorious race,
My mother !

And till in death's calm sleep I rest,
Ah, let me clasp thee to my breast ;
Or on thy bosom still be prest,
My mother !

Death but dissolves, and not destroys,
Our inborn loves, and hopes, and joys,
Our dearest, holiest sympathies,

My mother !

Soon shall its dreamless sleep be o'er,
And on that better, brighter shore,
We soon shall meet to part no more,

My mother !

Then mourn not thou when I am dead,
And let no briny tears be shed
O'er my new-made, peaceful bed,

My mother !

THE WATER QUEEN.

CALM, calm is thy dwelling,
'Neath the green sunny sea ;
Not a sound there is swelling,
Save thy wild minstrelsy,
Save the song of Ocean's daughters,
From their cool grot of shells,
That steals o'er the waters,
And calms them with its spells.

And ofttimes o'er the billows
In thy car thou skimm'st along ;
And in the yellow moonlight
Is heard thy dulcet song
By those who chance to wander
By creek or lonely bay,
And see thee smoothly gliding
Thro' the silv'ry, sparkling spray.

When sunny beams are shining
Down the deep in gleamy light,
Then oft thou sitt'st reclining
On thy coral couch so bright,
Whilst thy sea-maids are decking
Thy soft and silken hair
With pearly-studded chaplets,
And gems of beauty rare :

For costly is the treasure
In thy bright domain below,
In the gardens of thy pleasure,
Where the groves of coral grow.
O! how I'd love to wander,—
If such a thing might be,—
Thro' all thy realm of wonder,
Beneath the deep, deep sea,

Amid the groves of coral,
And caves of crystal bright,
And treasures of the ocean,
Forbid to mortal sight ;
To gaze upon the secrets
Of the vast and hoary deep,
That sometimes come in visions,
To charm our eyes in sleep.

A SUNSET AND MOONLIGHT VISIT TO PEEL
CASTLE AND ITS ANCIENT CATHEDRAL.

THERE is not a spot in Mona's Isle
Has purer charms for me,
Than yonder lonely, mouldering pile,
Which beams in the bright sun's parting smile,
Ere he sinks in the western sea :
'T is a hallow'd spot, with its turrets of light
That gleam in the glassy wave,
Where its image is mirror'd so calmly bright,
You 'd think it the work of enchanter's might,
Rais'd up from the ocean's grave.

There beams each hoary, time-worn tower,
All bent with the weight of years,
Like goodly Age in his dying hour,
Whilst sunny Hope's triumphant power
Dispels his doubts and fears.
There stands the holy, mouldering fane,
Where rest the sleeping dead,
Where they for ages long have lain,
And slept the sleep that knows no pain,
Each in his grassy bed.

But roofless now is that holy pile,
And its arches rent and riven ;
Yet I love to tread its lonely aisle,
Where the foot-fall only is heard the while,
And muse on the things of heaven ;

For who could cherish dark thoughts of gloom
In a scene so bright and fair,
Where the sunbeams lighten the place of the tomb,
And gild the wild flowers that around us bloom,
Which offer their incense there?

But let us explore the ruins around,
And the Castle's lone dungeon cells,
Where the royal lady¹ lay fetter'd and bound,—
Till ling'ring death her chains unwound,—
Accus'd of dark magic spells;
And the room near the dim portcullis-door,
Where the night-watch oft was scar'd
By the "Spectre Hound,"² so fam'd of yore,
As told in his lay of minstrel lore
By Scotia's brightest bard.

Then haste from these scenes of doubt and dread,
On the battlements' heights to roam,
And gaze on the ocean's tranquil bed,
Where the sunset's purple hues are shed,
Unruffled by billows' foam;
Where the little pinnace, with white sails furl'd,
Seems asleep on the calm sea's breast,
Where not a breath the waves has curl'd,—
One lonely speck on the watery world,—
Like a living thing at rest;

And watch the sun's declining ray,
As we sit on the grassy mound,

¹ The Duchess of Gloucester. *Shakspeare's King Henry VI*, part ii, act ii.

² *Sir Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto vi, section xxvi; *Peveril of the Peak*, note to chap. xv.

Until the sweet hour, when Twilight grey
Casts her dim mantle o'er tower and bay,
And the ruin'd heaps around,
And the lengthen'd shadows begin to fall,
And the lone bat wings his flight,
And the dismal owl begins to call
And hoot to his mate from the Castle-wall,
Deep hid in the dim twilight.

Then muse on the years long past away,
When these walls echo'd sounds of glee,
On gallant knights and ladies gay,
Sweet minstrel's harp and roundelay,
And feats of chivalry.
And linger still, till the lamp of night
Is sparkling o'er the deep,
And holy fane and turret height
Seem slumb'ring in the pale moonlight
In a calm and dreamless sleep.

CITHARA REDIVIVA.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

To Mona's wild, romantic Isle
A maiden-minstrel came ;
Her eyes' sweet light, and sunny smile,
Beam'd bright with love that knew no guile,
And friendship's hallow'd flame.

A young enthusiast,—Fancy's child,—
Of strange imaginings,
Rapt midst her own creations wild,
Ideal, pure, and undefiled,—
Unutterable things !

A world of dreams, too fair and bright
For mortals fleshly eyne,—
The longings of th' immortal sprite,
Form'd by the mind's creative might,
And bodied forth divine.—

Yet Nature's fair and glorious face
Had won her youthful heart,
And she could paint each nameless grace,
The seasons' varied loveliness,
Beyond the limner's art,

The mountains, glens, and caverns hoar,
The vast and heaving main,—
Its voice in calm, its stormy roar
Booming along the distant shore,—
She sang in raptur'd strain.

For she,—the child of Poesy,—
 Possess'd such magic charms,
You'd deem her syren minstrelsy
Had power to soothe the deep, deep sea,
 And still its wild alarms.

Such beings oft, when mortals sleep,
 Do wander forth alone ;
And, sitting on some rocky steep,
Sing, like the mermaids of the deep,
 To the soft billows' moan.

And she could sing of courtly glee,
 Of knights and ladies bright,
Of love, and truth, and chivalry,
Of old romance and pageantry,
 And chieftains fam'd in fight.

And oft she woke the mystic lyre
 In praise of Mona's Isle,
Fraught with the true, poetic fire,
That did her ancient bards inspire,
 In grove, or sacred pile.

The Druid circling stones of power,
 So shadowy, vast, and dim,
That seem beneath the moonlight shower,
In midnight's lone and haunted hour,
 Like spectres gaunt and grim,

The Runic monuments full fraught
 With mystery's dubious train,
Her own mysterious spirit caught,
And wild imaginations wrought
 In her creative brain ;

The dark and silent characters
 She fondly ponder'd o'er,
To raise up from their sepulchres
"The deeds of days of other years,"
 With all their buried store.

Perchance she conjur'd up to sight
 The forms of olden time,—
The sea-kings bold, and men of might,
And Scandinavia's maidens bright,
 And minstrel-bards sublime.

But most she lov'd to tune the lay
 Our groves and hills among,
To tread the smooth and flowery way,
In the young month of merry May,
 And pour her soul in song ;

To sing the young and blooming Spring,—
 The promise of the year,—
Her opening buds and blossoming,
And joyous birds, sweet carolling
 In greenwood wild and clear ;

And oft, in summer's noon-tide hours,
 With Fancy lov'd to stray
Midst grots, and dells, and leafy bowers,
And checker'd shades, and wild-wood flowers,
 To muse the live long day ;

Or nurse her wayward fantasies
 'Midst Nature's bright domain,
And mingle with the moaning breeze,
The voice of birds, and murmuring bees,
 Her own soft, soothing strain ;

Or roam, as sovereign Fancy wills,
 In Evening's pensive hour,
And muse, amid the pastoral hills,
On babbling brooks, and tinkling rills,
 And each wild, woodland flower.

The beauteous flowers, that bloom so lone,
 Far from the haunts of men,—
That live, and die, unseen, unknown,
On rocky cliff or mossy stone,
 Deep hid in shadowy glen,—

Were types that told, in sweetest guise,
 How oft, in life's young morn,
Beneath the blight of adverse skies,
Bright Genius, Worth, or Beauty dies
 In solitude forlorn.

Each Druid dell, and mountain stream
 Throughout our fairy-land,
To her rapt spirit well might seem
The mimic work in some bright dream
 Of sportive Fancy's hand.

And oft the musing maid would rove,
 In blissful revery,
Through wizard glen, and haunted grove,
Weaving sweet dreams, and lays of love,
 In witching melody.

And since she sang thy fairy dell,
 O vale of sweet Glenmay!
Thy very name became a spell,—
A bodied joy in Memory's cell,—
 No more to pass away :

Within thine ivy-mantled hall
A rocky altar stands,
Hard by the sounding waterfall,
And seems a shrine fantastical
Raised up by fairy hands :

And pilgrims seek this wild-wood shade
To pay their offerings due
To her,—the bright-ey'd minstrel-maid,—
And rosy wreaths unknown to fade,
And earliest flowerets strew :

And whilst they tread this haunted ground,
They fondly think they hear
The maiden-minstrel's harp's sweet sound
Breathing above, beneath, around,
To charm the listening ear.

Though long that harp hath lain unstrung,
And mute in Mona's halls,
And silence seal'd that syren-tongue
That once the spell of music flung
Around our echoing walls,

That harp's wild lays are heard once more,
That syren's witching song,
Those dulcet strains that charm'd before,—
Sweet as they breath'd in days of yore,—
Our hills and dales among.

Long may her sweet, enchanting lyre
Our souls to rapture move,
Until she join the heavenly choir
Who strike their harps of golden wire
Around the throne of Love !

MONA.

WRITTEN MANY YEARS AGO.

LAND of the generous and free !
Blest Isle of my nativity !
My doating heart still cleaves to thee,
 Thou lovely Isle !

From off life's troubled sea, opprest,
I fly to thee, my ark of rest,
And feel as if amid the blest
 In heaven above.

For long I 've roam'd the world around,
But happiness have no where found ;
For here, on Mona's hallow'd ground,
 The cherub dwells.

Once more I tread thy peaceful shore,
Embrace each long-lost friend once more,
And feel a joy unfelt before ;
 Tho' light—how brief !

An aching chill comes o'er my heart ;
For soon with them and thee I part,
Lov'd and all lovely as thou art,
 My own dear Isle !

For who can part with all so dear
Without a sigh, or sorrow's tear ?
Nor feel the heart-foreboding fear—
We part for ever !

How blest ! were it my happy lot
To dwell in glen, or mountain cot,—
The world forgetting, and forgot,—
In Mona's Isle.

O ! it would suit my spirit well,
Far from the haunts of man to dwell,
Like anchorite, in lowly cell,
In this lone Isle ;

And, tho' the world might ne'er intrude
Upon my sacred solitude,
My humble cell, the wise and good
Should find a home ;

For O ! how many a native gem
Shines pure and bright with virtue's beam,
Forming the royal diadem
Of Mona's Isle,

What, tho' we part,—perhaps for ever !—
Can I forget thee, Mona ?—never !—
My heart may break, but nought can sever
That heart from thee.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CASTLE-WARD,
NEAR DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

ADDRESSED TO A DEAR FRIEND.

DOWN in the bosom of a mossy dale,
Thro' which a narrow streamlet winds its way,
There towers abrupt a rugged, rocky mound,
By nature's sportive hand grotesquely reared,
And quaintly clad with shrubs and stunted trees :
'T is said, that native chiefs, in olden time,
Have oft assembled here their chosen bands,
And, as in tower impregnable, sustain'd
The furious shock and fell assault of foes ;
And still the place retains the name and trace
Of war's rude art ; and here the labouring hind,
Whilst, cheerful, singing at his peaceful toil,
Has oft upturn'd the relics of the past,—
Old, rusty, time-worn implements of war.—

To this lone mound, in autumn's evening hour,
Oft would I wander forth with one belov'd,—
With one whose soul could sympathise with mine,
And share the beauties of the varied scene ;—
And we would clamber up its rugged path,
Oft stooping 'neath the tangled, bending boughs,
And on its airy summit, musing, sit,
And gaze upon the sunset's fading light
Stealing, like life and happiness, away,

And fondly linger, till the twilight grey,
Like vestal sad, with pensive step and slow,
Came softly stealing o'er the distant hills :
And we would hold sweet converse as we sat,
And talk of "deeds of days of other years,"
When this wild spot, so peacefully serene,
Re-echo'd to the tread of mailed men,
The prance and neighing of the barbed steed,
The trumpet's clang, and all the din of war ;
Then think, how chang'd the scene ! how sweet the change !
Now purest peacefulness and silence reign'd,
For not a sound disturbed the rural calm,
Save the sweet thrill of autumn's gentle bird,—
The innocent red-breast,—on the fading bough,
And that soft, dirge-like sound, that fitful swells
Amid the trees,—sad Autumn's pensive lyre,—
Which seems to mourn the dying year's decay,
And which on Fancy's list'ning ear doth fall
Like hymn of some pure spirit of the air,
Or song of elves that haunt this mossy mound.

And oft, in such a spot, so lone and still,
At this dim, dubious hour of parting day,
The spell-bound poet sees, or thinks he sees,
Far in the shadow of the gloomy boughs,
The fairy band come forth to tread the maze,
And weave their circlets in the dewy grass,
To dulcet sound of mirthful minstrelsy.

Let none, with heart of cynic pride, despise
The wild creations of the poet's dream,
As bright Imagination bodies forth
The airy shapes and sounds of fairy-land,
And brilliant scenes of Fancy's rich domain ;
For O ! how oft we flee, on joyous wings,
To her bright land of dreams, where ever dwell
Ideal Beauty's pure and perfect form,

And Love immortal, ever fair and young :
There, far above this dim and earthly sphere,
The noise and folly of low-thoughted man,
And all the dull realities of life,
Breathe we ambrosial air, and taste of joys
Forbidden to the gross and sensual throng
That love to grovel on earth's sin-worn mould.

But ah ! the brightest joys too quickly fade,
Too soon o'er-cast by sorrow's gloomy cloud !
Where now is that deep, heart-felt, pure delight,
Of pensive musing and sweet converse bred,
Late shar'd with one belov'd, as calm we sat
In evening's stilly hour, on this lone mound,
Shut out from all the world ? But where is she,
That friend of kindred soul ? Alas ! she 's fled,
And with her fled Joy's bright enchanting train.

In thoughts of her I wander'd forth alone,
One peaceful eve, to seek our favourite haunt,
And hoped once more to taste its calm delights,
And muse upon the scene. I stood and gaz'd :
The place was still the same ;—there tower'd aloft
The rural mound ; there wound its mazy path ;
And on its breast the sunset's parting beam
Did sweetly sleep ;—but Joy had fled the scene,
And Fancy, too, with all her magic train,
And ev'ry shape and sound of fairy-land.

In mournful mood I turn'd my face away,
And, sighing, homeward bent my lonely steps.

ADDRESS TO MOTHER EARTH.

WHO has not felt a calm and holy joy,—
A blissful rapture, soothing to the soul,—
In Springtide's bloom, and Summer's golden prime,
Or melancholy Autumn's loneliness,
Musing amid thy wood-crown'd hills and vales,
Thy verdant meads, and lawns, and mossy dells,
Where purling brooks and tinkling rills keep tune
With songs of birds, throughout the livelong day?
Or, thro' the silent watches of the night,
With pensive Philomel,—lone enthusiast,—
The spirit-bird, whose all enchanting strain,
"Seizes the soul, and laps it in Elysium?"—
Or midst thy flow'ry—"painted populace,"—
Whether in garden, mead, or lonely dell,—
Of all thy creatures, fairest, loveliest,
The most celestial of terrestrial things,
Blooming in all their primal perfectness
Of form and grace, and iris-tinctur'd dyes,
As in the golden age of Paradise
They bloomed in Eden's garden of delights?
Or musing 'mid thy sterner scenes sublime,
Thy trackless deserts echoing to no sound,
Thy mighty mountains' boundless solitudes,
Whose hoary heads, crown'd with eternal snows,
Beam ever bright above the billowy clouds,
Piercing the blue, cerulean depths of heaven?

Or on thy heaving ocean's dread expanse,—
Thy wilderness of waters vast and lone,
Rolling around thee everlastingly,—
The meetest symbol of eternity,
Where finiteness assumes infinity,
And breadth, and length, and depth to sense are lost,—
Who does not feel, as one enrapt, inspired,—
The pure divinity that stirs within him,
Prompting th' immortal longings of the soul?—
But who among thy favour'd sons, O Earth!
Tho' high endow'd with godlike faculties,
Or skill'd in Poesy's heavenly art, can tell
Of all thy mighty fabrick's endless forms,
Thy varied season's everlasting round,
Thy past, thy present, and thy future fate,
Close linked with man, and man's immortal hopes,
His filial love, and innate sympathies?
If none there be,—then let not me presume,
But timely cease my too adventurous strain,
And bid farewell,—a lingering, fond farewell,—
To thee my Mother Earth, my home, sweet home!

STANZAS.

'T IS DAWNING-HOUR,—and I love to stray
Along the dim and dewy way,
While all is yet so hush'd and still,
And the grey mist is on the hill,
And the morning's star's pale beam
Is sparkling in the trembling stream,
And from the flow'r-embroider'd ground
A cloud of incense breathes around.

And now the MORN, all pure and bright,
Walks forth, in rosy livery dight,
And the red sun begins to rise,
Flaming broad in the eastern skies ;
The joyous birds salute his rays,
Warbling forth their sweetest lays ;
And hill, and dale, and wood around
Repeat the full, melodious sound.

'T is sultry NOON,—and the giant sun
Half his glowing race has run :
The lizard basks in the scorching beam,
The trout leaps up in the sparkling stream,
The bee sings sweet at her flowery spoil,
And the ant is glad at her daily toil ;
While, blithe along the furrow'd plain,
Trudging toils the labouring swain.

'Tis TWILIGHT grey,—how still the air!—
O, 't is the vesper hour of prayer,
That overflows the spirit quite
And fills it with a calm delight,
And gives it wings, and bids it fly,
Far, far from dull mortality,
Up to those bright fields above,
Where dwell immortal Joy and Love.

'T is NIGHTFALL now,—and not a sound
Disturbs the slumb'ring scene around,
Save but the splash of tinkling rills
That tumble down the distant hills,
Save but the night-breeze' mournful song
That sighs the rustling leaves among :
The weary bird has found her nest,
And all things now are sunk to rest.

'T is now the hour of lone MIDNIGHT,—
And, by the taper's paly light,
I sit and muse on joys long fled,
On friends long number'd with the dead,
On brighter days of other years ;
Then, swift above this vale of tears,
On Faith's bright wings I heavenward fly,
And mingle with the Blest on high.

ON THE MONTH OF MAY.

With thee let me wander, thou bright, rosy May!

When the Earth has her green robe put on,
And the Flowers—her fair daughters—so blooming and gay,
Walk forth in their beauty, in matchless array,
To court the soft smiles of the sun.

With thee let me roam, at the peep of the morn,

When the spirit of health breathes around,
When the dew-drops, dependent, the branches adorn,
And beam, like rich gems, on the sweet-scented thorn,
And are scattered, like pearls, o'er the ground.

When Zephyrus roves through the flow'rets so fair,

And fans them with soft, silken wings,
Shedding odorous sweets thro' the mild, dewy air,
To chase from the bosom all sorrow and care,
And charm the sad heart whilst he sings.

Ah! lead me along thro' your wild, flowery ways,

When harmony wakens the grove,
To join in the anthem of joy and of praise,
Which all things in nature instinctively raise
To the God of all bounty and love.

O! is there a heart that with joy does not swell,

Amid scenes so enchanting and bright?
If there be,—in the desert so drear let it dwell,
By some wild rocky shore, or in cold gloomy cell,
Far, far from all mortal delight.

MEMORY'S TOKEN.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND GOING ABROAD.

'T is sweet to think when fond friends part,
To meet no more, perchance for ever,
Tho' sorrow rend the swelling heart,
The bonds of Friendship nought can sever.

Then take, or e'er we bid adieu,
For memory's sake, this little token,
That still my image thou mayst view,
Whilst memory's glass remains unbroken :

There scenes of other days shall rise,
In bright succession softly stealing,—
Life's spring-tide bloom, and sunny skies,—
The hopes and joys of youth revealing ;

But if amid the scenes so fair,
Some flowers of joy are sear and blighted,
And hopes once bright lie wither'd there,
On which the doating heart delighted,

Ah ! turn not from the pensive sight,
Which memory from the past shall borrow ;—
All earthly joys but bloom so bright,
To perish in this vale of sorrow.

But there are joys of deathless bloom,
And there are hopes to mortals given,
Which aye shall live beyond the tomb,
And flourish in the bowers of heaven.

TO E. W——D.

O! WHAT is the cause, that to me
The Spring wears its beauty in vain,
That the birds sing so blithesome and gay,
And I 'm left alone to complain?

Go ask thou the cause, why the Dove,
Mid the beauties of nature so fair,
Whilst melody rings thro' the grove,
Is a prey to sad sorrow and care?—

She will say what has robbed her of ease,
Why she mourns whilst all others are gay,
Why pleasures no longer can please,—
O! it is that her lov'd one's away.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO E. W——D.

'T is joyous, with one we love, to stray
Mid the bright, bright scenes of flowery May,
To taste all her fresh and new-born joys,
And drink the pure breath of her clear, blue skies,
That light, and sunshine, and warmth impart,
And throw a bright verdure of spring o'er the heart ;
In converse sweet as we onward rove
Thro' the winding path of the tufted grove,
Or wide-spread mead, or bushy dell,—
The haunts where Spring's fair children dwell,—
Where in soft and mossy beds
Violets hang their drooping heads,
And the yellow cowslip grows,
Daisy bright, and pale primrose ;
Where the gaudy daffodil
Gazes in the rippling rill ;
And where blooms the blue hare-bell,
And many more I need not tell,
In their varied liveries dight,
That modest seem to shun the sight,—
Rural tribes that blissful lead
Ambrosial lives of vernal speed,
And spend their little rosy hours
Sipping the sweet and dewy showers,

Or basking in the sunny beam,
Or gazing in the rippling stream,
And oft, unseen by mortal eye,
Like modest merit, bloom and die.—

How sweet to view the scene around,
To catch each rural sight and sound,
Sitting on some aged stone,
Grey with years, and moss o'ergrown,
Or 'neath the hawthorn on the hill,
Till musing Fancy has her fill,
Glad to hear the welcome note
Of the cuckoo's mellow throat,—
Surest harbinger of Spring,—
And the swallows' twittering,
Whilst they skim along the grass,
Or the rushy, dank morass!
But how passing sweet to hear
Wood-notes swelling through the air,
Whilst the merry birds are singing,
And the echoing groves are ringing,
Hills, and dales, and woods around,
With the full melodious sound!
Then to muse upon the scene,
Clad in freshest garb of green,
Over which the wandering eye
Roams in pleasing revery,—
Roams at will, and never tires,
Such sweet thoughts the scene inspires.—

O Spring! thou hast such charms for me
Of heart-felt, sweet reality,—
So powerful in thy loveliness,
And lovely in thy power to bless,—
Thee, thee I woo to be my muse,
For thou canst o'er my soul diffuse

A sense of joys more true and bright
Than ever charm'd the Poet's sight,
When, on imagination's wings,
He dreams unutterable things :
Yes, thou art all that 's bright and fair,
The resurrection of the year ;
Thou Nature wak'st to life and bloom
From winter's cold and icy tomb,
And flowers, new-risen from the dead,
Their new-spun robes of beauty spread,
Deck'd in the rainbow's thousand dyes,
And breathe sweet incense to the skies ;
Thou tun'st the birds' melodious voice,
And mak'st all living things rejoice ;
And memory wak'st, as from a dream,
And fond associations teem,
In bright succession o'er me stealing,
Pleasures of the past revealing,—
Scenes and days of other years,—
Youthful joys, and hopes, and fears,—
Which long in death had buried lain,
But now revive, and bloom again.

ON A FIRST-BORN CHILD.

ANGELO W———D.

Al! who can speak a mother's joy
When gazing on her first-born boy ;
The thoughts and feelings of her soul,
That, mingling, gush without control,
Rapid, and deep, and wildly free,
In one full tide of ecstacy ;
Whilst in her raptur'd, beaming face
Each deep emotion you may trace,
As tears and smiles together play,
Like April-showers on a sunny day ?
For 't is the heart's sweet time of spring,
When all fond hopes are blossoming,
And budding joys, which she alone
Can truly feel as all her own.

Behold her little cherub there,
With ruby lips, and forehead fair,
With sunny, smiling, dimpled cheek,
And eyes that eloquently speak,—
Bright sparkling eyes of heavenly blue,
Whose infant gaze would read you through,—
Where may be seen the living light
Of innate genius beaming bright,
And in his sweet, expressive face
The dawn of mind and noble grace :
So fair a child, in sooth, might seem
The spirit of some lovely dream,—

A cherub which had gone astray
In wand'ring thro' Heaven's pathless way,
Or sent from some bright realm above
To earth, on embassy of love.—
To see so fair a piece of earth
You well might doubt its mortal birth,
But that upon its mother's knee,
Instinct with life, and joy, and glee,
He laughs, and plays his mimic wiles,
In "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"
And nestles in his mother's breast,
Like little bird in mossy nest,
Or firmly grasps a lock of hair,
As if the prize he'd rudely tear,
And seems, whilst round her neck he clings,
Like Cupid's self without his wings.

Ah! then she clasps him to her heart,
As if from thence he ne'er should part,
And, gazing in his deep blue eyes,
She reads a thousand mysteries,
And sees within their depths of blue
His infant spirit gleaming through,
And marks the lights and shades that chase
Each other o'er his smiling face,
As in each glance, and look intense,
Beams forth the bright intelligence :
These are the joys the mother shares,
That hallow all her anxious cares,
Which else would blight the flowers of joy,
That bloom in lovely Infancy.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO E. W——D.

O ! COME with me, my own true love !
Nor sigh to bid this Isle farewell ;
For soon thy fairy foot shall rove
Thro' fields where ne'er a snow-show'r fell.

O'er summer seas our bark will glide,
And bear us to that blissful shore,
Where thou wilt be the fondest bride,
And care thou 'lt feel, or fear, no more.

I 'll form thee bowers of sunny flow'rs,
Beneath the mango's shady tree ;
And, all day long, some sweet bird's song
Shall be a hymn of rest for thee.

The rich banana shall be thine,
The orange, with its snow-white bloom,
The guava, and the golden pine,
And every flower of sweet perfume.

An Indian maid shall tend on thee,
To cool thy brow, and braid thy hair ;
The lady of the land thou 'lt be,
And reign the Queen of Beauty there.

O ! who can tell, save those who 've seen,
The beauties of that Eastern clime ?
Where every tree is fresh and green,
And nature seems untouch'd by time.

Then haste, my love, and hush those sighs,
Our buoyant bark's light wings are spread ;
I soon shall see in those bright eyes
A smile for every tear they 've shed.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO E. W — D.

DEAREST Constantia ! thou art ever near
To wake the smile, or wipe the falling tear,
With soothing words to still my bosom's throes,
To share my griefs, and lull me to repose ;
Thy tender sympathy has taught my sorrow
From thee alone its healing balm to borrow :
Thou sweet physician of the aching heart !
Whom love has school'd in all the healing art,
Fondly to "minister to the mind's disease,"
When all things else have lost the power to please ;
When summer friends and friendships all are flown,
Thou, in my winter's day, remain'st alone,
And, thro' the darkness of my sorrow's night,
Thy constant beam shines forth more purely bright :
My star of eve !—sweet harbinger of rest !—
Whose light of love illumines my clouded breast ;
Thou bright and morning-star of all my joys !
Whose influence hallows life's perturbed skies ;
Thou dear enchantress ! whose fond spells can bind
The thrilling anguish of the troubled mind,
Whose syren touch can make sweet music flow
From the sad heart,—that living lyre of woe,—
Can tune to melody its trembling strings,
To soothing strains its mournful murmurings,
And, as the soft harmonious numbers roll,
Diffuse the joy of grief thro' all the soul.

But say, thou sweet enchantress of the heart !
Whence hast thou learn'd thy high seraphic art ?
Whence hast thou stolen love's Promethean fire,—
Pure, holy love which doth thy soul inspire ?—
'Tis that, in spirit, midst the blest above,
Thou 'st learn'd the lore and sacred art of love ;
'Tis that to thee,—a mortal guest,—'t is given
To taste the joys and breathe the air of heaven,
Whom bright-eyed faith hath lent “ the golden key
That opes the palace of eternity,”
Where thou art wont to gaze, with raptur'd eyes,
On blissful sights, and hallow'd mysteries,
From burning altars, mid th' angelic choirs,
Thy censer fill with love's celestial fires ;
Where thou art wont to roam thro' blissful bowers,
To cull the sweets of heaven's immortal flowers,
And pluck the fruits that load the tree of life,
With healing virtues redolent and rife ;
Then down descending from the blest abode,—
Like some fond, guardian minister of good,—
Thou bear'st to earth the bright, immortal prize,
And fill'st the soul with beatific joys,
Soothing the heart, so late with anguish riven,
To slumber sweetly in the rest of heaven.

ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF E. W———D.

To thee, blest saint ! I tune the pensive lyre,
To breathe a lay in memory of thee,
Tho' sorrow's tears still quench the muse's fire,
But not the light of thy fond memory.

Time may deface the records of the heart,
The scenes and forms of days of other years,
Thine image never, never can depart,
But, all unchang'd, unchangeable appears,—

Loving and lovely, freshly bright and fair,
As e'er thou wert, when life and love were young,—
That snowy brow and darkly-flowing hair,
Those bright, black eyes that speak love's unknown tongue :

No touch, no trace, no line of beauty less,
Each soft, expressive feature still the same,—
Thine own sweet smile, and look of tenderness,—
Th' harmonious music of thy graceful frame.—

I see thee now, so palpable to sight,
Death's curtain'd veil seems for a time remov'd,
And meet thy gaze, so eloquently bright,
That tells me still how much I am belov'd,—

That living look, that speaks of mutual love,
In life which beam'd, and now still beams on me,
For we had vow'd our loves should deathless prove,
In life or death, immortal aye to be.—

O ! thou wert form'd for love, but not to bear
The shocks of life, and withering touch of Time,—
A vase too fragile, fraught with odours rare,—
Too fair a flower for Earth's cold wintry clime.—

And He that form'd thee thus, so passing fair,
Thy mind adorn'd in Virtue's spotless dress,
And made thy soul His own peculiar care,—
A shrine of light and beaming loveliness,—

A living temple, fram'd by heavenly art,
Where sweetest incense evermore did rise
Fresh from the altar of an humble heart,—
A holy, pure, and perfect sacrifice.—

The heavenly Sisters left their seats above, —
Their native seats,—to minister to thee,
Bright Faith, and Hope, and ever-glowing Love,
With gentle Meekness and Humility.

And Piety, in fairest robes array'd,
Inform'd thy spirit with her light divine :
Such bright irradiance in thy features play'd,
Thou seem'dst an angel in an earthly shrine.

So purely delicate in form and mind,
With such angelic disposition blest,
Such mental strength, with tenderness combined,
Whate'er thou said'st, or did'st, seem'd wisest, best.

To thee were such celestial virtues given,
Such high perfection, free from earthly stain,—
When shall we see on earth so much of Heaven ?
Alas ! we ne'er shall see thy like again.

THE LOVE-LORN MAID.

I GAZ'D on her beauty ; it faded fast,
As she sat in the night of her sorrow,
For her hope's fair planet had set at last,
To brighten no more on the morrow.

Her hair hung loose o'er her breast of snow,
Which heav'd with her heart's repining,
And mute, and motionless, droop'd she in woe,
Like a statue of grief reclining.

She spake not a word, she shed not a tear,
But pensively gaz'd around her,
Nor reck'd she of ought, for dark despair
With his icy chain had bound her.

It seem'd as tho' reason's latent flame
Were dim, and darkly burning,
Yet, oft o'er her aspect tokens came
Of memory's light returning.

And then the sad vision of all her woe
Would mournfully rise before her,
And the fountain of sorrow, long seal'd, o'erflow,
As the thought of the past rush'd o'er her.

Ah! wist ye the cause of the maiden's care?

Why the light of her hope departed?

Why droops she in sorrow, so lonely there?

And why is she broken-hearted?

That heart long cherish'd love's hopeless flame,

For her love it was unrequited;

Then despair, like the blast of the desert, came,

And the maiden's peace was blighted.

MEMORY'S DREAM.

DECEMBER, 1852.

“ I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.”
Methought I roam'd by many a wizard stream,
And Druid ring, and ivy-mantled pile,
Which mark'd the features of a lovely Isle ;
And oft did stand, in wonder bound, to gaze
On Runic stones, and forms of other days,
On sun-lit hills, and bright and beauteous bays,
On rugged rocks that tower'd aloft, sublime,
And seem'd primeval with the birth of time ;
And wander'd long, absorb'd in pensive mood,
Thro' lonely glens, and scenes of solitude ;
Or, list'ning, stood to catch the distant roar
Of billows beating on the sounding shore,—
A fairy-land of streams and haunted groves,
Such as sweet, musing Melancholy loves,—
A land of dreams,—fond Fancy's wild domain,—
Such as doth haunt the Poet's raptur'd brain,
Where merry elves their midnight revels keep,
Whilst drowsy mortals lie entranc'd in sleep :
Methought I heard the sound of rushing wings,
And viewless spirits' dulcet murmurings,
Blent with the pensive harpings of the trees,
And mournful music of the fitful breeze :
And as I roam'd, entranc'd in strange delight,
A stately structure rose before my sight :

'T was said that all who 'neath its roof were found
With sweet Enchantment's potent spell were bound,—
No marvel ! since 't was Grace and Beauty's shrine,
The Muses' bower, the seat of Arts divine ;—
Here Sculpture vied with Painting's magic art
To charm the eye and fascinate the heart :
And now it chanc'd that one¹ of deathless name,—
A lustrous planet midst the stars of Fame,—
Had sojourn'd long within this fair retreat,
Him 't was my joy and happiness to meet ;
Through Ideality's celestial bowers
He roam'd at will, and cull'd immortal flowers,
And seem'd as one "inspir'd, inspirited,"
Whose soul had long on food ambrosial fed ;
'T was his, on bright Imagination's wings,
To speed his flight 'bove all sublunar things,
Beyond the bounds of time and space to soar
Where never mortal held his flight before,
Far, far above this world of noise and folly,
Midst heavenly scenes, and visions pure and holy ;
Then, down descending from his sphere of light,
He pictur'd forth, to charm our ravish'd sight,
His raptur'd dreams and blissful ecstacies,
And brought all heaven before our wond'ring eyes :
His thronging thoughts, impetuous, swift, intense,
Gush'd forth in streams of ardent eloquence ;
His form was nature's perfect symmetry,
And bore the stamp of true nobility ;
The light of mind illum'd his classic face ;
A courteous dignity and winning grace
His birth-rights were, with native worth combin'd ;
Of soul expansive, generous, fond, and kind,—

¹ John Martin, Esq.

A being born to rule with gentle sway
His loving subjects,—willing to obey :—
His was, in sooth, the true mesmeric art
To spell the soul, and charm the human heart,
And win the homage of the minds of men :
“ When shall we look upon his like again ? ”

“ A change came o’er the spirit of my dream ; ”
For varied scenes,¹—like Fancy’s forms that teem
Thro’ Poets’ minds, when rapt in musing mood,—
Now met my gaze : in Wonder’s spell I stood :
Beside a brook, where willow boughs entwined,
The fair Ophelia on a bank reclined,
In heart despair, and “ craz’d with hopeless love ; ”
Of flowers and leaves the gentle maiden wove
Bright coronals to deck her flowing hair,
That wav’d in streamlets o’er her shoulders fair ;
Love’s hectic light illum’d her tearful eye ;
Still oft she seem’d to gaze on vacancy,
Then sudden rose, as if some barbed dart,
By Memory flung, had pierc’d her bleeding heart,
And wrung her hands, and wander’d to and fro ;
Then moveless stood,—a monument of woe ;—
At length, she stray’d, with sad, bewilder’d look,
Where wept a willow o’er the glassy brook,
To hang love garlands on its pendant boughs,—
But fadeless tokens of her maiden vows,—
When lo ! the branch, on which the hapless maid
A moment stood, her trusting feet betray’d,
And sudden brake, as if by fatal spell ;
In the deep stream the love-lorn damsel fell.
No more we saw, for o’er the tragic scene,
The hand of Pity clos’d the curtain’d screen.

¹ Tableaux vivants.

The scene was chang'd, as if by magic might :
The fair Titania, robed in snowy white,
Wooing sweet sleep, reclin'd her drooping head
And graceful form upon a mossy bed,
Midst gentle airs and melting murmurings,
Whilst elfin sprites, with bright and silvery wings,
Kept watch and ward within the leafy screen,
Guarding the chamber of the Fairy Queen ;
And airy music's soft, melodious sound,
From viewless minstrels, breathed above, around.

Behold a change ! as if by magic power :
'T was lovely Venus in her Paphian bower,
And two sweet Cupids, all so bright and fair
They seem'd as made of sunshine, light, and air :
O'er Beauty's Queen one wav'd a silvery wand,
The other clasp'd the goddess' snowy hand ;
A gauzy veil her graceful form enshrin'd,
As on a couch she gently lay reclin'd,
Embower'd in bliss, midst flow'rs of brightest bloom,
Which fill'd the air with streams of sweet perfume ;
A flood of hair, in golden streams that glow'd,
O'er her fair breast and snowy shoulder flow'd ;
Love in her eyes shed forth his magic light,
Too fair she seem'd for fragile mortal's sight.

The scene was chang'd, as if by magic power :
Fair Rosamond sat within her secret bower ;
Hope, fear, and love by turns her soul oppress'd ;
She clasp'd her hands upon her beating breast ;
And oft she cast an anxious look around,
And seem'd all ear to catch the faintest sound ;
At length she heard the tread of distant feet,
And quickly rose her royal lord to meet,
When, at the entrance of the leafy screen,
Appall'd, she met the dread and jealous Queen,

Who bore a dagger and a poison'd bowl,—
The fearful sight did harrow up her soul ;
Vain were her prayers, wrung out in agony,—
The cruel Queen had doom'd the maid to die ;—
She forc'd the bowl within her trembling hand,
And with the dagger urged her fell command ;
The deadly draught the hapless maiden drank,
And on the ground in deathly swooning sank :
All hearts were wrung with pitying grief intense,
As clos'd the scene of murder'd Innocence.

Now in a dungeon's dismal cell was seen
The hapless Mary, Scotia's lovely Queen ;
With eyes uprais'd, enrapt in holy mood,
She meekly knelt before the Book of God,
Whilst, by a taper's light, there beam'd above
The hallow'd emblem of redeeming love ;
Then slowly rose and pac'd the cell around,
Absorb'd she seem'd in holy thought profound ;
When suddenly a solemn, sounding bell
Was heard to strike ;—rous'd by the fatal knell,—
Like one awaken'd from some blissful dream,—
Death's dire reality awhile did seem
To awe her soul,—'twas Nature's dread recoil,—
A transient pang,—for soon a tranquil smile
Her face illum'd ; to heaven she rais'd her eyes
And seem'd once more enrapt in paradise :
Again she knelt before the Holy Book ;
Again, absorb'd in prayer, no heed she took
Of ought around ; no shade her soul o'ercast,
The dread, the bitterness of death had pass'd ;
No sighs were heard, no tears were seen to flow ;
Anxious she seem'd to meet the fatal blow,
That she might "fly away, and be at rest,"
And share the bliss and rapture of the blest :

And as we mourn'd o'er Scotia's hapless Queen,
The curtain clos'd upon the tragic scene.

Behold a change ! as if by magic spell :
Within a necromancer's mystic cell,
Where lurid light reveal'd a dubious gloom,
A lady fair, in youth and beauty's bloom,
A magic mirror pictur'd forth to sight :
At love's behest, to charm with rapt delight
Her lover's eyes, appear'd the form divine,
Pensive and pale, of lovely Geraldine,
As on a couch she bent her drooping head,
Whilst, with her Surrey's raptur'd lays, she fed
Her love-sick soul, to sooth her heart's deep woes :
At length a cloud in fleecy foldings rose,
And spread its curtains round the hapless fair,
And clos'd the scene and work of magic rare.

But who might be the wizard of the night,—
He, by whose power occult and mystic might,
The varied scenes arose to charm our eyes,—
A mystery seem'd,—tho' some might e'en surmise ;
When lo ! the sage enchanter¹ soon was seen
To issue forth from out the flow'ry screen,—
Bright Genius' son, endow'd with magic art
To picture forth the passions of the heart,—
All perfect forms of symmetry and grace,—
And fairest features of fair Nature's face ;
All lovely things were his by right to choose ;
He woo'd the tragic and the comie muse ;
With Shakspeare, Spenser, oft he lov'd to rove,
Or roam at will through every classic grove ;
But most he lov'd to pass his joyous hours
In syren Fancy's bright, immortal bowers,

¹ Edward H. Corbould, Esq.

Then body forth, in hues of living light,
His rapt creations, heavenly fair and bright.

“A change came o’er the spirit of my dream :”
The tapers now shed forth a cheerful gleam ;
It was a scene that charm’d each varied sense,
Where Grace and Beauty vied with Eloquence,—
A banquet scene ;—with goodliest things the board,
And every elegant device, was stor’d,—
A friendly feast of hospitality
To guest the patriot priest¹ of Italy,—
The wondrous orator, whose glorious name
Shall live enshrin’d amid the sons of Fame,—
Chief of the mighty spirits of the age,
In Faith’s defence a holy war to wage,
All arm’d in Truth and Virtue’s panoply,—
A Christian hero, bold to do or die,
To face his foes and put their hosts to flight,
A man endow’d as with supernal might,—
A Sampson brave, to whom the power is given
To work, perchance, some wonder-work of heaven,
Ordain’d to be the glorious champion
To pull the pillars of old Babel down ;—
A man endow’d with majesty of soul,
Born to command, to sway, to lead, control ;
Of noble port, of manners bland, refin’d,
Courteous and gentle, friendly, fond, and kind ;
For every virtue, grace, and worth approv’d ;
By all the good, the great, the wise belov’d.

What, tho’ these scenes have pass’d, the guests have fled,
Oft in these halls with ling’ring feet I tread ;
For sweet Enchantment still assumes her power
In Friendship, Love, and Grace, and Beauty’s bower.

¹ Father Gavazzi.

ON PARTING.

How sad the hour when doom'd to part
From one we love !—it rends the heart,
Which inly bleeds, and makes us feel
A torture words cannot reveal,—
A nameless woe, a voiceless grief,
That knows no cure, finds no relief:—
The idol of the heart is fled,
That heart will not be comforted,
For, ever in that word “Farewell”
There comes a sad, prophetic knell,—
A boding sound,—that speaks of fear,
And wakes the sigh, and trembling tear,
And makes us feel how doubly dear
The being that we doat upon ;—
How late it blest our sight :—’t is gone ;—
And we are left alone to weep,
The bitter fruit of woe to reap,
For sighs and tears, alas ! are vain,
They bring not back the lov’d again.

VERSES.

I LOVE to sit on some lone promontory,
When weltering winds have turn'd the sea all hoary,
To muse in rapture on the mighty ocean,
Chaf'd into wrath, and wild and fierce commotion ;
Or downward wander 'long the rocky shore,
And listen to the angry billows roar,
Which seem like some huge monsters of the deep,
Rous'd by the storm from out their slimy sleep,
That splash, and hiss, and writhe, as if in pain,
Or onward rush, with high-erected mane,
To dash their huge sides 'gainst the rugged rocks,
And, foaming, rage beneath the shivering shocks :
There is a joy, amid such scenes as these,
To list the mournful music of the seas,
When hollow winds and waves are piping loud,
And sea-birds, shrilly screaming, homeward crowd,
With weary wing, and sadly plaintive wail,
To seek a shelter from the furious gale.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

FOND Memory loves to bring
Thine image to my sight,
Which comes like cheering spring
To fill me with delight,
Shedding thine own sweet smile, so sunny, warm, and bright.

Ah me! 't is sweet to gaze
Upon thy tranquil brow,
Whose mild irradiance plays
Like moonlight's softest glow,
When calmly pale it sleeps on the pure, mountain snow.

Fair as the dawn art thou,
When from her orient bed
She meets the Sun's bright glow,
And, blushing rosy red,
Thro' all the ambient air her golden hair doth spread.

What is there the fairest
In all bright Nature's round,
What is there the rarest
In Fancy's hallow'd ground
To which to liken thee? Can such a thing be found?

The lovely star of even,
Which lights the silvery sea,—
That purest gem of heaven
That beams so tranquilly,—
In all her beauty's light, doth most resemble thee.

The lily's snowy whiteness,
The red, red rose's bloom,
In mingled glowing brightness
Thy lovely cheek illumine,
And from thy ruby lips breathes forth their sweet perfume.

So fair a child of nature
On earth is rarely seen,
So eloquent of feature,
Thou look'st like Beauty's Queen,
With Dian's chaste brow of soft and silvery sheen.

But thou art good as fair,
As virtuous as bright,
Thy form, so rich and rare,
Enshrines a glorious sprite
Which thro' thine eyes sheds forth its ever-living light,

More pure than sunlight's gleam,—
A light from heaven above,
Which thro' thine eyes doth beam—
A light of holy love,
Charming the gazer's sight, where'er thy footsteps rove.

TO MUSING MELANCHOLY.

SWEET pensive Spirit ! thou who lov'st to dwell
 Beneath the umbrage of the leafy grove,
 Where holy Thought and Meditation rove ;
Or far away in some sequester'd dell,
With humble anchorite in his lone, mossy cell ;
 Thou Spirit of sweet Melancholy !
 That shunn'st this world of noise and folly,
To soar aloft to brighter worlds above ;
 Ah ! lead me to thy calm abode,
 Companion of the wise and good !
There let me dwell, thy welcome guest,
And fondly muse mid visions of the blest :

There let me mourn o'er joys for ever fled,
 O'er fond hopes blighted in their early bloom,
 O'er fond ones hurried to the dreary tomb ;
Her holiest tears let sacred Sorrow shed,
And pour, in plaintive strain, a requiem o'er the dead,
 Whilst Memory builds her verdant bower,
 And, with her all-creative power,
Brings back to life, from time and death's dark womb,
 Departed hopes, and buried joys,
 In bright array, to charm our eyes,—
The lost, the mourned, the dead anew,—
All, all we lov'd,—how many, yet how few !

There let me muse in peaceful solitude,
And dare to lift the painted veil of life,
That hides the evil train of sin and strife,—
Ambition, Avarice, Envy's hateful brood,
Rapine, Revenge, and Murder thirsting still for blood,—
And think how blest the humblest lot,
In lonely cell, or mountain cot,
Where rural peace and joy alone are rife!
And thank the great and glorious Power,
Who guides and guards me every hour,
In whom I live, and breathe, and move,
Blest in his awful loveliness and love.

THE PARTING.

Ah ! vain the task for me to tell
How much my heart was torn,
When I was doom'd to bid "farewell !"
On that sad parting morn !
'T was such an hour of heart-felt pain
I never hope to meet again :

I felt my soul was torn apart
From what it held so dear,
Like some fond friend, with bleeding heart,
That gazes on the bier
Of one, from whom he 's doom'd to sever,
To meet no more on earth for ever.

And when I gave my trembling hand,
And bade the last "adieu !"
And, faltering, left the crowded strand,
I hid my face from view ;
I could not bear that friends so dear
Should see my sorrow's gushing tear :

Yet, ah ! how many a lingering look,
When I had left the shore,
In spite of sorrow, still I took,
Altho' I wept the more ;
And from the ship, despite of pain,
How long, alas ! I gaz'd in vain !

And still beheld the forms I lov'd
Fast fading from my view,
As onward thro' the waves we mov'd,
Then wav'd a last "adieu !"
And O ! how long, with aching sight,
I stood, till all had vanish'd quite !

'T was like the latest, lingering gaze
The mourner here can take,
Whom saddest sorrow still delays,
Altho' his heart-strings break,—
That look that cannot quit the dead,
Albeit the spirit long has fled.—

HEART'S-EASE.

HAST thou, dear Ann! in garden, or in bower,
E'er scen a little, modest, cinque-leav'd flower,—
A flower with three bright leaves of purple hue,
Replete with beauty, and the other two
'Tinctur'd with yellow gold?—'t is much admir'd:
So much 't is sought, so much by all desir'd,
E'en I myself, to soothe my heart-felt pain,
Alas! alas! did seek it long in vain:
So sweet a flower, of virtues wondrous rare,
Ever be thine within thy breast to wear.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

FAIRY flower that loves to dwell
Or in mead or mossy dell,
Rural dight in azure hue,
Greeting with thine eye of blue
Every swain that passes by!
Thee I love,—I'll tell thee why,—
More than every flower that blows,
E'en than garden's gaudy rose,—
Nature's work in thee I trace,
Of such simple, modest grace,
That I can't but love thy face.

LINES TO A LADY.

WHENE'ER, to hallow'd harmony, thou wak'st the tuneful
 strings,
 And o'er thy raptur'd spirit comes the bliss that Music
 brings,
 Transporting thee, in vision, to the sainted choirs above,
 Ah! then, sweet Minstrel, think of me, tho' far away I
 rove ;
 Whene'er, in mournful melody, thy song of sorrow swells,
 Like night's lone bird; whose pensive strain a tale of pity
 tells ;
 Whene'er thy soul, on wings of praise, mounts up to
 heav'n in song,—
 Like merry lark, that, soaring, sings the fleecy clouds
 among ;—
 In that sweet hour of Music's reign,—of joys so pure and
 bright,—
 O ! may her syren magic raise my image to thy sight !

 IMPROMPTU.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT THE AUTHOR SOME CUCUMBERS, WHICH,
 IN INDIA, ARE DELIGHTFUL, BUT DANGEROUS.

IN guile the serpent tempted Eve
 With fruit of the forbidden tree,
 But thou, my friend, could'st ne'er deceive,
 In kindness thou hast tempted me.

WHAT IS LIFE?

“The good die early.”

TO THE MEMORY OF HADASSAH.

WHAT is life? A fragile flower,
Subject both to sun and shower,
Born to bloom a little hour,
Often pluck'd before 'tis blown,
Or to full perfection grown.
Life is like an April day,
Seldom seen to pass away
Ere its sunny face appears
Dim, suffus'd with dewy tears ;
Or like the hectic, sanguine rose
On Beauty's pallid cheek that glows,
Bright and brighter whilst it lingers,
Till pluck'd by Death's cold, icy fingers ;
Or the damask hues that streak
Aurora's fair and modest cheek,—
Her latest blush that floods the skies,
Ere the glorious sun's uprise.—
Life is like a running river,
Speeding on and onward ever,
Till it reach the mighty sea,—
Emblem of eternity ;—
Like the sun's departing beam ;
Like a blissful, transient dream ;

Like some long-forgotten face,
A moment seen in Memory's glass ;
Or like some deep-buried joy
Woke to life by Memory,
Instant doom'd to fade and die ;
Or like some old, native lay
Heard, perchance, when far away,
Bringing back the thought of home,
As thro' distant lands we roam :
Like a treasure found in sleep
Which we clasp, secure to keep,
Fearing lest the thing we deem
All so real, prove a dream,
And, sudden waking, find the prize
Has fled our grasp, and doating eyes ;
Or like the joy of friends who meet
At midnight-hour, but just to greet,
But not behold each other's face,
Whilst passing thro' a wilderness.
Life is like a burning taper,
Quick consum'd,—a fleeting vapour ;—
Like the lights and shades that pass
Rapid o'er the wavy grass ;
Like the fragile gossamer
Scatter'd by a breath of air ;
Like the dew of early morn
Sun-absorb'd as soon as born ;
Or the glow-worm's paly ray
Fading in the light of day :
Like a bubble on a river,
A moment seen,—then gone for ever !
Like a meteor, brief and bright,
Passing o'er the brow of night ;
Like a rapid shooting-star
Seen a moment from afar ;

Like the cloud-form'd, bright pavilion,
 Dyed in purple and vermillion,
 Which enshrines the giant sun,
 When his mighty race is run,
 In which he lays him down to rest,
 Curtain'd in the glowing West,—
 Tho' bright the flush, how brief the ray,
 The hectic hue, of dying Day!—
 Like the fair face of the moon,
 When some envious cloud too soon
 Dims her lamp, uphung on high,
 And sudden darkness veils the sky;
 Like mists that speed o'er hill and mountain,
 Or like the Spirit of the fountain,
 Robed in iris-hues, which plays,
 Sparkling, midst the dewy rays,
 But is instant fled and gone,
 If a cloud obscure the sun;
 Like the sparks that upward fly.
 What is life? 'T is vanity!
 Brightest things art first to perish,—
 All we love and fondly cherish.—

Ah! where is she, the good, the wise,
 "The cynosure of neighbouring eyes,"
 The dark-eyed maid, with sunny smile,
 The poet-child of Mona's Isle,¹
 Of genius bright, and fancy free,
 That sang her Island Minstrelsy?
 Alas! in youth and beauty's bloom
 Cut down, and hurried to the tomb:
 The lov'd, the lovely, loving one,—
 The minstrel-maid,—is dead and gone:

¹ The late Miss Esther Nelson.

She of the bright imaginings,—
Ideal, pure, and loveliest things,—
That form'd her wild, poetic dreams
Midst haunted dells and wizard streams,
The minstrel of the magic wand,
That reign'd the Queen of fairy-land,—
The maid of wild romantic brain,—
The bard of Fanev's bright domain,
That used to pour her raptur'd song,
Her "wood-notes wild," our hills among,—
The poet-bird,—has pass'd away,
No more to charm us with her lay,—
"Sweet bird that shunn'd the noise of folly,
"Most musical, most melancholy!"—
No more our love-lorn nightingale
Shall soothe us with her tender tale,
For she has fled to brighter skies,
Up to the realms of paradise,
And, midst unutterable things,
Her song of triumph blissful sings,
Whilst we are doomed to linger here,
To mourn her loss, and pour a tear
Melodious o'er her early bier :
But long as Memory holds her seat,
And hearts with fond affections beat,
Her deathless image still shall beam,
Bright as a seraph in a dream,—
The dark-eyed maid, with sunny smile,
The poet-child of Mona's Isle,—
And young Hadassah's name shall be
Fraught with a spell, a witchery,
Deathless as her sweet poesy.

CHILDHOOD'S SPORTS.

"The child is father of the man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety."

"Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heav'ns laugh with you in your jubilee ;

* * * * *

The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all."

WORDSWORTH.

"MEN are but children of a larger growth :"
 And, ah ! what joy to steal a holiday,
 To flee from all the carking cares of life,
 Forget the man, and be a child again ;
 And, midst a band of happy little ones,
 Join in their pastimes and their mirthful sports ;
 Or with them roam in springtide's smiling prime,—
 The blooming childhood of the opening year,—
 Through daisy-spotted fields, and primrose haunts,
 Midst all the "flow'ry, painted populace,"
 That throng the meads, and "live ambrosial lives."
 What joy ! to see the lamb-like innocents
 Sporting and bounding o'er the verdant plain,
 Wild as a playful herd of tripping fawns,
 Free as the breeze that lifts their flowing hair,
 And fans their blooming faces with its wings ;
 Or see them gather'd in a graceful group,
 Eager, in youthful rivalry, to rob
 Some cowslip bank of all its golden stores,
 As if such spoil were their inheritance,
 And wild-flowers bloom'd and smil'd for them alone :

The more they pluck, the more they still desire,
And no satiety or langour know.

At length, some changeful mood, as with a spell,
Suspends their toil ; the busy group unbinds,
And off they dart, like birds upon the wing,
For other sports, and pleasures ever new.
But one there is, all paramount, which seems
An inbred instinct of the youthful heart,—
That passion strange which prompts them one and all,
Through infancy, and youth, and school-boy days,
To plod the same unwearied, daily round,
And peer and pry in every bush and briar,
Or hedge-row green, in garden, field, or dell,
In search of bird-nests,—all absorbing joy !—
And if, perchance, one solitary prize
Their labour crown,—one little, downy nest
With tiny eggs, or tender, callow brood,—
Unconscious things, close nestled, snug, and warm,
That ope, instinctively, their innocent mouths,
If but a twig or leaf be gently stirr'd,—
Ah me ! what joy, what exultation reigns !
What eager looks of infant wonderment
And peering curiosity are seen !
What antics strange of rapturous delight,
And shouts of triumph mark the lucky hour !
But, still, their joy is temper'd, blameless, pure ;
For these sweet innocents are rightly school'd,
Train'd from their early infancy to know
And feel the universal law of love ;
And they would think it cruelty and sin
To rob or spoil the wondrous, beauteous prize ;
For, as their parents dear they dearly love,
The parent birds they early learn to love,
And strive, with all their little arts, to hide
And guard their nests from injury or wrong.

And O! 't is blest to teach the infant mind
Lessons of mercy, love, and tenderness ;
To show them nature's wondrous handiwork,
That leads from "nature up to nature's God,"
In nought more beautiful and wondrous seen
Than in the wild and flowery tribes that bloom,
The mossy nests of matchless workmanship,
The beauteous eggs of forms so exquisite,
And varied hues of perfect loveliness,—
Snow-white, cerulean-blue, or grassy-green,—
In all the colours of the rainbow dyed,
Which seem too fragile for the softest touch,
Yet caskets rare, instinct with latent life,
From whence shall spring, in God's appointed time,
A living creature, girt with golden wings,—
A being bright and beautiful to see,—
A living organ of divinest sounds,
Destin'd to charm us with its rapturous song.

Ah me! all nature's works are wonderful,
And passing strange,—a standing miracle,
A marvel, and a mystery, had we eyes,—
Purg'd from the mists of dark materialism,—
To see aright,—to see them as they are,—
Th' immediate, glorious handiwork of God.
Whilst some affect the love of solitude,
Lonely to muse, in springtide's sunny hours,
In shady arbour or umbrageous grove,
Be mine to seek companionship,—a friend
Whose heart is all congenial with my own,—
To share, yet multiply, the varied joy ;
Or with my own sweet band of little ones,
To share their pastimes and their pure delights ;
Be what their Maker has commanded us,
Or strive to be,—e'en as a little child.

TO A LADY.

HAST thou ever, lady fair,
Wander'd in the moonlight air,
Musing, watch'd the lonely moon
Journeying to her nightly noon,
In her paly chariot driven
Thro' the trackless depths of heaven ?
Hast thou then, in pensive mood,
Felt the power of solitude ?—
Its stilly power,—when not a sound
Is heard to breathe above, around,
Save the voice of tinkling rill
From the far, far distant hill,—
Save the night breeze' plaintive hymn,
Sad as Sorrow's requiem
Mourning o'er the newly dead,
When the last drawn sigh is sped,—
Save the night-bird's tender strain,
Fraught with love's delicious pain,
Filling all the air around
With the ravishment of sound,—
Sweet bird ! that shuns the garish day,
And, darkling, sings her roundelay,

As, deep in lone greenwood, sits she,
Mingling mournful melody
With such rapturous notes of joy,
As if hope and sad despair
At her heart contending were.—
Hast thou felt the kindling power
Of the hallow'd midnight hour?
Felt its spirit pure and calm
Dropping on the heart like balm,
Heavenly influence diffusing,
And sweet, melancholy musing,
Till the soul is wilder'd quite,
Rapt in visions of delight?
Lady fair, I know full well,
More thou 'st felt than I can tell;
Thou hast been my guest of yore,
And thy soul is form'd to soar
Far beyond the bright domain
Where Fancy holds her syren reign,—
The fairy-land of poesy,
Where all ideal beauties be.

STANZAS.

O ! THERE are seasons when 't is sweet,
Far from the haunts of men,
To flee to some lone, calm retreat,
Deep hid in woody glen,
Where never sound of noise or folly
Comes to disturb sweet Melancholy.

And there 's a lone, sequester'd nook,
Down in a shady dell,
Where flows a little murmuring brook,
Whose sweet voice singeth well,
Where oft I sit, in thoughtful mood,
And feel the joy of solitude :

'T is such a spot where one would choose
To spend the livelong day,
On days of other years to muse,
When youth was blithe and gay,
When life was bright, as sunny beam
That sparkles on the rippling stream :

And here, reclin'd on mossy bed,
Bent o'er the gliding rill,
I muse on joys for ever fled,
Till fancy has her fill,
Watching the waters as they stray,
Stealing, like happiness, away ;

Whilst Memory from the past doth borrow
Scenes all so bright and fair,
That not a transient cloud of sorrow
Is seen to linger there,
But all we lov'd, in youth's sweet spring,
Is flowery, fair, and blossoming.

Yet whilst I gaze on scenes so bright,
In memory's light array'd,
A tear-drop oft bedims the sight,
And soon the visions fade,—
A tender tear of pity shed
O'er hopes and joys for ever fled.—

Our brightest joys are dimm'd by woes,
As clouds obscure the morn,—
Whoever pluck'd the sweetest rose
That blooms, without a thorn?—
This sparkling stream that speeds so fast
Is oft by cloudy gloom o'ercast.

But there's a pure and hallow'd stream,
Whose living waters flow
For ever bright with sparkling beam,—
The antidote of woe,—
Making life's desert wilderness
To bloom with verdant, flowery dress :

And pilgrims, faint with thirst, may hear
A soft and heavenly voice,
Which bids them quench sad sorrow's tear,
And evermore rejoice,
And freely drink of Life's pure river,
And thirst no more,—and live for ever.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND.

THOU gentlest, kindest, dearest friend !
Thou ever dear to me !
'T is meet a brother's fondness send
This pledge of love to thee,

Which thou 'lt accept, my sister fair,
And, as thou 'st shar'd my joy,
Ah ! wilt thou not my sorrow share ?
With me heave sigh for sigh ?

Now that the parting hour is o'er,
How doubly dear thou art !
All things we love are priz'd the more
The moment they depart.

Ah ! well thou know'st how oft we talk'd
Of this sad, parting hour,
When, arm in arm, we, musing, walk'd
By stream or leafy bower,—

The very thought of which did cast
A darkness o'er our joys :
We felt assur'd they could not last,
Like all we dearly prize.

Our brightest joys have soon decay'd,—
“The brightest still the fleetest ;”—
The fairest things are first to fade,
The first to die the sweetest.

In one brief moment thou art fled,
Reft from the senses' powers,
Like fond one hurried to the dead
From life's warm, sunny hours.

Yes, thou art gone ! I see thee not,
I hear thy voice no more,
Yet Fancy haunts each well-known spot
Which oft we 've wander'd o'er.

Tho' sad this severing shock to bear,
We're not of all bereft,
The pow'r of thought, all free as air,
And Mem'ry still are left :

And oft, within her verdant bower,
Thy form shall bless my sight ;
Each vanish'd joy and happy hour,
Each scene of past delight,—

All, all shall pass in bright review,
Tho' now debarr'd from sense,
And, in the mind, shall live anew,
A being more intense.

And oft to Hope's high tower I'll flee,
And view the future o'er,
And muse on happier days, when we
Shall meet to part no more.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

MID this fallen world of tears,
Fraught with woes, and doubts, and fears,
Mid this region of distress,
This wide, howling wilderness,
Many a flowery spot doth lie,
To cheer the weary wanderer's eye,
Many a verdant, still retreat,
Where Peace and Joy may often meet,
Many a blooming paradise
May yet be found beneath the skies.

To the soul that 's taught of heaven
All things here are richly given,—
"To the pure all things are pure,"—
Nature's choice and richest store,
All her bright, romantic dress,
All her varied loveliness ;
And, amidst her magic round,
Wouldst thou know the hallow'd ground
Where sweetest Joy may oft be found ?
List to me, and I will tell
Where the cherub loves to dwell :—

Thou may'st find him in the vale,
At the hour of twilight pale,
Listening to the nightingale
Pouring forth her raptur'd song,
Hills, and dales, and woods among,
Waking Echo with her strain,
Who responds to her again
From her mossy cave, where she
Had lain, in slumbers soothingly,
All the livelong, wintry night,
Dreaming of the Spring's delight,—
Youthful Spring, ethereal Queen,
Clad in robes of cheerful green,
Who now, with all her jocund train,
Comes tripping o'er the dewy plain ;
Wheresoe'er her light feet tread,
Verdant beauty quick is spread,
Whilst from her graceful lap she showers
Wreathed buds, and new-blown flowers,
As, with printless feet, she speeds
O'er hills, and dales, and sunny meads ;
Whilst, hand in hand, in circling dance,
The laughing hours of May advance,
Leading on, in sportive measure,
Youth, and Love, and healthful Pleasure ;
Whilst, ruling o'er the scenes so fair,
Joy seems omnipresent there.

Oft let me, at this season bright,
Rapt in spirit of delight,
Led by Leisure, roam at will
Up the sides of some high hill,
There to view the landscape round,
And catch each rural sight and sound,
Just ere the giant-speeding sun,
With his weary race foredone,

'Gins to lay his glowing head
In his golden-curtain'd bed,
And sinks adown, to take his rest
In the far, far distant West :
Let me feast my ravish'd sight, ~
Gazing on the scene so bright,
Till the landscape fade away,
Glimmering in the paly ray
Of the parting, dying day ;
And linger fondly, still and lone,
Sitting on some aged stone,
All with hoary moss o'ergrown,
Listening to the plaintive knell
Of the far off curfew-bell,
And dreamy tinkling of the folds
From the dim and distant wolds ;
Till sad Twilight, pure and pale,
Clad in robes funereal,
Come, at this her stilly hour,
To sooth me with her plaintive power ;
Till the dewy Evening-star
'Gins to mount her silvery ear,
To journey, with the pensive Moon,
Speeding to her highest noon,
To her watch-tower, up on high,
In the broad fields of the sky,
Filling all the earth and air
With her soft and gleamy glare,
Whilst hill, and dale, and mountain height
Tremble in the chequer'd light.

All living things are sunk to rest ;
The birds are in their mossy nest,
Or, 'neath the moonlight, dimly beaming,
On the branches sweetly dreaming ;

And not a motion, not a sound,
Disturbs the tranquil scene around.

And, O ! 't is sweet to linger still,
Till Meditation has her fill,
Till, rapt in musing Melancholy,
And thoughts of peace, all pure and holy,
I quite forget this world of folly,
Feasting on that heavenly food,
Minister'd to the wise and good,
In calm and holy solitude.

STANZAS.

THE still Earth, wrapt in her snowy shroud,
Like Beauty in death, lies sleeping ;
The moon, through her veil of fleecy cloud,
Looks down, like a mourner weeping ;
Night's dewy tears are falling fast,
Congeal'd to pearls by the chilly blast ;

And on the Earth's pure breast of snow
The sparkling gems are shining,
Strewn, as in mockery of woe,
O'er one in death reclining ;
And all is passing bright and fair,
But the spirit of life is wanting there.

Yet soon shall this scene that sleeps in death,
With its snowy shroud around it,
Awake to life, by the Spring's soft breath,
From the icy bonds that bound it,
Arise, from its chill and wintry tomb,
In flowery youth, and beauty's bloom.

Meet type of the blest millennial day,
When this world of woe and sadness,
Renew'd in glory's bright array,
Shall wake to joy and gladness ;
And man, from his sleep of death, arise,
To reign in blissful paradise.

ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND, MRS. C. G——TE.

Al! list unto my roundelay,
Ye youthful brides, and virgins bright,
And dance no more, at holiday,
In festive robes and garlands dight,
But, all in weeds of sad array,
Due mourners be in sorrow's night :
For she,—the loving, lovely one,—
The idol of all hearts,—is gone ;
The lov'd, the beautiful, is dead,—
Dead,—gone to her death-bed,
Beneath the cold, cold stone.

The brightest star of Virtue's sphere,
That lit our path with hallow'd light,
Has set, and left us darkling here,
To mourn the ray that shone so bright :
That form of grace, that lovely mien,
That won the meed of Beauty's Queen,—
The prototype and paragon
Of female excellence,—is gone,
And hid in death her radiant sheen.

The silver-corded lute is broken,
Its soothing melody is o'er,
No sound is heard, no lingering token,
Of all that was so sweet before ;

The brightest rose is pluck'd and dead,
Its incense perish'd, beauty fled ;
 The fairest vase of human clay
 Is shatter'd at the fount to-day,
And all its living water shed.

Ye all did know,—how passing well !—
 Her virtue and her excellence,
But who her praise can meetly tell,—
 Her modest worth and innocence,—
The tender glance of that soft eye
That beam'd with mild benignity,—
 The downcast look that hid its light,
 That shunn'd, yet woo'd, the gazer's sight,—
Her winning, artless courtesy,—

Her friendship ardent and sincere,—
 Her charity without a stain,
That lov'd to dry the mourner's tear,
 And shed a tear for others' pain,—
Her piety that knew no guile,—
Her undeceiving, heavenly smile,—
 Her walk that grac'd the path of life ?—
 Most loving Mother, Friend, and Wife,
Whom Envy's self dare not revile :

For she was all that 's bright and fair,
 Belov'd by all the good and wise ;
And O ! if Virtue deathless were,
 Death ne'er had snatch'd so bright a prize.
But let us turn, with Faith's firm eye,
To all of her that cannot die ;
 For soon the Spoiler spoil'd shall be,
 The prisoners of hope set free,—
Then, Death, where is thy victory ?

HYMN OF HERMES TRISMEGISTUS,

A THEBAN KING, PRIEST, AND PHILOSOPHER, COTEMPORARY
WITH MOSES.

Translated from the Greek—Versified by the Author.

HEAR, O thou earth ! ye stormy tempests, hear !
Be silent, O ye forests ! for I sing
Creation's mighty Lord,—the All, the One !—
Hear, O ye heavens ! be still, ye raging winds !
And, O ye angels ! who for aye surround
Th' immortal God, list to this hymn of praise.
I sing the great Creator, Lord of all,
Who spann'd the earth, and balanc'd the high heavens,—
Who bade sweet waters from the ocean flow
For man's refreshment, and ordain'd the lightnings,
Flashing above, for crimes of men and angels :—
Let all, with one, united voice, praise Him,
Who spread the heavens,—praise Him that form'd the earth ;
He is the eye of the mind, and graciously
Will He receive the praises of our powers.
O all my strength, praise Him,—the One, the All !—
Attun'd to joy be all my powers of mind !
O God of knowledge ! which by Thy light shineth,
Whilst I thro' Thee,—th' Intelligible Light,—
Do sing,—I, in my mind's full joy, exult.

O all ye Virtues ! sing with me His praise ;
O Constancy ! sing with me ; Righteousness,
Within me, by me, sings the Righteous One,
And Harmony, within me, praises Him,
Th' All-perfect One ; Truth in me sings the Truth ;
All that is good in me the Good One sings.
O Thou, our Life, our Light ! from Thee to us
Our blessings flow. I give Thee thanks, O Father !—
Th' expression of all power. I give Thee thanks,
O God !—the power of all expression. Thy words,
In me, by me, do utter forth Thy praise ;
By me the world presents this sacrifice
Of words ; all, all my powers exult for joy,
And my whole being sings ; all do Thy will,—
Thy will : this sacrifice of words receive
From all Thy creatures, tho' beneath Thee quite.
O Thou that art the Life ! me wholly save ;
O Thou that art the Light ! enlighten me
All-perfectly. Thou God, who art a Spirit,
Thou spirit-giving Helper, let Thy word
My guide be : Thou alone art God : Thy creature
Man, calls upon Thee, now, by fire, and water,
By air, earth, spirit, and all created things :
In Thee, I've found eternal blessedness,
And, in the hope of full fruition, rest
Content in all Thy righteous, sovereign will.

TO A DEAR FRIEND, MISS L. B——CE.

GENTLE lady, good and fair !
Take a boon—an humble prayer,
Offered from an honest heart—
With thee, ere with thee we part,
Ere thou leave our Island shore,
And we see thy face no more.
Others costlier gifts may bring,
As in Friendship's offering ;
None a token more sincere
To thy worth, and memory dear :—
Wheresoe'er thy course may be,
On the land, or on the sea,
Israel's God still go before thee,
Guard thee, guide thee, and watch o'er thee ;
And, if peril chance to lower,
In the dark and trying hour
Still protect thee from all harm,
With His own almighty arm,
Cause all doubts and fears to cease,
And His still voice whisper " peace !"
And when at thy journey's end,
Thee and thine still He defend,

And His sovereign power impart
To the soothing, healing art,—
For from Him all blessings flow,—
And all health and joy bestow
On thy suffering sister,—she
Who endures so tranquilly,
Without murmur or complaint,—
Patient being! lovely saint!—
Meekly bending 'neath the rod
Of her ever-loving God.
May you all, sweet sisters fair!
Share His love and tender care.
Guardian angels aye defend you,
Ministering spirits still attend you,
And the heavenly Graces three,—
Faith, and Hope, and Charity,—
Peace, and joy, and virtue shower
Richly o'er your every hour;
And where'er ye chance to rove,
May the seasons healthful prove;
Rural walks and blooming flowers,
Woo you forth in sunny hours;
And the new-awaken'd Spring,—
Verdant, bright, and blossoming,—
All her gifts before you spread,
As her light feet softly tread
O'er the mead, and hill, and dale,
When she strews the primrose pale,
Daisy fair, and violet blue,—
Humblest flowers that sip the dew,
And that chastest liveries wear,—
Like three saintly sisters fair,—
Flowers which shun the gaudy glare
Of the garden's pomp and pride,
From the world their charms to hide,

And their goodly sweets exhale,
Hid in some secluded vale,—
Like those goodly deeds which ye,—
Sisters of true Charity,—
Do in secret, and in love,—
Incense sweet to God above.—
But should social charms delight,
And sweet music thee invite,—
Thee for whom I wake this strain,
Whom I ne'er may meet again,—
Wilt thou, midst thy minstrelsy,
Sometimes cast a thought on me?
And the happy hours which fled
O'er us, whilst sweet music shed,
Through the ravishment of sound,—
Pure enchantment all around,
Waken'd by thy heaven-born art,
Meet to sooth the troubled heart,
Smooth the ruffled brow of care,
Chase all sorrow, save despair?
Such the power to music given,—
Gracious boon of bounteous heaven!—
Oft a gentle handmaid she
To heav'n-soaring Piety:
Angel hosts, in thousand choirs,
Strike their harps of golden wires,
Whilst the bright-ey'd seraphim,
And the flaming cherubim,—
Radiant bands,—“in burning row,
Loud their silver trumpet blow:”
Saints on earth, and saints above
All the joys of music prove:—
David's harp had power to quell,
And the moody fiend dispel,

Which did ofttimes sore appal
The sad and gloomy soul of Saul :
Bards of old, in fabled lays,
Loud have sung in music's praise ;
Witness Orpheus' mighty spell,
Which could raise a soul from hell :
Greater power to thee is given,—
Thou canst raise the soul to heaven.

A NIGHT THOUGHT AT SEA.

THE storm is hush'd, and calm the deep,
All tranquil lies our ship at rest,
And softly sweet the moonbeams sleep
Upon yon little billow's breast.

Thus, oft on Life's tumultuous tide,
Man's little bark is tempest-driven,
When lo !—the raging waves subside,—
It slumbers in the light of heaven.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO MISS A. O'B———E.

DEAR lady, since you me invite,
So kindly, in your book to write,
Your boon I grant,—to friendship due,—
By begging this one boon of you :—
That if 't be possible to find
Upon the tablets of your mind,—
That marvellous, immortal book,—
In "poet's corner," just a nook,—
A little sacred spot,—to spare,
Ah! write my name distinctly there,
All palpable to hit the sight,
That, whensoe'er, by day or night,
You turn the leaves to muse or pray,
You 'll think of me when far away,
And of the happy, happy hours
We 've pass'd, in culling wisdom's flowers,
And fruits immortal, from the tree
Of heavenly, fair philosophy ;
Or of our rapturous wanderings,
Amidst all pure and perfect things,—
The beauteous, lovely, and sublime,—
Exempt from death, decay, or time,—
Immortal shapes, which aye abound
In poesy's enchanted ground :—

And, long as Memory holds her reign,
 May these mementoes still remain ;
 And, like the mind itself, endure,
 Imperishable, evermore.
 And thus, while pyramids decay,
 And works of man shall pass away,
 My name shall have, with your consent,
 An everlasting monument.¹

¹ Lines in answer to the above. By Miss A. O'B——c.

COULD you within those tablets look,
 And see the secrets of that book,
 Upon those glowing pages placed,—
 Where names once grav'd are ne'er effac'd,—
 Written by Friendship's pen of light,
 Your own you 'd read, for ever bright.
 O ! safe as Memory's choicest treasure,
 Are kept the hours of purest pleasure,
 When first I learn'd those truths to prize,—
 Deep hidden from unlearned eyes,—
 Pure, tho' profound, and which, "like veins of ore,
 The farther traced, enrich'd me still the more."

ON MAY.

AN ! now 's the merry month of May,—
And sweet, in musing fit, to stray
Thro' flowery mead, and verdant vale,
Where cowslip wan, and primrose pale,
And daisy pied, and blue hare-bell,—
Sweet rural sisters,—love to dwell :
Ye favourite children of the Spring !
Pleasing thoughts to me ye bring,
Which with youthful pleasure beam,
Thronging o'er me like a dream,—
Scenes of other days and years,
When the heart was free from cares,—
Childhood's happy, vernal days,—
When, mid springtide's flowery ways,
I was wont to skip and play,
Lightsome, frolicsome, and gay ;
Or, busy, spend the sunny hour,
Gathering every smiling flower,
Fond, as miser o'er his store,—
The more I got, to add the more,—
And loath to leave the anxious toil,
Whilst my hand could clasp the spoil,
Or my lap the treasure hold,—
Precious more to me than gold ;—
Then with infant pride I'd glow,
And homeward quickly speed, to show
To all around the rich display
Of flowery treasure, cull'd that day.

These early scenes of life arise
So clear and bright before my eyes,
I scarce can deem that there have fled
So many winters o'er my head,
Save that they 've left their traces there,
And on my brow the marks of care,—
That sullen sprite that darkly dwells
Within the mind's deep-hidden cells,
And, with her withering touch, destroys
Our early hopes, and budding joys,
And every flower that fancy rears,
Blighting the promise of our years.—
Sweet Spring, with these her flowery train,
Returns, but not to me again
Brings back the hope, the peace, the joy
That bloom'd in days of infancy :
But there are flowers that I have found,
That spring not here, on earthly ground,
More fair than those I cull'd in youth,—
They blossom in the bowers of Truth,—
Sweet hopes and joys of brightest bloom,
Which aye shall live beyond the tomb,—
Shall live beyond the reach of time,
Transplanted to their native clime,—
To those bright fields, and verdant plains,
Where smiling Spring eternal reigns.

THOUGHTS ON CERTAIN LINES IN GRAY'S
"ELEGY."

'T is vastly sweet to read what poets say
Of early risers, at the peep of dawn,
"Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

But still I differ with the rural Muse,
Nor think it wise to wander in wet grass,
Except well clad in hose, and thick-sol'd shoes,
Unless one wish'd to be yclep'd an ass.

To get wet feet might soon beget a cold,
Or else a fever, or perchance consumption ;
But I'm too unromantic, and too old,
To court such evils,—'t would be like presumption.

I think it wiser far to lie in bed,
And take a comfortable morning snooze,
Than rise at daybreak, and go out unfed,
To wander, musing, midst damp fogs and dews.

And all this trouble, just to see the sun,
Which one can see at any time of day,—
Surely the poet meant it all in fun,
Altho' so serious a man as Gray.

POEMS ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.¹

HAPLESS Israel ! sad, dejected,
Woe-worn, wandering to and fro,
Long hast thou, forlorn, rejected,
Drank the bitter cup of woe :
From the land of promise driven,
From thine Eden land, and home,
With a heart all wrung and riven,
Doom'd the wide, wide world to roam :

As the dove, with weary pinion,²
Driven from her peaceful nest,
O'er the desert's wild dominion,
Wandering on with beating breast,
Gentile vultures swift pursuing,³
Hovering o'er thy hapless flight,
All thy path with misery strewing,
As thou fleest, day and night,

¹ " Who the bard is that mourns over the Prospects of Israel we do not know ; but we are quite sure it will be admitted, that he or she can clothe the most fervent feelings of religion in the most flowing verse."—*Fraser's Magazine*, Dec., 1833, p. 749.

² Ezekiel vii, 16.

³ Lamentations iv, 19.

O'er the dark and gloomy mountains,
O'er the desert's burning sand,
Parch'd with thirst, where cooling fountains
Never lave the barren land ;
Ever on and onward flying
From the tyrant's cruel grasp,
Or in bitter bondage sighing,
Slavery's fetters doom'd to clasp ;

Doom'd in captive bonds to languish,
Still to drag the galling chain ;
Doom'd to reap the bread of anguish,
Sown in tears, and toil, and pain ;
Doom'd to fierce and fiery trials
For rejection of thy God ;
Smitten 'neath heaven's wrathful vials,
And Jehovah's chastening rod.

But, O Israel ! captive daughter !¹
Loose thee from thy weary chain,
From thy prison-house of slaughter
Rise to light and life again,
Burst thy cruel bonds asunder,
Rise from thy captivity,
Strike thy foes with dread and wonder,
Rise, and be thou ever free :

For the dawn of blissful ages,
Chasing sorrow's gloomy night,
Long foretold by holy sages,
Bursts upon thy longing sight ;
Glory's sun has risen o'er thee,
" Rise, and shine ; thy light is come ;"²

¹ Isaiah lii, 2.

² Isaiah lx, 1.

God Himself shall go before thee,—¹
He shall lead the captive home.

Tinged with gold, and hues vermilion,
See the cloud, thy guide by day,²
And the flaming, bright pavilion
Which shall light thy nightly way ;
For a glory and a covering,³
Lo ! Jehovah's shrine shall move,
Guardian angels round thee hovering,⁴
And his banner o'er thee,—Love.⁵

All thy foes shall flee astounded,⁶
Wither'd in their strength of pride ;
Host on host shall fall confounded,⁷
Strown like leaves on autumn's tide ;
Native scenes, long lost, yet cherish'd,
Fondly buried, in the heart,
Which, tho' all around have perish'd,
Die not there, nor e'er depart,—

Hallow'd scenes of sacred story,—
Native lands and native skies
Beaming in millennial glory,—
Soon shall burst upon thine eyes :—
Dewy Hermon ever vernal,
Parent source of many a rill ;
Lebanon's lofty heights eternal,
Flowery Carmel's fruitful hill ;

¹ Isaiah lii, 12 ; Micah ii, 12, 13.

² Micah vii, 15, compared with Isaiah iv, 5, and Exodus xiii, 21.

³ Isaiah iv, 5.

⁴ Psalm lxviii, 13, 17 : Matt xxv, 31.

⁵ Canticle ii, 4.

⁶ Micah vii, 16, 17 ; v, 9, 15.

⁷ Isaiah lxiii, 3, 4, 6 : Psalm xxi, 8—10 : Deut. xxxii, 41—43.

Sharon's rosy plains and valleys,
 Where the virgin lily grows ;
 Verdant meads, and leafy alleys,
 Where the peaceful flocks repose ;
 Judah's plains, and shady mountains ;
 Jordan's banks, and flowing tide ;
 Siloa's pure and sparkling fountains ;
 Kedron's streams that softly glide ;

Zion's turrets brightly beaming,
 And fair Salem's lofty towers ;
 Vineyards with ripe fruitage teeming,
 Orange groves, and olive bowers :
 Wheresoe'er thine eye may wander,
 Eden scenes shall still arise,¹
 Gardens where soft streams meander
 O'er thy land of paradise.

But from scenes of joy and gladness
 Thou shalt turn to one of woe,
 To a sight of solemn sadness,
 Causing bitter tears to flow ;
 For thine eyes shall yet behold Him²
 Whom thy fathers crucified,
 And, tho' glory's beams enfold Him,
 View His hands and pierced side.

Prostrate on the earth before Him,
 Thou shalt weep repentant tears ;³
 As thy God and King adore Him,
 And thy faith dispel thy fears :

¹ Isaiah li, 3 : Ezek. xxxvi, 35.

² Rev. i, 7 : Zech. xii, 10 : John xix, 37.

³ Zech. xii, 10 : Rev. i, 7.

He in love shall smile upon thee,
 And His cov'nant gifts impart,¹
 Pour His Holy Spirit on thee,
 Write His laws within thine heart.

Thou shalt see His throne descending,²
 New Jerusalem from above ;
 And His glorious saints attending,³
 Rais'd to share His reign of love.
 Thou, with all the race of mortals,⁴
 Shalt to His high court repair,
 And, beneath its beaming portals,
 Pay thy vows and homage there ;

Where His saints, in regal splendour,
 As His bright immortal bride,
 To thy tribes shall judgment render,⁵
 And to all the nations wide ;⁶
 Where Messiah,—Son of David,—
 Aye shall reign on David's throne ;⁷
 Realms, no more by sin enslaved,⁸
 Shall His righteous sceptre own.

¹ Jer. xxxi, 31—34 : Ezek. xi, 17—20 ; xxxvi, 24—28 : Isaiah lx, 21 : Zech. xiv, 20, 21.

² Revelation xxi, 2.

³ Revelation xxi, 3.

⁴ Rev. xxi, 24—26 : Isaiah lxvi, 23 : Zech. xiv, 10 ; viii, 21—23 : Psalm lxxxvi, 9 ; lxii, 11 ; lxxiii, 29—32.

⁵ Matt. xix, 28.

⁶ Rev. ii, 26 ; iii, 21 ; v, 10 ; xx, 4 : 1 Cor. vi, 2, 3 : Luke, xxii, 30 : Psalm xlix, 14 : Daniel vii, 18, 27.

⁷ Isaiah ix, 7 : Luke i, 32, 33 : Psalm cxxxii, 11—18 ; lxxxix, 2—4, 28, 29.

⁸ Daniel vii, 14 : Psalm ii, 6, 8—12 ; cx, 1—3 ; lxxii.

Thee, His chosen, holy nation,
 He shall raise to sovereign sway ;¹
 Chief in mortal power and station,
 Thee shall every land obey :²
 In the brightness of thy rising,³
 In thy pure, millennial rest,
 In thy life and light rejoicing,
 Every nation shall be blest :⁴

While each burthen'd, suffering creature,⁵
 From the penal yoke set free,
 Shall, thro' all the realm of nature,
 Share eternal jubilee ;
 And the earth in renovation,⁶
 Pouring forth her rich increase,⁷
 Shall, with all the new creation,
 Triumph in the reign of peace.⁸

¹ Micah iv, 8.

² Isaiah lx. 10—12, 16 : Zechariah xiv, 17.

³ Isaiah lx, 3.

⁴ Genesis xii, 1—3 ; xviii, 18 ; xxii, 18 ; xxvi, 4 : Acts iii, 25.

⁵ Romans viii, 21, 22 : Isaiah xi, 6—9 ; lxxv, 25.

⁶ Isaiah lxxv, 17—25 ; lxxvi, 22 : 2 Peter iii, 13 : Revel. xxi, 1 : Acts iii, 21 : Matthew xix, 28.

⁷ Psalm lxxvii, 6 ; lxxxv, 12 : Ezekiel xxxiv, 27 ; xxxvi, 11, 30 : Hosea ii, 22 : Amos ix, 13 : Zechariah viii, 12 : Joel ii, 21, 22—26 : Isaiah xxxv, 1, 2.

⁸ Psalm lxxii, 7—20 : Isaiah ix, 6, 7 ; li, 3 ; xi, 5—10 ; ii, 4.

STANZAS.

THE pensive Moon, from her tower on high,
Is pale and dimly beaming :
Mid the starry isles that, sparkling, lie
In the boundless sea of the pathless sky,
Her beacon fire is streaming.

One lonely cloud, with its wings of light,
Thro' the shoreless space is driven,—
Ye would think it the bark of some airy sprite
Voyaging on to those isles so bright,
That float in the depth of heaven.

Ah ! who can gaze on a scene so fair,
And his heart feel no repining,
Nor long for the wings of a spirit of air,
To fly from this world of gloom and care
To the realm where those gems are shining ?

Like a captive bird, with throbbing breast,
We strive from our bonds to sever,
To fly away to those isles of rest,
Which fondly we deem the abodes of the blest,
To share their pure joys for ever.

For our souls are vast as the shores above,
 And we feel an immortal longing
 To traverse those lands of light and love,
 Where the spirits of bliss delight to rove,
 And visions of joy are thronging.

And is this deep, instinctive power,—
 This fond hope,—vainly given,
 That throbs thro' the heart in this moonlight hour,
 While each star beams bright in its airy tower,
 And our souls are drawn up to heaven ?

Ah no ! this fond hope shall be fully crown'd,
 And man o'er this vast dominion,
 As heir, shall reign to creation's bound,¹
 And from earth, his home, to the worlds around,²
 Soar aloft as on angel's pinion :³

For soon shall this earth from its fiery doom,—⁴
 Like the bird of ancient story,—
 Arise, renew'd in beauty's bloom,⁵
 And man his righteous reign assume,
 In the morn of millennial glory.⁶

¹ Revel. xxi, 7 : Eph. i, 21, 23, 10 : Col. i, 16, 20 : Rom. iv, 13 ; viii, 17, 23.

² Revel. v, 10 ; xx, 4, 6 : Heb. ii, 5 : Luke xviii, 30.

³ Luke xx, 36 : 1 John, iii, 2 : 1 Thess. iv, 17.

⁴ 2 Peter iii, 10, 13 : Isaiah lxxv, 17, 25 ; li, 16 ; lxvi, 22 : Revel. xxi, 1.

⁵ Isaiah li, 3 ; xxxv, 1, 2 : Hosea ii, 21, 22 : Amos ix, 13 : Ezek. xxxiv, 26, 27 ; xxxvi, 35.

⁶ Revel. xx, 4, 6 ; v, 10 : Matt. v, 3 : Psalm xxxvii, 11, 18, 22, 29.

LINES TO ONE BELOVED,

WHEN IN AFFLICTION FOR THE DEATH OF HER YOUNGEST
CHILD.

IF thou, in joy's bright day, wert dear to me,
Consummate mother of the bleeding heart !
In this thy night of sleepless agony,
How doubly dear, intensely dear, thou art !
For ah ! in this thy sorrow's deepest night,
A starry host, unseen in joy's broad day,
Of heavenly virtues beam divinely bright,
To gild the gloom, and cheer thy dubious way.
'T is in grief's night, when dewy tear-drops flow,
The flowers of grace their odorous sweets exhale,
And sainted hearts, when sore oppress'd with woe,
Yield sovereign balm, their bleeding wounds to heal.
What tho' thy heart be sorely wrung and riven,
O ! think, the great Physician of the soul
Wounds but to heal, to make thee meet for heaven,—
The vessel mars, to new-create the whole.
Ah ! think, thou chosen sufferer, that thy God
Might thee have left, in sorrow's midnight gloom,
To drag thy grief's intolerable load,
In hopeless anguish, downward to the tomb :
But He hath blest thee to thy soul's content,
By love omnipotent thee sweetly woo'd,
And made thyself the willing instrument
In working out thine own eternal good,

That to the Truth thyself mightst set thy seal,—
 His spirit bearing witness with thine own,—
 And taste on earth the joys of heaven, and feel
 Thy pardon sure, eternal life begun.
 Think, what a work thy God has wrought for thee,
 So late nigh lost in woe's o'erwhelming flood,
 Seal'd thee His own, His dwelling-place to be,—
 A living temple for the living God.—
 Ah! think, that soon thy God thou shalt behold,
 Gain back the lov'd, the mourn'd, no more to part,
 And in thine arms thy darling child enfold,
 And clasp his precious body to thy heart,
 Hear evermore his fond, endearing voice,
 Feel his fond arms around thy bosom press'd,
 With him shall live, and evermore rejoice,
 And share the joy and glories of the blest,
 And all thy lov'd ones whom thy soul holds dear,
 Whom Christ has purchased with His precious blood,
 Whom thou to Him hast given in faith and prayer,
 Based on the promise and the oath of God.¹
 Think of that meeting hour,—the bliss profound!—
 When death and parting shall no more be known,
 When all thy blessed ones shall thee surround,
 And Him adore who sits on glory's throne ;
 With all His saints His power and glory share,
 His immortality, and heavenly reign,
 And, 'bove the "angels ever bright and fair,"
 As heirs of God, to bliss supreme attain :
 Such bliss divine what angel tongue can tell ?
 Such high reward, such glorious recompense ?
 Co-heirs with Christ with Him for aye to dwell,
 And God Himself the blest inheritance !

¹ See Hebrews vi, 13—19 ; Galatians iii, 7, 8, 9, 14, 16, 29 ;
 Romans iv, 9, 11—13, 16 ; Luke xi, 9—13.

STANZAS.

'T is lone and deep midnight,—
The wan moon journeys high ;
Through cloudy vale
Her visage pale
Sheds down a dim and dubious light,
And 'neath her beams, so dreamy bright,
The earth doth slumbering lie.

Amid the still profound
In pensive mood I stray,
And nought is heard
Save night's lone bird,
That pours her swelling flood of sound,
Filling the vocal air around
With her melodious lay.

Or in the pale moonbeam,
When all is sunk to rest,
In musing fit
I lonely sit,
Wrapt in an airy, wakeful dream,
As o'er me thronging visions teem,
Like spirits of the blest.

For memory brings to view
Past scenes in bright array,—
Fond hopes long fled,
And joys long sped,—

'The lov'd, the mourn'd, the dead, anew,—
Lost friends,—“how many, yet how few!”—
For ever past away.

Ah ! not for ever fled !
“ For yet a little while,”
From death's dark gloom,
In youthful bloom,
Each slumberer from his narrow bed
Shall, beaming, rise, and o'er us shed
His wonted, sunny smile.

Then shall the tender ties
That bind our hearts around,
Which death doth sever,
Be joined for ever ;
For death unbinds, but not destroys
Our friendships, loves, our hopes and joys,
To be more firmly bound.

The love of life innate,
Of home, and this fair earth,—
All instincts given
Once pure from heaven,—
Shall share fruition's endless date,
All free from sin, in that blest state
Which hastens to the birth.

For this fair earth again
Man's home shall be,—his heaven,—
Renewed quite
From sin's fell blight ;
Where he, with Christ his Lord, shall reign,
And sin, and death, and woe, and pain,
From thence be ever driven.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

O THAT I 'd pinions like the dove !
Then would I fly away,
In rapid flight, to those I love,
From this dull house of clay ;
But ah ! my prison'd soul is barr'd,
Like some poor, hapless, captive bird,

That pants and struggles to be free,
And beats its bleeding breast,
And tears its fluttering wings, to fly
Away, and be at rest ;
And vainly spends its little rage
To burst the prison of its cage.

Yet now, as in the parting hour,
How sweet this cheering truth
Comes o'er the soul, in all its power,
The aching heart to sooth,—
“That there 's a better, brighter shore,
Where we shall meet, to part no more !”

STANZAS.

“Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh, and also the night.”—ISAIAH xxi, 11.

THE night is wearing fast away,
A streak of light is dawning,—
Sweet harbinger of that bright day,
The fair millennial morning.—

Gloomy and dark the night has been,
And long the way, and dreary,
And sad the weeping saints are seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.

Ye mourning pilgrims! dry your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow,
The sign of that bright day appears,
The long sabbatic morrow.

Lift up your heads, behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming,—
It is “the bright and morning star”
In living lustre beaming.

And see that star-like host around
Of angel bands attending,
Hark! hark! the trumpet’s gladd’ning sound,
Mid shouts triumphant blending.

O weeping Spouse ! arise, rejoice,
Put off your weeds of mourning,
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice,
In triumph now returning.

He comes,—the Bridegroom promis'd long,—
Go forth with joy to meet Him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains, to greet Him.

Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,
Whilst bridal sounds are swelling ;
He comes, with thee all joys to share,
And make this earth His dwelling.

AN AUTUMN EVENING WALK.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

I LOVE to rove, in pensive mood,
In Autumn eve, through the winding wood,
Just ere the hour of set of sun,
Just ere the parting day is done,
To gaze on the thousand varied dyes
That, mingling, melt in the western skies,
Blending their colours soft and bright
In all the hues of the rainbow's light,
And the clouds in floating masses roll'd,
Ting'd with purple, and green, and gold,
On which the eye delights to rest,
For they seem like sunny isles of the blest,
As they float through the sea of heaven along,
As bards have told in fabled song :
Ah ! then we long for the wings of a dove,
To fly away to those isles of love,
But just as Fancy the land has made,
Like all things bright, they quickly fade,
And change their form, and melt away,
Till all is lost in the twilight grey,—

Sweet, pensive hour, so hush'd and still
That nought is heard but the tinkling rill,
And the mournful song of the evening breeze,
That, fitful, sighs thro' the trembling trees,
Singing the Autumn's funeral wail
Mid the rustling leaves all sear and pale.—

But alas! how pensively sad the scene,
Recalling thoughts that bright have been ;
For who can look on the fading leaf,
Nor think of earthly joys, how brief!
Or gaze on it fallen, pale, and sear,
Nor think of those we have lov'd so dear,
By death's cold hand long wither'd and strown,
Who've left us to weep in the world alone ;
But tho' so mournful Autumn's reign,
It fills the heart with a soothing pain,—
The joy of grief all calm and holy,—
The bliss of sacred melancholy.—

But O! what gives such scenes as these
This soul-felt charm, and power to please,—
Such pensive scenes of sad decay,—
The fading trees, and fleeting day
Of Autumn's close,—the dying year,—
The falling leaf, so wan and sear,—
Whilst moans the breeze's plaintive song,
That sings the rustling leaves among?
'Tis that in them sad types we see
And signs of our mortality,
That win our hearts with kindred ties,
And tenderest, dearest sympathies.

But O! how blest the thought, that all
These mournful tokens of the fall,
With sorrow and mortality,
Shall soon for ever cease to be,

And earth, renew'd, in beauty rise,
A bright, immortal paradise,
And God incarnate dwell with men
Throughout the blest millennial reign !

But I must hush my tuneful song,
Nor more the pleasing theme prolong ;
And thou, for whom I tune the lay,
Wilt thou, when absent,—far away,—
When Autumn holds her pensive reign,
Remember him who wakes the strain ?
If so,—he has not sung in vain.

THE CONFLICT.

1ST CORINTHIANS X, 13.

In the dark and fearful hour,
When the storm begins to lower,
Gathering into dreadful strife
O'er the troubled sea of life,
Rais'd up by the potent spell
Of the demon-prince of hell,—
When the thunder rolls on high,
And red lightnings fire the sky,
And my bark is nearly lost,
Driving tow'ards destruction's coast,—
When, beneath the furious gale,
Rent and riven is every sail,
And the quiv'ring, bending mast,
Downward crushing, falls at last,—
When the helm can steer no more,
And the breakers round me roar,—
In this hour of doubt and dread,
When all human hope has fled,
Mid the terrors of the storm,
May I view Faith's angel-form,
And, supported by her power,
Triumph in the trying hour,
Pouring forth my ardent cry
To the God that rules on high :

Mighty He in power to save
From the overwhelming wave,
Who hath sworn He will defend,
As our Father and our Friend,
From all dangers and alarms,
And the might of hellish charms ;
Faithful is His word, and sure ;
On His oath¹ I rest secure ;
On this everlasting Rock,
Firm to bear the tempest's shock,
Hope's strong anchor bold I cast,
And defy the raging blast :
“ Now, roll on, thou pealing thunder,
Lightnings, rend the heavens asunder,
Shake, thou earth, from pole to pole,
Shake thou never, O my soul !
Thou art safe, tho' tempest-driven,
As when moor'd in peaceful haven ;
He who loos'd the prince of hell,
All his madd'ning wrath can quell ;
He who bade the tempest rage,
All its fury can assuage ;
Hark ! He speaks,—its terrors cease,—
‘ Peace ! be still !’—and all is peace.”

¹ Hebrews vi, 16—20.

ON THE INNATE LOVE OF LIFE.

THOU way-worn mortal, weak and old,
Say, why dost thou so fondly hold,
With such a vain and feverish strife,
Thy little span of human life,
When long has fled thy youthful spring,
And time has pass'd his withering wing
O'er joys once bright and blossoming,—
When sunny summer, too, has fled,
And wintry eld begun to shed
The snows of years upon thy head,—
When all thy race is dead and gone,
And thou art left to journey on,
A weary wanderer bent with age,
Along thy lonely pilgrimage,
And then to pass from this vain scene
And be as tho' thou ne'er hadst been !
Say, why is this fond love of life
Within thine aged heart as rife
As erst in days of joyous youth ?
Alas ! thou canst not say, in sooth ;
For sin has quench'd the light of truth,
And dimm'd this instinct's primal use,
And turn'd it into base abuse,—
The knowledge of its use is gone,
The fond desire remains alone ;—

For now of man,—the type of all
Once great, and good, and beautiful,—
Of all that once so glorious fane
But ruin'd fragments now remain ;
Yet e'en from these we well may win
Their destin'd use and origin.
This love of life at first was given
A gracious boon all pure from heaven,
That man might prize, and rightly guard
His life immortal,—the reward
Of righteous heaven, whilst firm he stood
In all obedience, wise and good ;—
Therefore, this instinct so innate,
Which binds him to this mortal state,
Is not by death to be destroy'd,
But destin'd yet to be enjoy'd ;
For, in the blest millennial morn,
The righteous dead shall rise, new-born,
To life and immortality ;
Then this dark world renew'd shall be,
And man his long-lost home regain,
And, as the lord of earth, shall reign ;
Then all his powers shall sweetly move
In one eternal round of love,
And he shall use, and rightly prize,
Once more, in blissful paradise,
This fond, instinctive love of life,
All free from sin, and woe, and strife ;
For sin's fell brood shall thence be driven,
And earth shall then be chang'd to heaven,¹
And be the ever-blest abode
Where righteous man shall walk with God,

¹ 1 Peter iii, 13 : Rev. xxi, 1 : Isaiah li, 3 : Ezekiel xxxiv, 26, 27 :
Isaiah xxxv, 1, 2 : Hosea ii, 21, 22.

And roam once more thro' Eden's bowers,
Mid blooming fruits and deathless flowers,
Beside the stream¹ whose crystal tide
Forth from the throne of God shall glide,
And hallow'd waters softly flow
Where the fair trees of life shall grow :²
There he, with holy Thought, shall stray
Where Contemplation leads the way,
Or hold communion full and free
With heaven's eternal Majesty,
And, in the plenitude of grace,
Shall see his Saviour face to face,³
Shall share His throne, His reign shall share,⁴
As king, and priest, and fellow-heir,⁵
And rule o'er earth's renew'd domain,⁶
Throughout the blest millennial reign,
And share His royal, righteous sway,
Thro' glory's everlasting day.⁷

¹ Revelation xxii, 1, 2.

² Revelation xxii, 2 ; ii, 7.

³ 1 John iii, 2 : Revelation i, 7 ; xxi, 3.

⁴ Romans viii, 17.

⁵ Revelation v, 10 : 1 Peter ii, 9.

⁶ Revelation v, 10 ; xx, 4—6.

⁷ Daniel vii, 14, 17, 27 : Isaiah ix, 7 ; lx, 21.

A HYMN OF PRAYER.

WHEN by Affliction's hand oppress'd,
And ills I cannot flee,
When nought can give my spirit rest,—
Good Lord, remember me !

When sad and torturous pain assails
That knows no remedy,
And every human comfort fails,—
Good Lord, remember me !

When on my bed, exhausted, faint,
I sigh all heavily,
And sadly mourn in my complaint,—
Good Lord, remember me !

When, 'neath this body's sinful load,
I struggle to be free,
And cannot do the good I would,—
Good Lord, remember me !

When all my sins, in hideous glare,
In Satan's glass I see,
And he would drive me to despair,—
Good Lord, remember me !

And in the last, sad, trying hour
Of nature's agony,
When death stands ready to devour,—
Good Lord, remember me !

SONNETS.

ON SHAKSPEARE.

THOU peerless Poet ! Nature's darling child !
Whose very youth was nurtur'd by the Muse,
Who steep'd thy lips in pure Castalian dews,
And fed thy raptur'd brain with visions wild,—
In syren Fancy's rainbow livery dight,—
Of fairy elves, and spirits bright and fair,
That sing, unseen, up in the viewless air,
Charming the list'ning ear with strange delight :
Mighty magician of the human heart !
Who rul'st the passions, as by magic art,—
Love sighs, Joy laughs, Mirth smiles, and Madness raves,
And Jealousy burns, and Murder quakes with dread,
And at thy spell dread spectres quit their graves,
And breathe to men the secrets of the dead.

ON MILTON.

THOU glorious Bard! who soar'dst on wings sublime,—
 Like one of heaven's own fiery cherubim,—
 Up to the throne of God, and heard'st the hymn
 "Of pure consent" in that immortal clime
 Of joy and endless love, and the sweet flow
 Of music's stream from harps of golden wires,
 Whilst the bright seraphim, in thousand choirs,
 Their loudly-sounding, silver trumpets blow:
 What tho', alas! were quench'd thine outward sight,
 Thee didst Urania, heavenly muse, inspire,
 Thy soul illume with uncreated light,
 And touch thy tuneful lips with hallow'd fire,
 That thou might'st see, and gloriously rehearse,
 Things yet unsung in high, immortal verse.

ON THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS".—I.

SAY, is't some angel shrin'd in flesh and blood,
 Or mortal being born of earthly mould,
 Heaven-taught to tell of things unthought, untold,
 By any bard that e'er the earth hath trod,
 That now doth sing the wonder-works of God
 In strains seraphic, holy, and sublime,—
 Creation's birth, the mighty march of Time,
 And Life, and Death, and Hades' dim abode,
 The Earth's millennial bliss, Hell's dread domain,
 And Heaven's triumphant, everlasting reign,—
 Whilst love divine his ravish'd soul inspires
 To soar beyond Creation's utmost bounds,
 Till, rapt amidst the blest, immortal choirs,
 The Heaven of heavens with mortal praise resounds?

ON THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."—II.

BUT who can trace the Poet's boundless flight?—
 Like to some mighty cherub,—heavenward soaring
 Amid the stars, new worlds of bliss exploring,—
 Illumin'd isles for ever fair and bright,
 Where dwell, inspher'd in everlasting light,
 Immortal splendours girt with beamy wings,
 And all divine, unutterable things,
 Embodied forth to charm the raptur'd sight,—
 The hallow'd gaze of Faith's prophetic eye,—
 And fairest forms of Beauty, Truth, and Love,—
 Such godlike shapes as live, and breathe, and move
 In blissful dreams of immortality,
 Or such as fill'd the tranced prophet's eyes
 When rapt in spirit up to paradise.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."—III.

BAILEY! the chief to build the lofty rhyme!
 Tho' young in years, thou 'st won a deathless name,
 That, sunlike, burns amidst the stars of fame:
 What wonder-work shall crown thy manhood's prime,
 And shed its glory down the stream of time,—
 The consummation of thy riper age,—
 To live for aye in Poesy's deathless page,
 Thou wondrous Bard! seraphic and sublime:
 Thou mighty monarch of the world of song!
 Who reign'st supreme in Fancy's bright domain,
 What new creations, what thought-winged throng
 Of living splendours, rapt imaginings,
 And incarnations of divinest things,
 Spring forth immortal from thy godlike brain?

ON THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."—IV.

WHAT marvel is 't, that, in these "latter days,"
 There should arise on Time's eventful stage,—
 Chief of the mighty spirits of the age,—
 A prophet-bard, his angel voice to raise,
 And dedicate his heaven-aspiring lays,
 To Him in whom we live, and breathe, and move,
 And sing of Wisdom, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
 Who guard and guide thro' Life's bewild'ring maze,
 And lead, triumphant, midst the fearful fight
 With deadlier foes than foes of flesh and blood,
 The poet-pilgrim of his rapturous song,—
 Immortal Genius mirror'd forth to sight,—
 Him of the hallow'd harp and cherub tongue,
 The prophet-bard, the poet-priest of God?

ON THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."—V.

RAPT in a dream of heavenly fantasies,
 Methought I stood on Eden's hallow'd ground,
 And mid the scene of bliss that bloom'd around,
 A mortal form entranc'd my wond'ring eyes,
 A youthful seer, of mien divinely wise,
 Like to the Gods: his lofty brow was bound
 With deathless bays; for he, methought, was crown'd
 The poet-priest of blissful paradise,
 A bard elect, "inspir'd, inspirited,"
 A mystic sage fraught with supernal light;
 For of the "tree of knowledge" he had fed,
 But fed in faith, and gain'd the sovereign right
 To cull the fruit of that more glorious tree
 Endow'd with life and immortality.

ON THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."—VI.

BARD of the mind's ail boundless universe !
Rapt midst thine own creations pure and holy,
Far, far above this world of sin and folly,
Thou hear'st, in spirit, Wisdom's voice rehearse
Of things divine, or, midst the heavenly choirs,
The high, triumphant, everlasting hymn
Of sainted souls and burning cherubim,
Blent with the music of celestial lyres :
Then down descending from thy bright domain,—
Like to some herald from the blest abode,—
To saints on earth thou sing'st, in blissful strain,
Of hallow'd scenes and beatific joys,
That bring all heaven before our raptur'd eyes,
Or raise the tranced spirit up to God.

ON THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."—VII.

WELL may we deem that e'en in childhood's hour,—
The philosophic morning of the mind,—
Immortal longings, boundless, undefin'd,
Seiz'd on his soul, as with a spell of power ;
And soon he cull'd each fair, unfading flower
And budding bloom of Wisdom's goodly tree ;
Or, fondly woo'd by heavenly Poesy,
He early sought the Muse's blissful bower,
And, joyous, roam'd thro' Fancy's bright domain,
Rapt with his own divine imaginings,—
Consummate forms of all celestial things,—
The deathless offspring of his teeming brain,
Which live and move midst heaven's angelic throng,
Embodied forth in his immortal song.

ON READING "FESTUS."

ENRAPT, I seem to stand on heavenly ground :
 Methinks I see the burning cherubim,
 And hear the high and beatific hymn
 Roll thro' the shoreless, infinite profound,
 Like to the surgings of the ceaseless sea ;
 And, thro' the boundless air, the rapid rushing
 Of angel wings, and living waters gushing
 From hallow'd fountains everlastingly ;
 And harpings sweet of angels bright and fair,
 That, circling, sing around the sapphire throne
 Of Him, the Life,—that heavenly city's Sun
 Which ne'er shall set, nor shade of death eclipse :—
 Such blissful sights as rapt the tranced seer
 Who saw the glories of the Apocalypse.

ON BAILEY'S "FESTUS."

WHAT marvel, if the earthly, sensual, vain,
 Or subtle Pharisee, impure in heart,
 Profanely scoff, or, with dissembling art,
 Pervert the moral of the sacred strain ;
 Or blinded Sadducee no glory sees
 In godlike Wisdom's pure, supernal light,
 In themes divine, and holy mysteries,
 On which the angels fix their ardent sight :
 'Tis "to the pure," to whom "all things are pure,"
 The poet-priest awakes the hallow'd lyre
 In strains that emulate the heavenly choir,
 And, raptur'd, sings of joys that aye endure,—
 The bliss prepar'd in heaven's etern abode
 For souls who thirst for God,—the living God.

ON THE YOUTHFUL FESTUS,

SON OF THE POET.

BY Fancy's magic pictur'd forth to sight,
A beauteous being meets my raptur'd gaze,
In form, in feature, symmetry and grace,
Whose jet-black eyes are eloquent and bright
With inborn genius' pure, celestial light,—
A lovely youth, with dark and flowing hair,
And lofty brow, and face divinely fair,—
An angel guest in mortal vestments dight :—
If Fancy's sketch be like the blooming boy,
Well may we deem so heavenly fair a shrine
The hallow'd seat of ev'ry grace divine,—
Of faith, and hope, and love, and peace, and joy ;—
For thus we deem the beauteous stars th' abode
Of all that 's pure and holy, wise and good.

TO THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN,

AUTHOR OF "BARDS OF THE BIBLE," THE "PORTRAIT
GALLERY," ETC.

THOU mighty Limner! who, with magic art,
Dost picture forth, in hues of living light,
The inward man, to charm our mental sight,
The forms of mind, and passions of the heart :
With genius vast and heavenly gifts endow'd,
Well may thy pure and kindred spirit trace,
In glowing portraiture, the hallow'd race
Of prophet-bards, and speak their praise aloud.
'Tis joy to wander through thy storied halls,
Rapt mid the great, the good, the wise, the sage,
And deathless spirits of this wondrous age ;
Still, midst the forms that grace thy pictur'd walls,
Would that some mind, endow'd with genius rare,
Had placed thine own immortal portrait there.

TO MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.—I.

ON READING HER POEM ENTITLED "FORGET ME NOT."

BLITHE as the lark who pours her joyous strain,
When up she climbs the palace of the skies,
To hail the sun, the glorious sun's uprise,
Thy voice was wont to thrill the echoing plain,
And charm to ecstacy the listening swain ;
For Nature tun'd thy tongue's sweet melodies
To sing of birds, and flowers, and murmuring bees,
And springtide's bloom, and summer's golden reign :
But ah ! no more the blithesome strain we hear,
The song of joy is chang'd to notes of woe ;
Waking the sigh and sympathetic tear,
Melodious Sorrow's plaintive numbers flow ;
And, like the lone and mournful nightingale,
Tuneful in grief, thou tell'st thy piteous tale.

TO MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.—II.

HAD I thy harp, thy sweet, seraphic tongue,
 Child of the Muse! like thee, the magic art
 To charm the mind, and bind and loose the heart,
 To roll a tide of harmony along,
 And pour the fulness of the soul in song,
 Then would I dare to wake the tuneful lyre,
 And sing thy fame, chief of the lyric choir!—
 Daughters of Genius, Poesy's raptur'd throng:—
 Thou sweet enchantress of our Druid Isle!
 Long hast thou hallow'd, with thy dulcet lays,
 Each fairy glen, and grove, and ruin'd pile,
 Our mountains, streams, wild woods, and beauteous bays;
 We hail thy songs as summer's sun's bright smile;
 Thou hast our hearts,—accept our grateful praise.¹

¹ The following Stanzas, in answer to the above Sonnet, were inscribed to the author by Mrs. E. S. Craven Green:—

“HADST thou my lyre! alas, its simple chords
 Have never echoed unto strains like thine,—
 High thoughts, that, wedded to harmonious words,
 Make a rich music of each graceful line,
 Till the heart listens, rapt, as if it heard
 Sweet descants from angelic harps divine.

“My songs are but as murmurings from the woods,—
 Air-voices of the hidden Dryades,
 Or Sea-maids 'plaining from the ocean floods,—
 Faint warblings scatter'd by the autumn breeze,—

TO AN UNKNOWN POETIC FRIEND.

WHOE'ER th' unknown, rapt minstrel-maid may be,
 Who, like some viewless spirit of the air,
 With heavenly descants charms the ravish'd ear,
 And, in sweet strains of tuneful eulogy,
 Pours forth her soul in lyric harmony,
 Meet for some high, immortal bard to share,—
 To me, unwont such ardent praise to hear,
 She seems a marvel and a mystery :
 Had I, in sooth, the pure Promethean fire,
 The subtle thought, the magic power to bind
 A circling chain around her heart and mind,
 Then would I dare to wake the raptur'd lyre,
 Or cull ripe fruits from Wisdom's sacred tree,
 And Poesy wed with pure Philosophy.¹

With a sad farewell sighing in their tone,
 Like sylvan wailings ere the leaves are strown.

" Yet if their simple cadence, ere they die,
 Touch the fine sympathies of loftier minds,
 Or wake in lowly hearts an answering sigh,
 Then not in vain upon the mountain winds
 And the wild sea waves have I cast the lays
 Whose noblest guerdon is thy minstrel praise !"

¹ The above Sonnet was a reply to the following exquisite effusion, which the author ultimately discovered to have been written by his fair young friend "Isobel," the lady referred to on page 260 :—

" Oft as thy soul awakes from revery
 Of rapt, inspired thought, and o'er the strings

TO HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE LOUIS LUCIEN
BONAPARTE.

ALBEIT thy virtues, genius, learning claim
 The noblest tribute of the loftiest lyre,
 Yet still would I, a lowly bard, aspire
 To sing thy praise, and place thy honour'd name
 On Friendship's tablet, midst the great, the good,
 The gentle, courteous, generous, fond, and kind,
 The humbly wise, of soul exalt, refin'd,
 Who win our love, regard, and gratitude :
 Thou hast thy father's gifts and virtues rare,
 Content, like him, the fadeless wreath to wear
 Which Science binds her votaries' brows around ;
 And bear'st, instamp'd upon thy classic face,
 The great Napoleon's majesty and grace,
 His winning smile, and cast of thought profound.

Of vibrant natures round thee wind-like flings
 New music, caught from heavenly minstrelsy,
 Or with Promethean words, life-kindlingly,
 Broods o'er some doubting spirit, till its wings
 Burst from the thralling senses, and it springs
 Far on thine eagle-track beyond the sky,—
 I listen, and forget thy Druid Isle,
 And seem to stand upon that classic ground
 Where He,—the serpent wise,¹ yet void of guile,—
 In close-coil'd chain of circling magic bound
 All hearts and minds, and godlike fruit the while
 From holy tree of knowledge dealt around."

¹ Socrates.

TO JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.—I.

THOU son of Genius! who, on wings sublime,
 Dost heavenward soar 'bove all sublunar things,
 Beyond the bounds of space and hoary Time,
 Rapt midst thy soul's divine imaginings,—
 Thy own creations heavenly fair and bright,—
 Thou hast the might and majesty of mind
 Of Dante, Milton in thyself enshrin'd,
 To spell the soul, and charm the gazer's sight :
 Thou raptur'd Seer! to whom the power is given
 To picture forth the righteous acts of God,
 Earth's primal doom, and hell's etern abode,
 The last great day, the angel hosts of heaven,
 To lift the veil, and place before our eyes
 The glorious scenes of blissful paradise.

TO J. MARTIN, ESQ.—II.

WHENE'ER thy works of wonder meet my gaze,—
 Thy mind's sublime imaginings,—I seem
 Like one entranc'd in some mysterious dream,
 Now rapture-struck, now bound in dread amaze,
 Midst scenes of terror cloth'd in lurid light,
 Or radiant angels girt with golden wings,—
 Cherubic forms,—unutterable things,—
 Such as of old entranc'd the prophet's sight.
 Seer of the vast, the terrible, sublime!
 Thou, by the mighty magic of thine art,
 Canst picture forth the buried scenes of time,
 Or loose the passions of the human heart ;
 Canst speed our flight to soar above the skies,
 Or bring down heaven before our wond'ring eyes.

TO THE REV. DR. C————R.

THOU faithful pastor of the Christian fold !
 Endow'd with strength and energy of mind,
 With power of will and holy zeal combin'd,
 In Truth's defence and declaration bold,
 Of mighty heart, in whom the young, the old,
 The rich, the poor a constant friend did find,
 Ardent, sincere, benevolent, and kind,—
 Thy works of love may not by man be told :
 Thy very faults were virtues in disguise,
 And only scann'd by microscopic eyes,—
 Spots in the sun, hid by excess of light :—
 Thou most laborious of the sons of men !
 No prelate here had e'er thy moral might ;
 " We ne'er shall look upon thy like again."

ON FATHER GAVAZZI.—I.

BEHOLD the man, the wonder of the age,
 The patriot-priest, the orator sublime,
 Whose thunders peal 'gainst papal power and crime !
 The Truth's defender, val'rous, learn'd, and sage,
 Who, arm'd in virtue, scorns the bigot's rage,—
 The man of might and majesty of mind,—
 A Luther and Demosthenes combin'd :
 See, see, as now he treads the sounding stage,
 His form convuls'd, inflam'd with righteous ire !
 Hark to that burst of burning eloquence,
 Like some fierce cataract of molten fire !
 Now withering scorn, now irony intense,
 Each mighty passion moves his soul by turns,
 And ev'ry heart with dread emotion burns.

TO FATHER GAVAZZI.—II.

WHOSE MOTTO IS "DIO E PATRIA."

THOU Patriot-priest, Italia's boast and wonder !
Thine is the mighty magic of the mind,
As with a spell, the captiv'd soul to bind ;
A Boanerges thou,—a son of thunder,—
Who tak'st by storm the minds of men, at will ;
A living *Ætna*, fraught with withering fire,
When, rous'd to wrath, surcharg'd with holy ire,
Thou pour'st a flood of burning words that thrill
Thro' heart and brain : but not by words alone,
But glorious deeds, a deathless name thou 'st won :
"Dio e Patria!" these thy words of power
To urge thee on in Faith's triumphant fight,
To nerve thy soul, and put thy foes to flight :
Soldier of Christ ! God is thy shield and tower.

ON HEARING BRAHAM AFTER HIS RETURN FROM AMERICA.

MIGHTY Magician of the realm of song !

Hast thou a charmed life, to charm mine ears,
After the lapse of half a hundred years,
As in the days when I and thou were young,
Enchanting still the multitudinous throng,
Now rais'd to rapture, now subdu'd to tears,
Or upwards borne to heaven's harmonious spheres,
As Handel's Muse inspires thy tuneful tongue ?
"Deeper and deeper still" once more we hear,
And feel the piercing of the parent's heart,
The mighty sorrow, love, and dread despair,
And,—O th' omnipotence of Music's art !—
Sudden we seem to cleave the azure skies,
With Jephtha's child, caught up to paradise.

ON BRAHAM IN 1846.

'Tis joy once more the mighty Bard to hear,
Of voice melodious, full, and clear, and strong,
Which, like a tuneful torrent, sweeps along,
Unquell'd by age : for aye without compeer .
To move the heart, or charm the ravish'd ear,
And raise to wonderment the listening throng,
Braham still reigns supreme,—the King of Song,—
Above all praise, or Envy's carping sneer ;
For Time, the spoiler of all meaner things,
Hath spar'd the Monarch of the vocal choir,
Who, still instinct with all his youthful fire,
And still unrivall'd, so divinely sings,
Some say the Bard a charmed life doth hold,
Not deeming that Apollo ne'er grows old.

TO THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF C—Y.

WHEN down the vista of the past I gaze,
 Mid hallow'd scenes, two saintly forms arise,
 As from the grave, to glad my raptur'd eyes,—
 Dear friends rever'd, with whom, in early days,
 We ofttimes shar'd the feast of love divine,—
 A gentle lady, courteous, fond, and kind,
 A youth belov'd, so pure in heart and mind,
 He seem'd an angel in a human shrine ;
 And tho' long years of weal and woe have fled
 Since both have slept amid the righteous dead,
 Still is thy life in holy service spent,
 In works of faith and heaven-born charity,
 Which thee shall praise when thou shalt cease to be ;—
 Thy goodly deeds shall be thy monument.

TO THE RT. HON. DOWAGER LADY G—Y.

THEE, gentle lady ! thee, whose saintly praise,
 For goodly deeds in service of thy God,
 Throughout Christ's church is spread, at home, abroad,
 Whose lengthen'd life, e'en from thine early days,
 Has been one living sacrifice of love,
 I dare to sing, tho' worthy thou the song
 Of some pure spirit of th' immortal throng,
 So meet to join the angel host above :
 So high endow'd with matchless gifts of mind,
 And faith, and hope, and heaven-born charity,—
 Deep and expansive as the boundless sea,—
 With zeal and sweet humility combin'd,
 Thou need'st from man no laudatory lay ;
 Thy works shall speak thy praise when monuments decay.

TO LADY LUCY G———T.—I.

THOU noble lady ! sprung from royal line,¹
Tho' high adorn'd with native loveliness
And mental beauty, dignity and grace,
Thou'rt so endow'd with virtues pure, divine,—
Faith, hope, and love, and sweet humility,—
I fondly hope that thou wilt not refuse
This grateful tribute of my humble muse,
Tho' worthy thou an angel's eulogy.
Ah ! well I ween that this my lowly lay
My debt of gratitude can ne'er repay :
What tho' that debt, by favours fresh enlarg'd,
Increases still, the heart with love o'erflowing,—
"The grateful heart," 't is sweetly said, "in owing,
Owes not,—at once indebted and discharg'd."

¹ Her ladyship is lineally descended from Robert Bruce, king of Scotland.

TO LADY LUCY G———T.—II.

O THAT I had the high, seraphic art,
 The Poet's rapture, and the Muse's fire !
 To wake to ravishment the tuneful lyre,
 Fraught with the deep emotions of the heart,
 Whilst friendship, love, and gratitude impart
 Their hallow'd ardours, and the soul inspire ;
 My song should emulate the heavenly choir,—
 Strains worthy thee, all worthy as thou art ;—
 For heaven-born Truth, that prompts their hallow'd lays,
 Would love to sing thy virtue's excellence,
 Thou art so high endow'd by grace and sense ;
 And tho' thou shin'st so bright in beauty's rays,
 Humility herself could hear thy praise,
 Who long hath made thine heart her residence.

TO MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, MRS. R———N.

To thee, my friend,—the faithful, fond, and true,—
 'Tis meet that I pour forth a heartfelt lay,
 Albeit my humble muse can ne'er repay
 The boundless debt of gratitude, long due,
 And still increasing with the lapse of years :
 I marvel not thy soul should be the shrine
 Of holy friendship, deathless, pure, divine,
 Whose hallow'd seeds were sown in sacred tears :
 Well may I love thee, prize thy fond regard,
 Yet not alone for favours rich and rare,
 But for thy virtues, heavenly, bright, and fair :
 More worthy thou an angel's raptur'd lays
 Than strains like mine, or those of mortal bard,
 Who art, in sooth, beyond all human praise.

ACROSTIC.—TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

ESTHER! to thee, my lovely, youthful friend,
 Sweet springtide flowers,—the primrose purely pale,
 The daisy meek, and lily of the vale,
 Harebell, and violet blue,—I fondly send,—
 Emblems of beauty, loveliness, and grace ;—
 Receive then, too, from Friendship's hallow'd grot,
 Replete with charms, the pure forget-me-not,
 Of matchless worth, and soothing, sweet heart's-case ;
 But let the last within thy bosom dwell,—
 In sorrow's hour 't will prove a sovereign spell ;—
 Next, cherish fondly, for my sake, the flower
 Sacred to friendship, faithful, fond, and true,—
 Of all that bloom, and sip the morning dew,
 None is so fraught with Memory's magic power.

TO MISS EMILY H. R———N.

To thee, my gentle, lovely Emily,
 To thee, my youthful, fond, afflicted friend,
 This heartfelt tribute of my muse I send,
 My latest lay of love and sympathy :
 Tho' last thou 'rt nam'd, yet not the least among
 My dearest friends, but doubly dear to me ;
 For tender Pity binds my heart to thee,
 Too full to pour its sorrows forth in song :
 What tho' so meet to dwell above the skies,—
 So pure a vase fulfill'd with grace divine,—
 Ah! still, may length of days on earth be thine,
 To glad our hearts, and charm our raptur'd eyes,
 The joys of health and hallow'd peace to share :
 Thon hast his love,—accept an old man's prayer.

ON MISS MARIA P——N.

LONG have I dwelt within the world of mind,
 Where forms ideal, beautiful, and bright,
 Were wont to pass before my raptur'd sight ;
 But ne'er did deem, in mortal mould, to find
 Such perfect loveliness and grace combin'd,
 As in that form, enrobed in snowy white,
 And heavenly face, and brow's transparent light,
 I now behold : surely there dwells, enshrin'd,
 Within that temple so divinely fair,
 Some angel spirit, or a soul divine,
 Which thro' those eyes,—those orbs of light,—doth shine,
 And wakes that smile so fraught with magic rare ;
 For 't is the soul that lends that sovereign power
 Which Beauty wields in her triumphant hour.

TO TWO YOUNG LADIES.

To thee, Celeste, and thee, fair Isobel,
 I would essay to wake the tuneful lyre,
 Tho' sorrow long has damp'd the muse's fire ;
 For those lov'd names are fraught with magic spell :
 Such words of power, so sweet, so tuneable,
 Might e'en the soul of humblest bard inspire
 To emulate the high and heavenly choir ;
 And ah ! in sooth, they suit ye wondrous well :
 The one suggests celestial excellence,
 Immortal friendship, truth, and constancy ;
 The other, beauty, grace, and innocency,
 And pure romance, and love, and poesy ;
 In thine, Celeste, a soul divine is seen,
 In thine, fair Isobel, the Fairy Queen.

TO MISS ISOBEL C———S.—I.

WHENCE is thy power to charm the gazer's sight,
 And bind the heart, as with a sovereign spell,
 Thou fair enchantress, lovely Isobel?
 Is 't in those eyes, so eloquent and bright,
 Thro' which the soul pours forth her living light,
 That graceful form, that face divinely fair,
 That winning smile, thy brightly flowing hair,
 And tuneful tongue abides the magic might?
 What tho' in lands afar thy footsteps stray,—
 Like gentle Una, with her lion bold,
 Whose tender tale thy favourite bard hath told,—
 In safety thou shalt hold thy onward way,
 Guarded by Wisdom and by Virtue's power,
 Should dangers rise, or darkness 'gin to lower.

TO MISS ISOBEL C———S.—II.

SHE seem'd too fair to dwell beneath the skies,
 Angelic, pure, and good and kind as fair,
 Graceful as Eve, with brightly flowing hair,
 Lovely as Venus, as Minerva wise,
 Bright as the morn array'd in vermil dyes,—
 A being born to charm the gazer's sight,—
 A star of beauty, fraught with living light,—
 The cynosure of all enraptur'd eyes:—
 From her bright orbs the light of genius shone,
 And she was clad in virtue's panoply,
 Endow'd with truth and heavenly chastity;
 She claim'd the homage of all hearts,—and won;
 Too willing all to own her right divine,
 And humbly worship at so fair a shrine.

TO MRS. S. II———S.

No fabled muse I woo to aid my song,
 For thee I sing, to thee awake the lyre,—
 So sweet a theme might e'en the soul inspire
 Of loftiest minstrel of the tuneful throng ;—
 Yea, worthy thou some pure, seraphic tongue,
 So wise, so good, so gentle, fond, and kind,
 In whom are grace and nature's gifts enshrined,
 So meet to dwell the heavenly choirs among :
 Yet still may length of years on earth be thine,
 The bliss that springs from wedded love to share,
 And goodly offspring, virtuous, bright, and fair,
 Like olive branches, round thy table twine ;
 Long mayst thou find a heaven beneath the skies
 In home, sweet home's all pure, domestic joys.

TO MRS. J. M. G———D.

SINCE thou dost bid me wake the tuneful lay,
 Be thou my Muse, and subject of my song,
 Than whom none more beloved, esteem'd among
 My dearest friends,—the good, the grave, the gay :—
 Fond love and kindness in thy features play,
 Fraught is thine eye with bright intelligence,
 Thy heart o'erflows with pure benevolence,
 And ah ! thy smile is sunshine all the day,—
 Save when a cloud of sorrow dims its light ;
 Still, soon may nature reassume her right,
 And lasting peace and happiness be thine,
 Perfect and pure, like gold without alloy ;
 Thou 'st sown in tears, long mayst thou reap in joy
 A harvest rich of blessings all divine.

TO MRS. F——D,

LATE MISS O'B——E.

HAD I, in sooth, the Poet's art divine,
Thee would I sing, and "give thee honour due,"
Thou dearest friend, thou faithful, fond, and true,
Who art of grace and excellence the shrine;
Worthy art thou an angel's tuneful tongue,
Loving as lovely, fraught with hallow'd fire,
Thy ardent soul may well to heaven aspire
To hold its seat the blissful saints among:
I marvel not that minds endow'd with might
And genius, wisdom, faith, and hope, and love,
Thy praise should win, thy heart to rapture move;
For kindred minds are but as mirrors bright,
Wherein thou seest thy inward self pourtray'd,
And virtues rare in mental light array'd.

TO MISS F——S,

IN HER ELEVENTH YEAR.

HER form was cast in symmetry and grace,
Her eyes were fraught with Genius' magic might,
Her brow illum'd with intellectual light,
Unearthly seem'd her pure, transparent face,—
A mystic being, psychical and bright,
Like those we see, when rapt in wakeful dream,
That haunt the grove, or lonely wizard stream,—
Naiad, or nymph, or gentle fairy-sprite ;—
So all ethereal, sylph-like, bright, and fair,
She seem'd, in sooth, no habitant of earth,
But some pure spirit of the realms of air ;
Or we might deem, that, ere her mortal birth,
She liv'd, enshrin'd, in some celestial sphere
Unstain'd by sin, undimm'd by sorrow's tear.

TO MISS K. C——N.

THERE is a world of bright imaginings,
 Where syren Fancy holds her magic reign,—
 Ideal Beauty's wildly fair domain,—
 Where dwell immortal shapes of loveliest things,
 Such as the pure, creative Fancy brings
 To youthful poet, rapt in blissful dream,
 On summer's eve, beside some haunted stream,
 Whilst o'er his head Love waves his rosy wings :
 To this bright world, far, far from noise and folly,
 With thee, thou sweet enchantress, let me soar,
 Woo'd by the pensive, musing Melancholy,
 Thro' fabled scenes rehears'd by bards of yore ;
 Then gaze, entranc'd, on visions pure and holy,
 And taste the fruits that grow beyond life's troublous shore.

 TO MRS. W——N.

THEE would I sing, to thee pour forth my strain,
 For thou canst wake to rapture sweet the lyre :
 Albeit so long the pure, poetic fire,
 Like a lone lamp within some hallow'd fane,
 Hath but illum'd thy own enraptur'd brain,
 Well mayst thou now, as is thy right, aspire
 To claim thy seat among the lyric choir ;
 And yet methinks that thou wilt not disdain
 My lonely lay ; for meek humility,
 In concord blent with nobleness of mind,
 Fulfils thy soul with heavenly harmony :
 So good, so gracious, generous, fond, and kind,
 More willing thou to laud my humble lays
 Than be thyself the subject of my praise.

TO MISS W———N.

For thy dear sake I dare to wend my way,
By Friendship led, thro' Poesy's bright domain,
And well I ween that thou wilt not disdain,
Fond Fancy's choice, to be my Queen of May ;
For, whilst thro' glens and rural haunts I stray,
A few wild flowers, like modest worth, that dwell
In lone retreat, deep hid in dewy dell,
I'll fondly pluck, and wreath a garland gay
To deck thy brow : what tho' thy humble bard
May not aspire, in Poesy's blooming bowers,
To cull for thee her bright, immortal flowers,—
Thy virtue's due, thy genius' meet reward,—
Thou 'lt not despise the lily of the vale,
The daisy¹ meek, the primrose pure and pale.

¹ "Daisy" is a poetical derivative from "day's eye."

TO THE MISSES S———T.

'T IS blest to hold communion full and free
 With those we love,—the wise, the good, the kind,
 The gentle, fond, the pure in heart and mind ;—
 To share the feast of sacred sympathy,
 The concord sweet, the hallow'd harmony
 Of kindred souls which soar, far, far above
 This earthly sphere, on wings of faith and love,
 Where cherub hosts, in blissful jubilee,
 Heaven's throne surround. How rapturous is the thrill
 When heart meets heart, and will responds to will !
 As some great truth, sought out with mental might,
 Beams star-like forth ;—we hail the glorious prize,
 As 't were an angel, clad in robes of light,
 Beheld in dreams of heavenly paradise.

ON SYMPATHY IN SORROW.

HAST thou e'er heard two sweet Æolian lyres
 So softly touch'd by Zephyr's airy fingers,
 That, won to rapture, fancy fondly lingers,
 And thinks she hears the strains of angel choirs
 Melodious flow from harps of golden wires ?—
 Sounds all so sadly sweet that emblem well
 The tender tones that, mingling, softly swell
 From two fond hearts which Sympathy inspires,—
 That deep, mysterious music of the soul,—
 When Sorrow's touch awakes the trembling strings,
 And mournful sounds in mutual concord roll,
 In wedded strains, their plaintive murmurings,—
 Now swelling full, now breathing sigh for sigh,
 Thro' all the mazy course of tender Sympathy.

WHO has not felt, when rapt in thought profound,
 In hallow'd musing's lone and stilly hour,
 As if entranc'd by some mysterious power
 That breaks the bonds by which the soul is bound,
 And lends it wings to soar, far, far above
 This world of gloom, to those pure orbs of light
 That seem the homes of spirits fair and bright,—
 The blest abodes of peace, and joy, and love ;—
 Or speed its flight, beyond the azure skies,
 Up to the realms of heavenly paradise,
 Where, glad to rest, it folds its airy wings,
 And basks in bliss in heaven's immortal bowers,
 Or, raptur'd, roams midst incense-breathing flowers,
 And angel forms, and all celestial things ?

ON NAPOLEON IN EXILE.

I SING of him, the great Napoleon,
 Whose name shall live throughout the course of time,
 More great tho' fall'n, in ruin more sublime
 Than when he sat on his imperial throne ;
 For inborn virtues, to the world unknown,
 In sad adversity's long-lingering night
 Beam'd star-like forth in still increasing light,
 And o'er his path in hallow'd lustre shone :
 What tho' a captive in a lonely isle,
 Genius, and might, and majesty of mind,
 The eye's enchantment, and the magic smile
 Were still his own, men's hearts and wills to bind,
 Their love to win, their willing homage draw,
 To charm with wonder, or inspire with awe.

ON NAPOLEON AS HE LAY IN DEATH.¹

SORROW and pity mark'd the mournful day,
Sad sighs were heav'd, and heartfelt tears were shed,
When, pale in death, upon his lowly bed,
As in deep sleep, the mighty chieftain lay :
Long, long I gaz'd and bent me o'er the dead,
For ne'er before did I, enraptur'd, trace
Such purity, and peace, and loveliness,
As o'er the features of that face were spread :
What tho' long-lingering years had pass'd away,
That form remain'd untouch'd by fell decay ;
The faithful friend² with joy beheld once more
That well-known face, so tranquil, pure, and fair ;
And some who ne'er had seen that face before,
Beheld, amaz'd, Napoleon slumbering there.

¹ The author had the honour of presenting to the Emperor of the French, in the month of April, 1852, at the Elysée palace, an original portrait of his august uncle, the late Emperor Napoleon, as he lay in death, (drawn by W. Rubidge, a talented artist, at St. Helena, at the request of the French suite,) and of receiving from His Imperial Majesty, in return, a very beautiful diamond and emerald ornament.

² General Bertrand, when the coffin of Napoleon was opened at St. Helena, twenty years after his interment.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—I.

WHEN first I stood within the mighty pile,
Our island's boast, the wonder of the world,
O'er which the banners of all lands, unfurl'd,
Wave in the sun's first ray and parting smile,
The radiant roof and each long-lengthen'd aisle
Burst on my sight with rapture so profound,
I seem'd to stand upon enchanted ground ;—
Well might such scene an angel's soul beguile !—
And long I roam'd, entranc'd in strange delight,
Midst tow'ring trees, and flowers, and fountains bright,
And statues fair that seem'd endow'd with thought,
And sculpture rich, in gold and silver wrought,
Diamonds and pearls, and gems from ev'ry clime,—
Fair Nature's forms, Art's wonder-works sublime.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—II.

As one enrapt midst forms in splendour dight,—
Ideal shapes, divine imaginings,—
Gazes on all unutterable things,
Entranc'd I stood, when first, in radiance bright,
The mighty structure burst upon my sight,
Like one vast, beaming mass of burnish'd gold,
With all its banners sun-illum'd, unroll'd ;—
O ! 't was a scene to spell with strange delight,
And fill the soul with wonderment profound :—
And, as I gaz'd above, beyond, around,
The blazing pile to Fancy's eye did seem
Some sun-god's temple robed in living light,
Or wonder-work uprais'd by magic might,
Or gorgeous fabric of some rapturous dream.

POMPEII.

Ah ! who can tell the horror of the hour
 When fam'd Pompeii met its fearful doom,
 And ev'ry house was turn'd into a tomb,
 And refuge fail'd in palace, fane, and tower ?
 Sudden o'erwhelm'd in all their pride and power
 The men of might, the maid in beauty's bloom,
 The young, the old, engulph'd in hideous gloom,
 Entomb'd alive beneath the sulphurous shower !
 How long they lived to breathe the noisome air,
 Pent in their dwellings, none escap'd to tell ;
 Moments would seem an age too dread to bear :
 Methinks I see the anguish, hear the yell,
 The groan of suffering, howl of mad despair,
 And all the horrors of a transient hell.

THERE is a pleasant, green, sequester'd spot,
 Hard by a clear and softly-babbling rill,
 Where oft I love to sit, and muse my fill,
 And ponder wisely o'er my happy lot,—
 The world forgetting as by it forgot,—
 Whilst all around is peaceful, hush'd, and still,
 Save this sweet brook with voice so clear and shrill,
 Or song of birds in leafy bower or grot ;
 And then I gaze on Nature's smiling face,
 On rural scenes, more lovely, bright, and fair
 Than courtly sights and pageant's gorgeous glare ;
 And oft, in some sweet, lovely floweret, trace
 More beauty, grace, and ornament display'd,
 Than kings can boast, in all their pomp array'd.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

HARK! hark those strains so rapid, full, and clear,
That, like a torrent, fill the concave round
With all the ravishment and soul of sound,
As if some angel-bird were warbling near,
Charming to ecstacy the ravish'd ear,
Whilst hill, and dale, and moonlight grove resound,
And thousand echoes airy-tongu'd rebound,
Till Silence' self is startled from her sphere,—
A flood of rapture!—love and joyance blent,
In wedded strains of amorous, sweet delight,
With one long, mournful wail of languishment,
As, thro' the watches of the livelong night,
The bird of passion thrills the echoing grove
With pity's plaint and lays of rapturous love.

WITHIN you mould'ring abbey's portals wide,
Half hid amid the dim, religious gloom,
There lonely stands an antique, marble tomb,—
Two sculptur'd forms seem slumb'ring side by side,
An armed warrior and his noble bride ;
But time hath left no record of their doom :
Was their life joyous, or, in youthful bloom,
Mourn'd she her lord in battle slain,—then died?—
For well I ween he was a valiant knight,
The courtier's glass, and star of chivalry,
And she a doating bride, of beauty bright,
Of peerless virtue, and of high degree :
No more, alas! this cold, dumb tomb can tell
Of one who fought, and one who lov'd so well.

ON SILENCE.

Thro' Silence sleeps, in deepest slumbers bound,
Her beating pulse, and breathings calm and clear,—
Soft, stilly sounds,—methinks I oft-times hear,
As if the spot were all enchanted ground,
And haunted ever with the ghost of Sound,
Or viewless spirits, with their rustling wings
And airy tongues' mysterious whisperings,—
Spirits of earth, and air, and ocean's dim profound,—
Such as fond Fanev hears in charmed sleep
When forth she roams thro' blissful fairy-land,
Whilst minstrel-elves their tuneful vigils keep,
By wizard stream or on the moonlit strand,
And sounds Æolian breathe thro' hollow caves,
Tuned to the dreamy music of the waves.

How strange that most familiar things have power
The buried past to raise to life and light!
How oft, as with a spell of magic might,
A simple sound, a scent, a favourite flower
Will quick revive some scene of life's young hour,
Some long-lost friend to charm our mental sight,—
Perchance the dead, in youth and beauty bright,—
To smile once more in Memory's blooming bower!
Oft is the mourning mother's heart beguild,
As some fond relic conjures up to view
The deathless image of her darling child,—
Perchance its little hat, or tiny shoe
Stamp'd with the impress of its fairy feet,
Or some long-cherish'd toy her eye may hap to meet.

SPRING.

SEASON of light, and life, and loveliness !
The resurrection of the joyous year,
When first the flowery populace uprear
Their graceful forms, array'd in varied dress,
Crowding the earth in tribes as numberless
As to our gaze the starry gems appear
That throng the azure fields,—and O, how fair !—
By Nature robed in beauty's wild excess,
Outvying all the mimic powers of art ;
For “who can paint like Nature?” who impart
Such incense sweet as breath of new-blown flowers !
What fancy fine conceive, what hand can trace
Such perfect symmetry and matchless grace
As charm the sight in Springtide's sunny hours ?

SUMMER.

THE glorious Summer now comes forth in power,
With bounty, health, and joyance in his train,
And, like some goodly king, assumes his reign,
Filling earth's lap with rarest, richest dower,—
Won from the solar beam and genial shower,—
Of fruits, and herbage sweet, and golden grain,
That, ripening, spread, o'er orchard, mead, and plain,
A banquet meet for harvest's joyous hour :
Man's heart with gladness swells, his lips with praise ;
All living things their grateful powers employ,—
The warbling birds pour forth their sweetest lays,
The very grasshopper is hoarse with joy,
The wavy woods and meads with rapture ring,
And Summer crowns the handiwork of Spring.

AUTUMN.

THE mellow Autumn, clad in russet weeds,
In matron majesty and stately grace,
Walks o'er her rich domain, joyous to trace,
In herb, fruit, flower, how Nature's good work speeds;
And loves to stand mid sheaves of golden seeds,
Whilst the tired reaper rests a little space,
Seated at ease, in some soft, shadowy place,
And from his humble scrip with hunger feeds;
But most she loves the merry harvest-home,
Or thro' the orchard's space to take her round,
Whilst ruddy fruits lie piled upon the ground,
Or at the blithesome vintage-hour to roam,
And o'er the wine-press muse, in thought profound,
Watching the grape's blood ooze in purple foam.

WINTER.

NEXT, raging Winter comes, with all his band
Of warring winds, and sleet, and arrowy hail,
And, like grim Death upon his courser pale,
Dread desolation strows with ruthless hand:
The blinding snow obeys his dire command,
And sweeps along o'er plain, and hill, and dale,
O'erwhelming flocks and herds,—and sad the tale
Of ruin wrought o'er all the desolate land.
Yet Winter, still, with all his wild alarms,
Tho' earth's sweet face be wrapp'd in snow-cold shroud,
Has joys for me,—his in-door, social charms,—
When mirth, and dance, and minstrelsy ring loud,
Or converse sweet, or poesy sublime
Enchants the night, or tale of olden time.

TO MEMORY.

“Where is the impiety of loving *celestial* natures?”—BYRON.

Ah! what were life and all the world to me,
 But for thy presence and thy magic power
 To sooth my woes in sorrow's lonely hour,
 And gild the gloom of dark adversity,
 Thou sweet enchantress, smiling Memory!
 Thou canst restore, when syren Hope has fled,
 The lov'd, the lost, the mourn'd, the early dead,
 And stamp the past with immortality:
 Then come, thou bright, thou sweet enchantress, come,
 And with thee bring, to charm my raptur'd sight,
 Thy fairest form, thine own supreme delight,—
 No more to part, ah! never more to roam,—
 Of truth and virtue she the most approv'd,
 Thy most *celestial*, lovely, and belov'd.¹

¹ This Sonnet was suggested by the following very beautiful passage from the pen of Miss Celeste R——n:—

“What an exquisite thing is memory! What should we do without this treasure-house of the mind, from which we can take, at will, that which may make our dullest moments kindle with past, but thus still present, pleasures?—these ‘chambers of imagery,’ where we may wonder and gaze on all that has made our existence lovely or dear to us? And though some pictures there are that make the sense ache, and the heart heavy, yet even they have their soothing or admonitory lesson; and who, even to quench their light, would drink of Lethe?”

ON A SHOOTING-STAR.

SEE, see yon beauteous, beamy shooting-star !
Like to a precious jewel, pure and bright,
Fall'n from the royal diadem of Night ;
Or silvery spoke from Luna's radiant ear,
As on she speeds thro' azure fields afar ;
Or beaming arrow, tipp'd with moony light,
Shot by heaven's archer¹ from his bow of might ;
Or like all things that brief and beauteous are :—
Like to some truant, bright, embodied joy
Winging its way, from heaven's all blissful bowers,
To catch one glimpse of this dark world of ours ;
Or sparkling tear fall'n from an angel's eye
Whilst gazing down on earth's sad, sin-worn sphere,
If angel eyes e'er shed a pitying tear.

¹ Sagittarius.

TO MRS. D———Y.

WOULD that I had the Poet's magic art
 That I might place before the raptur'd sight
 Thine image, lady! heavenly fair and bright,
 Thy sunny smile that woos and wins the heart,
 Thy varied charms,—thy soul-illumin'd face
 With native worth and virtues rare combin'd,
 Thy peerless form, thy dignity and grace
 With meekness blent and purity of mind.—
 But how shall I perfection's self portray?
 We well may ask, art thou of mortal birth,
 Or some celestial visitant of earth
 Come down to guide us on our heavenward way,
 Or angel guest enrob'd in mortal shrine,
 Or mortal cloth'd in angel form divine?

TO MR. AND MRS. ST———S.

WITHIN their own bright world, in blissful bowers,
 Far, far above this world of sin and folly,
 They liv'd a life seraphic, pure, and holy,
 And cull'd, at will, joy's amaranthine flowers,
 Undimm'd by woe, or sorrow's withering showers,
 Or pluck'd the fruit of Wisdom's sacred tree;
 And, rapt midst dreams of immortality,
 Knew not the lapse or weight of mortal hours:
 Their very beings were divinely blent,
 Their souls were bound by love's attractive might,
 Like double stars,—pure orbs of living light!—
 Their hearts breath'd forth responsive ravishment,—
 Such bliss as dwells in angel breasts above,—
 For love is heaven and heaven itself is love.

ON OLIVER CROMWELL.¹

OLIVER CROMWELL! Who can breathe that name,
 Nor feel a thrill of wonderment profound,
 And awe, as if by potent magic bound?
 The mightiest spirit of the sons of fame!
 Whose soul was fir'd by zeal's celestial flame;
 The faith's defender, valorous, wise, and bold!
 By heaven uprais'd to guard Christ's saintly fold²
 From ravening wolves, too fell and fierce to tame.
 All arm'd wert thou in heavenly panoply,
 In peace and war stern virtue's champion,
 Thou sage Protector, Britain's shield and sun!
 Thee heaven upheld and crown'd with victory;
 The haughtiest monarch trembled at thy nod,
 And own'd thy power, thou patriot-chief of God!

¹ See Milton's sixteenth Sonnet, "To the Lord General Cromwell;" and Carlyle's *Life of Cromwell*.

² "In 1655, the duke of Savoy determined to compel his reformed subjects, in the valleys of Piedmont, to embrace popery, or quit their country: all who remained and refused to be converted, with their wives and children, suffered a most barbarous massacre: those who escaped fled into the mountains, from whence they sent agents into England to Cromwell for relief. He instantly commanded a general fast, and promoted a national contribution, in which near £40,000 were collected. [He threatened the king of France, through his minister, cardinal Mazarin, that if the persecution was not instantly suspended, his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome.] The persecution was suspended, the duke recalled his army, and the surviving inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys were reinstated in their cottages, and the peaceable exercise of their religion. On this business there are several state-letters, in Cromwell's name, written by Milton."—*Milton's Poetical Works*, edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., Note to Sonnet xviii, "On the late Massacre in Piemont."

PALESTINE.

THOU wondrous spot of earth, fair Palestine !
Thy very name is fraught with poesy,
And high romance, and things that glorious be :
I see thy towers, O Solyma divine !
Thy holy sepulchre and hallow'd shrine,
Thy red-cross knights and templars of degree,
With all the host of paynim chivalry,
And war's dread pomp, and conflict's fearful sign ;
I see the hostile squadrons swift advance,
Their glitt'ring spears, and falchions' meteor light ;
I hear the sound of war-horse' furious prance,
The shock of hosts, like torrents, in their might,
The crash, the din, the groan, the dying cry
Blent with th' exulting shout of " Victory !"

THE HOLY LAND.

THOU Holy Land ! I see thee as of old,
Thou land of miracles and mighty wonders !
Where God's own voice was heard midst Sinai's thunders,
Or from the mercy-seat and ark of gold,
O'er which the cherubim their wings unfold ;
Where God's dear Son His glory laid aside,
Was born, lived, loved, and taught, and bled, and died,
And rose again, as prophets' strains foretold :
I see each spot His hallow'd footsteps trod,
Where once He wrought the wonder-works of God,
And now,—alas ! a sad and fearful sight !—
That awful mount whereon a deed was done
That sav'd a ruin'd world, on which the sun
Dar'd not to look, but hid his face in night.

ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

WOE was the hour, when, down the cursed tree,
 From the torn brow, the hands, the feet, the side
 Of God's dear Son fast flow'd the crimson tide,
 And mortals heard those words of agony,
 "My God, my God, why 'st thou forsaken me?"
 The sun, appall'd, beheld the awful sight,
 And sudden hid his face in gloom of night;
 All nature seem'd endow'd with sympathy;—
 The earth did quake, the hills, the rocks were rent,
 And from their graves stalk'd forth the sheeted dead;—
 Still, midst these mighty signs and portents dread,
 The stubborn Jews, unmov'd, impenitent,
 Sin-bound remain'd, and seal'd in unbelief,
 Save one alone,—the contrite, dying thief.

JOB XIV, 1, 7, 12, 14, 15.

BENEATH the baneful blight of sickly skies
 Man from his birth expires, and with each breath
 Brief life renews, whose fruits are agonies
 Water'd by bitter tears, fann'd by sad sighs;
 Still doom'd to groan sin's mortal coil beneath,
 And gasp in vain for life's immortal prize,
 Till, downward stricken by the hand of death,
 Lo! in the dust the shatter'd ruin lies;
 But there is hope, albeit the tree be dead,
 Albeit the root wax old in earth's dark womb,
 That, by the scent of fresh'ning waters fed,
 'T will live again, and bourgeon from the tomb,
 Spring forth to light, and raise its verdant head,
 And tower aloft in youth's immortal bloom.

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF A YOUTHFUL
FRIEND, W. E——T.

By nature gifted, and by grace refin'd,
A youth of virtue, pure and undefil'd,—
In mind a man, in innocence a child,—
In whom were wisdom, goodness, truth combin'd
With inborn genius and with power of mind :
What tho' he sleeps in death's sepulchral gloom,
Soon shall he rise, array'd in beauty's bloom,
In glory's bright, immortal form enshrin'd ;
Still we may mourn and shed a sacred tear,—
'Tears for the dead what heart can e'er reprove ?
'T is nature's tribute paid to buried love ;—
The loved in life, in death are doubly dear :
'T is meet to mourn ; for, o'er that friend who slept,
E'en but a while, in death, we read that " Jesus wept."

ON THE EARLY DEAD.

THE fairest flowers are first to fade away ;
The most belov'd,—the wise, the good, the bright,—
Like shooting-stars, but beam to mock the sight :
The sons of Genius, shrin'd in human clay,
Know not the law of lingering, dull decay,
But inward burn with self-consuming fire,
Intensely burn,—then suddenly expire,
And darkness shrouds the pure, immortal ray :
What tho' they set in Hades' dismal shade,
They soon shall rise, in glory bright array'd,
Celestial orbs, inform'd with light divine,—
Beams of that Sun which lights th' etern abode,
Splendours of bliss, ordain'd for aye to shine,
And, circling, roll around the throne of God.

DAYS OF YOUTH.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. J. G ———TT.

WHEN thro' the vista of the past I gaze,
The scenes of youth in memory's light arise
So clearly bright before my mental eyes,
I seem once more to roam thro' flowery ways
And valleys green,—loved haunts of early days :—
Once more a boy, where Fancy bids I rove,
And, raptur'd, hear, pour'd forth from glen and grove,
Of tuneful birds the sweet, familiar lays :
Joyous and free, as erst in boyhood's prime,
Once more I stray by Vaga's¹ mazy stream,
And hear from far the Minster's² hallow'd chime :
Rapt in the spirit of the past, I seem
No more to note the lengthen'd lapse of time,
And feel entranc'd, as in some blissful dream.

¹ The river Wye.² Hereford Cathedral.

OF all the poets of the present day,
I most eschew the dark, ambiguous school,
Who, in despite of all poetic rule,
The plainest truths in mystic garb array,
Which so beclouds the shallow reader's eyes
He straight mistakes the dull obscurity
For some deep truth or mighty mystery,
And thinks the author wondrous learn'd and wise :
E'en should the theme, in sooth, be deep, profound,
The language still, tho' fraught with eloquence,
Should ever "be an echo to the sense ;"
Tho', like a torrent, roll the stream of sound,
Or gently flow melodious on the ear,
The stream should still be pure, and bright, and clear.

SONNETS ON METAPHYSICAL SUBJECTS.

BERKELEY, the great, the good, the meek, the wise !
Thou mitred saint, supreme philosopher,
Of mental truth the heaven-illumin'd star,
Revealer of the mind's deep mysteries,—
Its nature, laws, immortal qualities !—
Who, by pure reason's inward light, didst prove,
That 't is in God we live, and breathe, and move,—
Helping weak Faith to see with clearer eyes :—
Thou matchless champion of the Christian fight !
Who putt'st the godless, sceptic crew to flight ;
Their boasted idol, false philosophy,
On matter rais'd, down dash'd in ruin prone,
Eras'd the very basis of its throne,
And turn'd it into sheer nonentity.

How strange that still, tho' man so wise be grown,
 Philosophy, as taught in most the schools,
 By logic's art, and all its cumbrous rules,
 Should on a mere assumption build its throne,—
 A vague substratum,—to the mind unknown,
 Void of all proof, or mediate or direct,
 Yet moves, 't is said, the reasoning intellect,—
 Of which no qualities can e'er be shown,—
 Extension, magnitude, form, colour, weight ;—
 Yet are its parts, its whole deem'd infinite !
 The sole reality of things that be !
 Tho' reason shows 't is mere nonentity :
 With what strange laws must matter then be fraught,
 If nought is ev'ry thing, and ev'ry thing is nought ?

THE things of sense are transient,—born to die,
 And “perish in the using,”—brief as bright !
 The loveliest scene enrobed in radiant light
 Is, by the very twinkling of an eye,
 Eras'd, resolv'd to mere nonentity ;
 Yet things so brief vain mortals oft do prize
 Above the soul's supreme realities,—
 The deathless things of true philosophy,—
 Goodness, and Truth, and Beauty,—forms divine,
 Primordial forms, man's high and godlike boon,
 Symbols and types of Deity triune,
 Immortal splendours,—destin'd aye to shine,
 And light the soul from earth to heaven's abode,—
 Her native seat,—and presence of her God.

THO' man possess such godlike faculties,
 To compass space and time's immensity,
 And knowledge gain of all that in them be ;
 Albeit endow'd with aptitude to seize
 Primordial truths, abstract analogies,
 To scale the heights of pure philosophy,
 And pluck all truths from Wisdom's deathless tree,
 To store his mind's all boundless treasures ;
 Yet, midst such stores of knowledge vast, is he
 Th' immediate knowledge of himself denied,—
 His soul's essential being still unknown,—
 And thus, shut out from self-idolatry,
 And aye shut in to consciousness alone,
 He learns a truth that lowers his mental pride.

SINCE man doth lack th' immediate proof to know
 His soul's essential being, whence hath he
 The mediate gain'd? From true philosophy,
 That light of heaven and guide of man below,
 Which to his reason this great truth doth show,
 That from immediate consciousness alone
 His sentient soul is mediately made known,
 As thought must aye from thinking being flow ;
 And thence, by clear analogy, we prove
 All souls' existence, thence deduce a Cause,
 The first and sole,—etern, almighty God,—
 Author of nature and of nature's laws,
 A God of love, all wise, all pure, all good,
 In whom we have our being, live, and move.

THE vast, the grand, the terrible, sublime,
 The forms of beauty, loveliness, and grace
 Are not extern, instamp'd on nature's face,
 But of the mind, of every age and clime,
 And aye endure in full perfection's prime :
 The mind conceives, and, in conceiving, gives
 The varied forms th' external world receives,—
 Immortal births, untouch'd by hand of Time ;—
 Still, tho' the mind with power divine be fraught,
 'T is but the subject and the seat of thought,
 As such, can ne'er itself to action move,
 But moves obedient to its Maker's laws,—
 He the sole Mover, He the Great First Cause
 Of all that moves in earth or heaven above.

THERE is but one Creator, Great First Cause,—
 This primal truth, by reason's light, we prove,—
 In whom we live, and being have, and move ;
 - And, tho' we will and act by mental laws,
 He works within us both to will and do :
 'What tho' this truth, thro' ignorance or pride,
 Should be by some rejected and denied,
 Tho' man be false, yet, still let God be true,
 Whose word confirms this truth of reason's light,—
 Man on his own mind ne'er can operate,
 No creature e'er can his own thoughts create :
 Let truth be held as reason's sacred right,
 Whate'er the moral consequence may be ;
 That sin is ours we own, tho' great the mystery.

ON DREAMS.

AH ! who can solve the mystery of dreams ?
Who paints the scenes that rise, array'd in light,
Unseen before, as vivid, clear, and bright
As tho' the sun pour'd forth its lustrous beams ?
Or, when we list to sounds unheard before,
When voice and verse, in concord sweet, combine
In artful fugue, and harmony divine,
Who the composer of the learned score ?
Or, when we read, in sleep's mysterious hour,
Some new, unheard of wonder-work sublime,
With genius fraught, and cloth'd in rapturous rhyme,
Who is the author, who the Great Unknown
That o'er the soul exerts such mystic power ?
Reason replies, the Great First Cause alone.

L' ENVOI.

LET none condemn my laudatory lays,
Tho' sometimes cloth'd in fond hyperbole,—
The Poet's right, when used in due degree,—
The wise, the good may claim the Muse's praise :
Just praise is truth, distinct from flattery,—
Of falsehood bred,—which but the servile use :
The holy Milton's pure, seraphic muse
Oft swells the strain of raptur'd eulogy,
Whose glorious sonnets, trumpet-tongu'd, proclaim
The praise of men renown'd in history's page,—
The mighty spirits of his deathless age,—
And saintly friends of pure and hallow'd fame ;
Then well may I, methinks, give honour due
To friends belov'd,—the virtuous, fond, and true.

P O E M S ,

WHICH THE AUTHOR HAS BEEN INDUCED TO ADD TO THE PRESENT
COLLECTION FROM A VOLUME PUBLISHED BY HIM IN 1827.

A MOTHER'S MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

On ! thou art gone, sweet Innocent !
Thy gentle spirit 's fled ;
No more, in listless languishment,
Thou hang'st thy drooping head :
Like some fair lily of the vale,
Thou liest in death, all cold and pale.

The rosy tint has pass'd away,
The throbbing pulse is still,
The playful smile has ceas'd to play,
The heart is cold and chill,
And oh ! that sparkling, bright, blue eye
Is seal'd in death's dull apathy.

Yet still I gaze on thee, and weep,
In spite of nature's pain ;
For oh ! thou seem'st but sunk to sleep,
And soon to wake again :
'Thou look'st so sweet, so fresh, and fair,
I cannot deem that death is there.

How long, in pain's despite, we gaze
On that we doat upon !
Bewilder'd quite in sorrow's maze,
'The hallow'd fount flows on ;
Yet still we weep, albeit in vain,—
Tears bring not back the dead again.

Oh ! 't is a sad and fearful thing,
As ever pall'd the sight,
To watch th' immortal soul take wing,—
Its everlasting flight :—
That moment seals our misery,
And its eternal destiny.

Oh ! I did watch thee day by day,
But could not see thee fade ;
Thou didst not sink in dull decay,—
Extinguish'd, not decay'd :—
E'en to the last so bright and fair,
Ah ! who could think that death was near ?

A rosy hectic, blooming bright,
Did still thy cheek o'erspread,
Thine eye beam'd forth a brighter light,
Thy lips glow'd ruby red,—
And there a cherub smile did play
That chas'd all doubt and fear away.

Thus did I, fondly doating, gaze,
And dream'd of years to come,
Deceiv'd by hope's delusive rays
And thy bright beauty's bloom,—
Nor deem'd it token'd death was there,—
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.

O Death! thou tak'st bright Health's disguise,
And paint'st the rosy cheek;
Thou play'st in Beauty's beaming eyes,
And lurk'st in dimples sleek;
And, serpent-like, in flowery wile,
Thou smil'st so sweet but to beguile.

Still in the features of that face
Sweet Innocence doth play,
There lingers yet each nameless grace
That will not pass away;
No line, no touch of beauty less,—
Thou sleep'st in all thy loveliness.

There rests thy head in sweet repose,
Upon thine arm reclin'd,
And o'er thy brow of purest snows
The silken tresses wind;
Thy lips seem parted by thy breath,—
Thou seem'st to live and breathe in death.

Yes, there thou liest, as fair a thing
As e'er was form'd of clay,
The last bright streaks still lingering
Of feeling pass'd away,—
That light of life, tho' life be fled,—
A halo hovering o'er the dead.

'T is o'er the pure but changeless brow,
And o'er the eye of light,
That looks not, beams not, weeps not now,
Death most exerts his might ;
Yet there a hallow'd calm doth stray,
Like the last glow of dying day.

And this is all that 's left to tell
Of what was once so bright :
Oh, woe is me ! it speaks too well
To mock my aching sight ;
For soon, alas ! 't will fade away,
Tho' yet untouch'd by dull decay.

I would not see the fearful change
Come o'er that lovely face ;
But steel myself in passion strange,
And tear me from the place ;
I could not gaze, nor linger near,
To watch the change to foul from fair.

Once more,—and then the conflict 's o'er,—
I 'll kiss thy snowy brow,
For oh ! I cannot love thee more,
Sweet Innocent ! than now :
Love 's hallow'd more when hope is fled,—
It lives immortal with the dead.

Now, fare thee well, my lovely one !
My last, long look I take ;
Once more I 'll kiss that cheek so wan,
Altho' my heart 't will break
To think, that now we 're doom'd to sever,
To meet no more, alas ! for ever.

For ever!—I recall the thought,—
O no! it cannot be;
For oh! thou wert too dearly bought
By Him who died for thee,
By Him who did for mortals bleed,
And on the cross hung cold and dead.

Yes! we shall meet, to part no more,
In heavenly realms above,
Upon that pure and peaceful shore,
The blissful land of love,—
This balm alone can ease the smart
And staunch the bleeding of my heart.

MEETING AND PARTING AT SEA.

'T is lone on earth to part, to meet no more ;
But O ! more lone, when, far from every shore,
O'er the wide watery wilderness we roam,
Far, far from all we love, and home, sweet home !
If chance should lead us, in our trackless way,
To meet some fellow-pilgrim as we stray,—
Some soul we love,—to bless our doating sight,
How bright the joy ! how transient tho' so bright !
We meet,—we bid adieu,—we part,—and still
We fondly wave a lingering, long farewell :
O ! in this moment, what a weight of years
Sinks on the heart, and fills the eyes with tears !
All sorrowful we gaze from off the deck ;
The little bark has dwindled to a speck,
That faintly glimmers on the distant deep ;
'T is gone !—how sad, alas ! in loneliness to weep.

THOU LOVELY ISLE.

WRITTEN ABROAD.

ALL hail to thee, my native land !
I long to leap upon thy strand,
Once more to breathe thy air so bland,
Thou lovely Isle !

Tho' I have wander'd far from thee,
Thro' burning clime, o'er stormy sea,
Still thou wert ever dear to me,
Thou lovely Isle !

Thro' many a clime, a weary ranger,
I've pass'd thro' changing scenes and danger,
And felt, from thee, a lonely stranger,
Thou lovely Isle !

Tho' long my pilgrimage has been,
And many a distant land I've seen,
Yet none like thine of emerald green,
Thou lovely Isle !

Where'er I've chanc'd my course to steer,
The thought of thee would wake the tear ;
For distance made thee doubly dear,
Thou lovely Isle !

O yes ! where'er I've chanc'd to roam,
On foreign shore, or ocean's foam,
I've sigh'd for thee,—for home, sweet home,—
Thou lovely Isle !

How many a night, when on the deep,
Thy shores have charm'd my soul in sleep !
And I have woke, alas ! to weep,
Thou lovely Isle !

When I behold thy pebbly shore,
My heart will leap, with joy run o'er ;
Absence will but endear thee more,
Thou lovely Isle !

For thou shalt be my ark of love ;
I'll fly to thee, like Noah's dove,
And never, never from thee rove,
Thou lovely Isle !

MEDITATIVE THOUGHTS.

'T IS now the softly soothing, tranquil hour,
Ere yet dim, dubious darkness 'gins to lower,
Ere pensive twilight faintly fades away,—
The last lone hour of parting, dying day :—
And O ! how passing sweet and fair the scene !
For now, in all her beauty's silvery sheen,
The pale and modest moon begins to rise,
Far in the distance of the eastern skies,
From out the bosom of the tranquil deep,
That seems to rest in stilly, slumb'rous sleep :
Forth from th' horizon's verge, a lengthening stream
Of lustre sparkles in the pale moonbeam,—
A trembling stream of liquid, silvery ore,
That flows in brightness to the distant shore,—
Whilst, all around, more faint the waters glow,
Till far away they dimly darkling flow.

Still, solemn silence reigns ; for not a sound
Disturbs the slumbers of the scene around,
Save little billow's splash, and distant roar
Of breakers beating on some rocky shore,
Or mournful dirge of hollow winds and waves,
That plaintive moans thro' ocean's hoary caves ;
Save lonely night-breeze' fitful murmurings,
That to the dulcet voice of waters sings.

Now, rapt in ecstacy, I, listening, gaze,
Till lost in mournful musings' wildering maze,
And feel the pensive spirit of the hour
Steal o'er my soul in all its magic power :
That gentle, soothing, melancholy sprite,
That haunts these scenes, so tranquil, fair, and bright,
These lonely sea-girt shores, and moonlight bays,
Whilst o'er the waters dance the paly rays ;
That dwells unseen, albeit we feel 't is near,
And moves th' unconscious sigh and trembling tear,
And, with her potent magic, knows the art
To wake the plaintive music of the heart ;
Whose rapid touch can o'er the feelings fly,
And wake the chords of sensibility.

SPRING.

How softly sweet is smiling Spring's advance !
Fairest and brightest in the harmonious dance,
When forth she wanders o'er her rich domains,
Clothing with beauty all the verdant plains :
Veil'd in a rosy cloud of odours sweet,
O'er hills and dales she treads with printless feet :
Beneath her steps the blushing flow'ret springs,
While Zephyrs fan her with their balmy wings :
She walks in beauty and in matchless grace,
And lights with smiles fair Nature's blooming face.

THE PASSION.

BEHOLD that godlike Form, all pale and wan !
The man of sorrows He, the God of man !
Behold that Form, in mortal flesh array'd,
O'erwhelm'd in agony, all prostrate laid
Low in the dust of sad Gethsemane !
Behold that Form, nail'd to the bloody tree,
That pallid, tranquil brow, in blood-stains dyed,
Those bleeding hands, those feet, that pierced side !
Mortals of earth, angels of light above,
Behold the wonders of redeeming love !
Hear His last prayer ! O hear His dying cry !
“ 'T is finish'd ! ” see Him bow His head, and die.
The conflict 's o'er,—salvation's work is done,—
Death is destroy'd,—immortal glory won !

MONA.

O MONA ! I love thee, thou land of my birth !
Tho' long I have roam'd the world's wilderness o'er,
No spot have I found on the fair face of earth
Half so dear as thy own rocky, sea-beaten shore.

Tho' the world hath not rung with the deeds of thy fame,
Nor history's tablets thy glories have borne,
Yet gems of bright Genius, unknown as thy name,
And flowers of fair Virtue thy valleys adorn ;

Where Truth and pure Piety, join'd hand in hand,—
Sweet cherubic sisters,—have made their abode,
And a fair, blooming Eden have form'd in thy land,
Where thy sons in sweet converse walk humbly with God.

O yes ! I have reason to love thee, dear Isle !
For thou wert the land of my heavenly birth,
Where Mercy beam'd o'er me in sweet, sunny smile,
And raised me above the dull regions of earth ;

Where first the glad tidings of joy and of truth
Delighted my heart and enlighten'd my mind,
Proclaim'd by the lips of a friend¹ of my youth,—
A preacher of righteousness, gracious and kind,—

¹ See Appendix, Note C.

Whose friendship I shar'd in the days that are fled,
When, play-mates together, we stray'd o'er thy strand
With many who now are laid low with the dead,
Who then were the gayest of youth's smiling band.

Ah! little we reck'd of the briefness of life,
And little we thought of the pall and the shroud,
Of the cares of the world, of its sin and its strife,
Which soon the gay visions of youth would o'ercloud.

We dreamt not of pain and we dreamt not of sorrow,
But pluck'd the fair flow'rets of joy in their bloom,
Which blossom'd to-day, but to fade on the morrow,—
Like roses, when scatter'd to deck the cold tomb.

Too long by the spell of fond Fancy enchanted,
We sought for true joys where they ne'er could be found;
For our hopes, in the garden of Ignorance planted,
But spring up to wither and perish around.

But at length we were led to bright Truth's blissful bowers,
Where joys, pure and deathless, adorn her abode,
And invited to pluck her ripe fruits and her flowers,
And to dwell evermore in the gardens of God.

For ever, dear Island! thy hills are before me,
In Memory's vision, all verdant and bright;
And O! as these fond recollections rush o'er me,
They fill me with pensive, but hallow'd, delight.

Then, long o'er thy fields, dearest Isle of the ocean!
May the soft dews of heaven descend from above,
And thy sons and thy daughters, in purest devotion,
Be happy in Friendship, and blessed in Love.

I HAD a dream,—a dread and fearful dream!—
Methought I stood upon the rugged steep
Of a high-tow'ring cliff, whose head did seem
To hang in air, and beetle o'er the deep ;
But oh ! the sight beneath did make me weep
Of shipwrecked souls, to hear their dying scream
Of drowning agony ;—well might I deem
'T was sad reality, no thing of sleep :—
Then, as I strove to clamber down the dread
And fearful precipice, in hope to save
Some drowning mortal from a watery grave,
Methought the rocks did break beneath my tread ;
And, falling headlong, suddenly did wake
In wild amaze and fear, that made my bones to quake.

I HAD a dream,—a sweet and blissful dream!—
Methought I wander'd thro' a lonely isle,
Which, like another Eden, seem'd to smile
Verdant and bright : like to an emerald's gleam,
That on some fair one's heaving breast doth beam,
It glow'd upon the bosom of the deep :
A fairer spot was never seen in sleep,
When with bright visions Fancy's soul doth teem ;
It was, in sooth, her own bright fairy-land,—
Her own creation, beautiful and wild,—
Where bright flowers bloom'd, and balmy Zephyrs fann'd
Their odorous wings, and Music sweet beguil'd
My ravish'd soul to slumbers, still and deep ;
But O ! the vision fled,—I woke, alas ! to weep.

'T is sweet to roam in twilight's fading hour,
 In pensive mood, along the sea-girt shore,
 To list the music of the billow's roar,
 And feel its soft and soul-entrancing power
 Steal o'er the heart, whilst darkness 'gins to lower
 And cast her gloomy pall the billows o'er,
 And wild winds wail thro' ocean's caverns hoar,
 And fitful gleams the time-worn beacon-tower :
 And sweet to list the sea-birds' shrilly cry,
 Mingling their wild note with the moaning breeze,
 As, homeward sped, they seek their nests on high,
 On weary wing, from off the troubled seas,
 Midst rifted rocks, that frown all fearfully,
 And old fantastic roots of mould'ring trees.

I LOVE ye, ye fair creatures of the night !
 Ye smile so sweet in Beauty's beamy dress,
 Ye look so tranquil, pure in loveliness,
 My soul drinks in your pearly, liquid light,
 Till quite bewilder'd. Why so heavenly bright ?
 Why is such beauty in your being blent,
 To fill all hearts with such high ravishment,
 And some to idolize the rapturous sight ?
 Ah ! not to tempt us to idolatry ;
 For if ye are so lovely, wondrous, fair,
 How much more lovely, wondrous, fair is He
 Who made ye thus, all beauteous as ye are,
 And thus adorn'd, to speak aloud His praise,
 That man should Him adore, Him worship whilst they
 gaze !

'T is now the hour of midnight, still and deep,
And darkness casts her sable pall around :
Amid the solemn stillness so profound,
Whilst peaceful breasts are sunk in balmy sleep,
All pensive, I my lonely vigils keep,
And thoughtful muse, by the pale taper's ray,
On joys so bright, so transient, pass'd away,
No more to bloom,—albeit I wake to weep ;—
Or hold sweet converse with the sainted dead,
Who liv'd to teach and lead the path to heaven,
And think, how soon the grave shall be my bed !
O may such joys as theirs to me be given,—
Joys such as angel-tongues alone can tell,—
And fond friends weep in hope as tolls my funeral knell !

SONNETS,

DEDICATED TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE ART PATRIOTIC
EXHIBITION, (LONDON,)
ON SEEING THE PICTURE BY H. R. H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL,
‘THE BATTLE FIELD.’

BY G. H. WOOD,
LIEUT. (H.P.) H.M. 67TH REGT. FOOT, LATE OF 20TH FOOT.

I.

I STAND entranc'd beneath the sovereign spell
Of inborn Genius, school'd by magic Art,
And gaze with tearful eye and throbbing heart,—
So sad a tale this tragic scene doth tell:
Behold, where, stretch'd on glory's gory bed,
The Hero sleeps, to wake, to hear no more
The clash of arms or cannon's deadly roar;
Behold that form, that back-reclining head,
That pallid brow, and cheek so coldly pale,
That nerveless arm, that rent and blood-stain'd side,
O'er which is bent the heart-struck widow'd bride,
In speechless woe,—too deep for sorrow's wail,—
Enchain'd by love,—though life and hope be fled,—
By mighty love, that cannot quit the dead.

II.

But why should I, with idle words, aspire
To paint a scene, so palpable to sight,
And pictur'd forth in hues of living light?
More meet, methinks, to wake the plaintive lyre
To sounds of woe, and tears of sorrow shed
For Britain's sons,—the men of might, the brave,—
The noble army of the martyr'd dead,
Who sleep afar, beside the Euxine wave:
Heaven haste the day when War's dread blast shall cease,
And through the storm we hail the Ark of Peace:
O still the strife, and, o'er th' ensanguin'd flood,
Speed back thy soft-wing'd messenger of love,—
Thy bird of calm,—the olive-bearing Dove;—
Thou art our Trust, “renew thy rainbow, God!”

APPENDIX.—NOTES TO THE POEMS.

NOTE A.—PAGE 15.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

From Anecdotes of Napoleon Bonaparte and His Times, compiled by A. Cunningham, Esq., London, 1840, "Preliminary Observations."

"It has been well and truly observed, that he who would write the history of Napoleon Bonaparte ought to be at once a Tacitus and a Suetonius; for, without the united qualifications of both these historians, a complete portrait and character of one of the most wonderful men that it has ever fallen to the lot of history to celebrate, can never be expected.

"Born to command mankind, he possessed every qualification for furthering and realizing his ambitious dreams. His genius was of the eagle kind,—proved by the towering height of human glory to which he ascended, the self-possession which he displayed during his meteor-like ascent, the humble level from which he darted, and the presence of mind, or rather perfect ease, which he displayed when he alighted on that narrow and giddy summit.

"With a capacity for government of the highest order; with a command over the vast resources of the empire which he had formed, greater than sovereign ever possessed; with an activity that never

reposed; and placed on an elevation that despotism had never before attained,—he stood amongst us like some stupendous and majestic Apennine, the earth rocking at its feet, the heavens roaring round its head; and, when thrones are crumbled, and dynasties forgotten, will stand the landmark of his country's genius, sublimely elevated amid regal ruins and national dissolution,—a mental pyramid in the solitude of time.

“Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne. A mind bold, independent, and decisive, a will despotic in its dictates, an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell. The chief of cabinets and the controller of camps, a statesman by office and a soldier by profession, he was, from the cradle to the grave, the same pre-eminently brilliant, stirring, and audacious spirit.

“Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity.

“With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest; he acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshipped no god but ambition: and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

* * * * *

“Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprice. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, and systems vanished; the wildest theories took the colour of his whim; and all that was venerable, all that was novel changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even in the gambling of his wild ambition, defeat itself assumed the appearance of victory: his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to the empire!

“But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent: decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform.

“To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

“His person partook of the character of his mind: if the one never

yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount; space no opposition that he did not spurn; and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity.

“The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution.

“Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation: kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, crowns, camps, churches, and cabinets as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

“Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room, with the mob or the levee, wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown, banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg, dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia or contemplating defeat at the market-place of Leipsic, —he was still the same military despot!

“Cradled in the camp, he was to the very last the darling of the army; and, whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was the safety of their favourite.

“They knew well, that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; that if he exposed them to the peril, he repaid them with the plunder. For the soldier he subsidised the people; to the people he made every pride pay tribute: the victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe.

“In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, he yet pretended to the protection of learning; the silencer of De Stael and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David and the benefactor of De Lille.

“Such a medley of contradictions and, at the same time, such an individual consistency were never united in the same character. A

royalist, a republican and an emperor, * * a catholic and a patron of the synagogue, a subaltern and a sovereign, * * * he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original,—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self,—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

“ Coalition after coalition crumbled away before him : crowns were but ephemeral ; monarchs only the tenants of an hour : every evening sun set upon a change ; every morning dawned upon some new convulsion : the whole political globe trembled as with an earthquake ; and no one could tell what venerable monument was next to shiver beneath the splendid and reposeless fragments of the French volcano. But he is fallen ! His own ambition was his glorious conqueror. He attempted, with a sublime audacity, to grasp the fires of heaven. * * ”

“ His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world ; and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the revery.”

From *Le Livre des Cent-et-un*, by M. de Cormenin, Counsellor of State under Napoleon and under the Bourbons.

“ If Napoleon perished so completely, it is because he constituted in himself his renown, his dynasty, and his empire. Who would not have bowed their heads before his superiority ? and who did not feel, on approaching him, the charm of his all-powerful fascination ? There was no servility in this obedience to him, because it was voluntary, it was irresistible, and amounted sometimes even to passion. You were never tired of looking on that broad and pensive forehead, which enclosed the destiny of nations ; but you could not encounter his irresistible eye, which searched into the secrets of your innermost soul. All other men,—emperors, kings, generals, ministers,—in his presence appeared beings of an inferior and vulgar species. There was command in the very sound of his voice, and yet a sweetness, nay, a tenderness, a sort of Italian persuasiveness, which set your nerves vibrating. It was by this inconceivable mixture of grace and strength, of simplicity and splendour, of single-heartedness and superiority, of exquisite tact and abruptness, that he subjugated the most rebellious hearts, and overcame the most prejudiced. It may be truly said, that he conquered with the word as with the sword.”

NOTE B.—PAGE 22.

NAPOLEON'S LOVE FOR HIS SON.

From *Anecdotes of Napoleon Bonaparte and His Times*, compiled by A. Cunningham, Esq., pages 493, 494.

“ACCORDING to those persons who had access to his society at St. Helena, his young heir was the continual object of his solicitude. ‘For him alone,’ he said, ‘I returned from the isle of Elba; and if I still form some expectations in exile, they are also for him.’ ‘Do I deceive myself,’ demanded he one day of the countess Montholon, ‘in imagining that this rock, all frightful as it is, would be an elysium if my son were by my side? On receiving into my arms that infant, so many times fervently demanded of heaven, could I have believed that one day he would become the source of my greatest anguish? Yes, madame, every day he costs me tears of blood. I imagine to myself the most horrid events, which I cannot remove from my mind. I see either the potion or the empoisoned fruit which is about to terminate the days of that young innocent by the most cruel sufferings. Compassionate my weakness, madame, console me.’

“What must have been the agonizing tortures of a man who thus expressed himself!

“Bonaparte had in his youth composed a poem on Corsica, some extracts of which are to be found in ‘*Les Annales de l’Europe*,’ a German collection. It has not yet come to the knowledge of the public, that he had ever, since that epoch, composed a single verse. It required nothing short of the solitude of exile, and the idolatry which he manifested for his son, to inspire him with the following verses:—

“‘TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY SON.

“‘Delightful image of my much-loved boy!

Behold his eyes, his looks, his cherub smile!

No more, alas! will he enkindle joy,

Nor on some kindlier shore my woes beguile.

“‘My son! my darling son! wert thou but here,

My bosom should receive thy lovely form;

'Thou 'dst sooth my gloomy hours with converse dear ;
Serenely we 'd behold the lowering storm.

“ ‘ I 'd be the partner of thy infant cares,
And pour instruction o'er thy expanding mind ;
Whilst in thy heart, in my declining years,
My wearied soul should an asylum find.

“ ‘ My wrongs, my cares should be forgot with thee,
My power imperial, dignities, renown ;
This rock itself would be a heaven to me,
Thine arms more cherish'd than the victor's crown.

“ ‘ O ! in thine arms, my son ! I could forget that fame
Shall give me, through all time, a never-dying name.’ ”

NOTE C.—PAGE 202.

THE late Reverend Robert Brown, vicar of Kirk Braddan, a man of God, justly beloved and revered, whose name will ever be held in grateful and affectionate remembrance by the people of this Island. To a powerful and cultivated mind were added poetic genius and musical taste.

CRITIQUES
ON
METAPHYSICAL SUBJECTS.

INTRODUCTION.¹

IN the hope that the following remarks may throw some light on the "ideal or immaterial philosophy" which pervades the Sonnets on Metaphysical Subjects, the author has been induced, by some of his friends, to append them to his little volume.

They are selected from strictures which the author has written at different times, and on various writers. He is aware that they will lose somewhat of their force in the form in which they appear in these pages; but trusts that they will prove sufficiently lucid to those who are interested in metaphysical speculations.

These notes, it will be observed, touch on different topics, all of which are, however, vitally connected with the theory first propounded in our country by Berkeley and Collier.

It is rather a curious fact, that these two great writers worked out their demonstrations of the immaterial philoso-

¹ I am indebted to a kind and intellectual friend for the editing of the following critiques.—G. H. W.

phy almost simultaneously in point of time, although they were perfect strangers to each other. The prelate published his "Principles of Human Knowledge" three years prior to the appearance of the "Clavis Universalis." This work of Collier's, although it has no pretensions to the affluence of illustration, extent of learning, and beauty of diction which have won for Berkeley's writings the praise of "being, beyond dispute, the finest models of philosophical style since Cicero,"¹ is scarcely inferior in metaphysical acumen. It was translated into German, nearly a century ago, and seems to have attracted more attention on the continent than in his own country.²

¹ Sir J. Mackintosh's *Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, section vi, page 133.

² See *Collier's Memoir*, by Robert Benson, M.A., chapter ii.

C R I T I Q U E S
ON
M E T A P H Y S I C A L S U B J E C T S .

S T R I C T U R E S ¹

ON

“PHILOSOPHY OF PERCEPTION.—REID AND BROWN,”

AN ARTICLE² IN THE “EDINBURGH REVIEW,”

OCTOBER, 1830, VOL. LII, PAGE 158.³

THE critic bases his theory on the vulgar belief or ignorant opinions of mankind, and not upon their reason: if he appealed to the latter, his theory would be overthrown; for

¹ “This excellent little article is a perfect little philosophical gem, as clear in style and keen in logic as any piece of argumentation I ever met with.”—P. J. BAILEY, author of *Festus*.

² Since ascertained to have been written by Sir William Hamilton, Bart.—See his *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*; also, *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1842, note on p. 815.

³ See *Selections from the Edinburgh Review*, edited by Maurice Cross, London, 1833, vol. iii, p. 194. The numbers of the pages, quoted in these *Strictures*, refer to this work, when not otherwise expressed.

he affirms, that we perceive external and material objects intuitively and immediately, even "face to face" to the soul, (pp. 202-3,) although he allows that they are, necessarily in themselves, without the sphere of perception or of consciousness. Now, if we appeal to the common reason of mankind, the most uncultivated and ignorant man would say, that he could not perceive any thing out of the sphere of his senses; that he could not perceive a thing invisible, or out of sight; and he would justly consider a person a fool who would maintain a contrary opinion. So far, then, the common sense or common reason of mankind would be in favour of the absolute idealist, and against the natural realist.

2. The critic affirms, that all mankind have an original, as well as intuitive and immediate, perception of external and material things; but I assert, that the reverse is the fact, and that all mankind originally do really perceive the objects of vision as if they were internal, or just as near to the mind as the sensations of heat and cold or the emotions of pleasure and pain: this is demonstrated, by actual experiment, in the case of persons who have been born blind, and, by surgical operations, have been made to see. Here, again, the author's assertion is erroneous, the original perceptions of mankind being in favour of the absolute idealist, and against the natural realist; and, if we may be allowed to reason from analogy, we may fairly assume, that the objects of perception of all the other senses are originally perceived, internally, just as much as the sensations of the senses themselves. We know also by experiment, that sounds, which may be called the objects of hearing, are not external in the atmosphere, but internal states of the mind, although, to mankind in general, they seem to be external. Here, again, is the operation of the senses in favour of the idealist, and against the realist.

Again, mankind in general believe, that they, directly or

immediately, behold their own bodily forms and those of their neighbours, as also houses, trees, fields, &c. ; whereas, Berkeley has clearly demonstrated, in his "Theory of Vision," which is now generally adopted in the Universities, that this is a complete delusion ; and that distance, magnitude, figure, and motion are not immediate objects of vision, but mere suggestions of the mind, with respect to actual experience, elicited by means of the only real, immediate objects of sight, viz., light and colours, with their several shades and degrees. He has fully proved, that colours are not without the mind, consequently not inherent in external objects, although, to mankind in general, they appear to be so ; but that they are inherent in, and inseparable from, the mediate or suggested objects of vision ; and that both the objects and their colours exist only in the percipient mind.

Among various passages, I would quote section 43 of the "Theory of Vision,"¹ where he says :—

"Perhaps, upon a strict inquiry, we shall not find that even those, who from their birth have grown up in a continued habit of seeing, are irrecoverably prejudiced on the other side, to wit, in thinking what they see to be at a distance from them. For at this time it seems agreed on all hands, by those who have had any thoughts on that matter, that colours, which are the proper and immediate objects of sight, are not without the mind. But then it will be said, by sight we have also the ideas of extension, and figure, and motion ; all which may well be thought without and at some distance from the mind, though colour should not. In answer to this, I appeal to any man's experience, whether the visible extension of any object doth not appear as near to him as the colour of that object ; nay, whether they do not both seem to be in the very same place. Is not the extension we see coloured, and is it possible for us, so much as in thought, to separate and abstract colour from extension ? Now, where the extension is, there surely is the figure, and there the motion too. I speak of those which are perceived by sight."

¹ *Works of Bishop Berkeley*, London, 1820, vol. i, p. 256.

And in section 106, he further states :—

“From all which, laid together and duly considered, we may clearly deduce this inference. In the first act of vision, no idea entering by the eye would have a perceivable connexion with the ideas to which the names earth, man, head, foot, &c. were annexed in the understanding of a person blind from his birth; so as in any sort to introduce them into his mind, or make themselves be called by the same names, and reputed the same things with them, as afterwards they come to be.”

In sections 46, 50-1, 54 to 66, Berkeley clearly explains, how tangible distance and magnitude or extension are suggested to the mind by means of the primary objects of vision,—light, colours, and shades,—affirming, in section 65, “As we see distance so we see magnitude. And we see both in the same way that we see shame or anger in the looks of a man.” And in sections 105, 108-10, 137-8, he further shows, how tangible figure, number, and motion are similarly suggested. In section 50, he states, that objects regarded as at a distance are not so truly perceived as suggested by the eye. In section 46, that distance and things placed at a distance are not otherwise perceived by the eye than by the ear. In section 54, that magnitude is suggested in the same manner. And in the “Minute Philosopher,”¹ dial. iv, sec. 10, “Alciphron” asks :—

“What am I to think then? Do we see any thing at all, or is it altogether fancy and illusion? *Euphranor*,” who represents Berkeley, replies :—“Upon the whole, it seems the proper objects of sight are light and colours, with their several shades and degrees, all which, being infinitely diversified and combined, do form a language wonderfully adapted to suggest and exhibit to us the distances, figures situations, dimensions, and various qualities of tangible objects; not by similitude, nor yet by inference of necessary connexion, but by the arbitrary imposition of Providence, just as words suggest the things

¹ *Works of Bishop Berkeley*, London, 1820, vol. ii, pp. 46-7.

signified by them. *Alc.* How! do we not, strictly speaking, perceive by sight such things as trees, houses, men, rivers, and the like? *Euph.* We do, indeed, perceive or apprehend those things by the faculty of sight. But will it follow from thence, that they are the proper and immediate objects of sight, any more than that all those things are the proper and immediate objects of hearing, which are signified by the help of words or sounds? *Alc.* You would have us think then, that light, shades, and colours, variously combined, answer to the several articulations of sound in language, and that, by means thereof, all sorts of objects are suggested to the mind through the eye, in the same manner as they are suggested by words or sounds through the ear; that is, neither from necessary deduction to the judgment, nor from similitude to the fancy, but purely and solely from experience, custom, and habit." To which *Euphranor* answers in the affirmative.

I would observe, that what Berkeley calls the proper and immediate objects of vision being merely sensations of that faculty, it would be more correct so to designate them, as he sometimes does, than by the term "objects," and that in contradistinction to tangible, extended, figured objects suggested by their mediation. Moreover, it ought to be borne in mind, that tangible distance, magnitude, figure, &c., though termed the real and actual, in contrast to what Berkeley calls secondary objects of vision, are, nevertheless, as purely mental states, as he has fully demonstrated, suggested by means of tactual sensations, as those which are suggested by visual sensations, with reference to tactual experience.

Now, it does appear strange and unaccountable that so astute and philosophical a writer, who must have been familiar with Berkeley's writings, could, in the very face of these experimental facts, which prove the delusiveness of appearances, maintain, along with Aristotle:—"What appears to all, that we affirm to be; and he who rejects this belief, will, assuredly, advance nothing worthy of credit," (p. 225;) and we are to give our approbation to this belief, rather "than to what can be demonstrated by

philosophy as possible ;” or, in other words, we must implicitly rely on the appearances of things, although we have, by experiment and philosophy, proved them to be delusive. Yea, we must rely implicitly on these delusive appearances and false belief of ignorant men as the very “ ‘voice of nature’ ” or the “ ‘voice of God,’ ” (p. 208 ;) for if we do not, we “ ‘turn the truth of God into a lie,’ ” (p. 223 ;) “and consciousness is shewn to be, like Satan, a liar from the beginning,” (p. 229 ;) “the truth of consciousness and the possibility of knowledge,” (pp. 211, 208,)—yea, “knowledge absolutely is impossible, and every system of philosophy therefore false,” (p. 223;) and we only eat “ ‘the fruit of lies,’ ” (p. 228.)

3. The critic asserts, that the objects in nature appear to be external and material, therefore they are so. According to this mode of reasoning, the objects we behold in dreams appear to be external and material, therefore they are so ; yet he himself will maintain they are not. Well then, if they are not external and material, though they appear to be so, neither are the objects which he calls those of nature, which we behold in our waking state. The same mode of reasoning may be applied to the objects of imagination and fancy. I deny, that there are intuitive or innate ideas ; and affirm, that no portion of our knowledge is innate, but that the whole is a mere collection of deductions from experience ; and that what the critic calls intuitive perceptions of external and material things are the result of a very long course of training, especially the vulgar belief, that we see external and material objects, as proved in the case of the man born blind. The fact is, that learning to see is an art which we practise and acquire from infancy, and, as one has wittily observed, “the art of vision consists in learning to see things out of sight ;” because mankind in general believe that they see tangible objects and feel visible ones, which is tantamount to feeling with their eyes and seeing

with their fingers, which we must implicitly believe is the fact, according to this critic, or else we are guilty of disobeying the voice of nature and the voice of God, and "of turning the truth into a lie," &c.

He rejects the theory of Schelling as impossible, and as a contradiction to reason, (pp. 184-5, 191, 175.) Schelling affirms, that he has an immediate knowledge of the infinite, the absolute, or the Deity, by some mysterious, intellectual intuition. The critic denies this, first, on the ground, That the finite cannot comprehend the infinite; secondly, Because the mind is bound within the sphere of its own consciousness, (p. 196;) and he charges Schelling with overleaping this sphere, (pp. 184-5.) But this last objection returns with equal force on his own theory of natural realism, since, he asserts, he can perceive, intuitively and immediately, external and material things, which he allows to be without the sphere of his own consciousness. Still, he maintains his system, and affirms, that it is not contradictory to reason, but only incomprehensible; and that we must not doubt it, because, we cannot understand the nature of our own existence, which we believe in nevertheless, (p. 211.) He also condemns the theistic idealist, for bringing into his system the Divine assistance as the immediate cause of the successive states of consciousness; and yet he himself believes in some mysterious intuition,—so far like Schelling,—whereby, he says, we perceive external and material things, which in themselves exist out of the sphere of consciousness; and for this intuition he allows no adequate cause,—physical, metaphysical, or divine, (pp. 209-10;) consequently, he totally rejects the doctrine of the states or modifications of consciousness as held by Brown and certain absolute idealists. But in contrast to this delusive and self-contradicting theory of the natural realists, how simple and reasonable is that of the absolute idealist, who believes but in one substance,—mind,—from the im-

mediate knowledge he has of the states of his own consciousness : his immediate knowledge of the latter being the medium of his faith in the former. His system affording him a full, free, and perfect liberty of investigation, and furnishing him with the only means whereby he may boldly attack the delusions of mere appearances, the falsehood of the general belief of ignorant men based upon them, and the fallacious philosophical systems founded on this false general belief.

STRICTURES

ON

"REID AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE,"

AN ARTICLE IN "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,"

AUGUST, 1847.¹

REID maintains, that he has an intuitive perception of matter existing *per se*, or out of his mind or the sphere of his own consciousness; and he appeals to the general opinion of mankind as to the externality of objects, as a proof of the soundness of his theory.

The author of this article, after having exposed the fallacy and absurdity of Reid's system, and overthrown it, builds up a system of his own upon the very principles of Reid. He concedes, that our belief in the existence of matter is not in its independent existence *per se*; but guards this concession against the imputation of subjective idealism, by asserting, that our belief is in the independent existence of the perception of matter. This perception of matter is not a state of our minds, or a modification of it, but is an objective reality, existing altogether apart from us. The two fundamental principles on which his theory rest are, therefore, first, The identity of perception with matter; and, secondly, The objectivity of the perception. In other

¹ See *The Works of Thomas Reid, D.D.*, edited by Sir W. Hamilton, Bart., Edinburgh, 1846.

words, matter and the perception of matter are not two things, but one; and this perception of matter has a permanent existence independent of our minds. To use his own words, "our apprehension of the perception of matter" is the whole given fact with which metaphysics has to deal, — "the apprehension" being the subjective factor, "the perception of matter" being the objective part. — And the part which alone belongs to the human mind he resolves into a "participation in a perception of matter" which inheres in the Divine intellect. "The perception of matter," though independent of our minds, is not independent of all mind; and thus furnishes a demonstration of an eternal intelligence.

I make the following observations on this theory:—

1. The writer maintains, that he has an intuitive "apprehension of the perception of matter," (pp. 254-7,) which perceptions of matter, he affirms, exist out of our minds, (pp. 256-7,) or out of the sphere of our individual consciousness; and that they have so existed from everlasting, (p. 256,) and would so exist eternally if all intelligent creatures were annihilated, (p. 257;) because, he says, they are ideas everlastingly existing in the mind of God, (p. 257;) whilst he does not attempt to explain, how perceptions of matter—evidently, the perceptions of our minds—can exist out of our minds, and be ideas in the mind of God.

2. If the perceptions of matter are, as the critic asserts, (p. 257,) states or modifications of the Divine mind, then, I maintain, it is impossible that they can be apprehended by any finite being, seeing that it is impossible, in the very nature of things, for any intelligent creature to apprehend the states or operations even of a fellow-creature's mind.

3. The phrase itself, to "apprehend a perception," is not only illogical, but tautological; for, "to apprehend a perception" is the same as "to have a perception," or "to perceive;" but then, as the critic's argument is against the

possibility of perceiving matter *per se*, and as his own theory depends upon his apprehending something, he has endeavoured to make "the perception of matter," which is an act of his own mind, the objective, and "the apprehending the perception" the subjective, (p. 254.) The fact is, he is guilty of the very error he condemns in Reid, making a distinction or analysis where none exists; so that, to use his own simile, whenever you ring for No. 1, "apprehending," No. 2, "perceiving," always answers the bell, (p. 251.)

4. After censuring Reid for appealing to the general belief of mankind in support of his theory, he is actually guilty of making the same appeal himself in confirmation of his own incomprehensible, paradoxical, and illogical system of intellectual intuition, (pp. 256-7,) or "intuitionism."

5. He is totally mistaken when he says, that anticipations of his doctrine are to be found in "Berkeley's Works," (p. 257;) for Berkeley everywhere maintains, that what is called the external or material universe is ideal, though real, and exists in our minds either as ideas, operations, or conditions; so that if all intelligent creatures were annihilated, the external universe, with which they had been conversant, would be annihilated also, although the archetypal universe would still exist, ideally and really, in the mind of God.

6. The critic maintains the following fallacy or illogical absurdity:—viz., that the human mind is not the seat of, nor distinct from, its own operations, but that "the mind only is what the mind does," (p. 248,)—thus confounding the percipient mind with its own perceptions;—but afterwards contradicts himself, affirming, that perceptions "must belong to some mind, for perceptions without an intelligence in which they inhere are inconceivable and contradictory," (p. 257.)

CRITIQUE

ON

"BERKELEY AND IDEALISM,"

AN ARTICLE IN "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,"

JUNE, 1842, PAGES 812-30.

THE author agrees with Berkeley in his premises, namely, that matter has no existence independent of mind ; that it depends entirely for existence on mind ; consequently, that if mind were removed or annihilated, matter would be annihilated also. Again, that the thing or object is the appearance, and that the appearance is the thing ; that the object is our perception of it, and that our perception of it is the object. Berkeley, therefore, very logically concludes from these premises, founded on the evidence of our senses, that, as the material and external creation consists of the perceptions of the mind, if the mind were annihilated, its perceptions or operations would cease or be annihilated ; *ergo*, the external universe would be annihilated.

I agree with the critic in all that he has said, "in the first place," (p. 817,) when answering this question in the affirmative, being admirably argued, and truly logical ; but all his reasoning, "in the second place," (p. 818,) when answering this question in the negative, appears to me to be based upon a downright piece of fallacy, quite unworthy of so great a mind, and otherwise so able a champion of the Berkeleyan theory.

He affirms, that it is impossible to conceive ourselves or the external universe to become annihilated; that we cannot think the thought of our or its annihilation, we only think that we think it, and deceive ourselves; moreover, that we cannot realize the thought or fear of death, we cannot think the thought or entertain the fear, but only imagine that we do so, and again deceive ourselves; or rather, "this imagination of ours," he says, "is a gracious imposition practised upon us by the Author of our nature, for the wisest and most benevolent of purposes," (p. 819.) He asserts, that "in the real thought of death we should be already dead," (p. 819,) by which he contradicts himself, allowing that we might be dead, and is guilty of this strange paradox, that though already dead, by which he means unconscious, we should, nevertheless, be thinking the real thought of death: surely sophistry cannot go beyond this.

Non-existence, he affirms, requires a percipient present mind to apprehend it, just as much as existence. His argument, therefore, is to this effect, that it is impossible to separate the thought of annihilation from annihilation itself, or the thought of death from death itself, that is, to separate the thought from the fact, they being one and the same idea or conception of the mind; consequently, there is no such thing possible as annihilation and death independent of a present percipient mind to apprehend them.

He might as well argue, that because it is impossible—and it is impossible, I grant,—to separate the thought of the Divine Being from the Divine Being himself, or, in other words, form an abstract idea of him, therefore they are one and the same idea; consequently, it is impossible there can be any such being as the Deity independent of a present percipient mind to apprehend him, or a notion of him. According to this, the Deity is nothing more nor

less than a thought, conception, or imagination of the human mind.

The same mode of fallacious reasoning may be brought against the actual, essential, and independent existence of our own souls and spiritual beings in general, they, according to this fallacy, being only thoughts or conceptions of the mind, which is tantamount to the assertion, that our own souls consist only of a succession of ideas, the Deity and finite spirits being only portions of those ideas. This sophistry would lead a man into the monstrous folly of believing, that he himself was the only being in existence, or rather not a percipient being, but a mere succession of ideas. The author might as well assert, that my soul could not exist, unless it could apprehend itself; but my soul is one thing, namely, the subject or apprehender, and its apprehending is another thing, namely, the operation or action; and, although we cannot form an abstract idea of the soul or of the Divine essence, we may still affirm, that they exist essentially, independently, and antecedently to our thoughts, conceptions, or notions of them. So of annihilation and death, although we can form no abstract ideas of these states, we may still logically affirm the possibility of them antecedent to, and independent of, our thoughts and conceptions of them.

If by non-existence and death he means the thought or notion which we form of them, I readily agree with him, that the thought or notion requires a percipient present mind to apprehend it, just as much as the thought of existence does. But this is not the question: it is, non-existence and death themselves in the abstract, and not the thought or idea of them, which is the point at issue; but he seems to confound the thought with the fact, and the fact with the thought, as if they were convertible ideas, or, more properly speaking, one and the same thing.

If, in the passage above referred to, by "non-existence

itself" the critic means the fact itself, and not the thought or conception of it, then he involves himself in this strange contradiction and impossibility, namely, that annihilation could not take place, unless there was a percipient, present, existing mind to apprehend it, which is tantamount to asserting, that a present percipient mind might be existing and not-existing at the same time ; and, also, that death and unconsciousness could not take place, unless there was a living percipient mind present to apprehend them, which is equivalent to saying, that a man might be dead and alive at the same time.

Now, I deny, that in reasoning fairly and logically upon this subject, any contradiction or impossibility is involved, as the following syllogism will clearly prove, viz. :—If the mind were annihilated, the perceptions or operations of the mind would cease or be annihilated ; but the external material creation, vulgarly so called, consists of perceptions or operations of the mind ; consequently, the external material creation would cease to exist or be annihilated. Now, existence implies the possibility of non-existence or annihilation, and life implies the possibility of death or unconsciousness, which is, I presume, synonymous with death, in the author's opinion. If annihilation be impossible, creation is impossible : if death or unconsciousness be impossible, life or consciousness is impossible. Moreover, the Almighty Being who created could as readily annihilate ; and he that gave life could as readily take it away. And I further affirm, that if all minds ceased to operate or became unconscious, that the external material creation, consisting of mental operations, would cease to exist or be annihilated.

The author not only denies the possibility of the annihilation of the external creation, which, he allows, consists of perceptions of the mind, but he denies the possibility of the annihilation of the mind itself. He says, "that no

question and no proposition whatever can, for a moment, be entertained which involves the supposition of our annihilation," (p. 819;) "that no such idea can be construed to the mind by any effort of the understanding, or rationally articulated by any power of language," (p. 819,) without involving a similar paradox and impossibility, namely, that there could be no annihilation of the mind itself, unless there was a percipient mind present to apprehend its own annihilation; for, according to this assertion, the mind would be existing and non-existing at the same time; but, as I said before with respect to the annihilation of creation, the Almighty Being who created the human mind could as readily uncreate or annihilate it.

The fallacy of his reasoning consists, in his confounding the fact of annihilation and death with the thought or conception of them. And he argues against their possibility upon the same ground that he would argue against the possibility of matter existing out of the percipient mind, namely, because annihilation and death are not objects of the senses. True, they are not, nor, in the nature of things, can be; because they are subjects of the reason and of credence, just as are our own souls, the souls of others, and the Divine essence: in short, they are not objects of perception, but subjects of conception. And the possibility of annihilation and death can only be proved by the same method of reasoning by which we prove the existence of the Deity, our own souls, the souls of others like ourselves, namely, not immediately or objectively, but mediately, by deductive reasoning.

I differ with the author entirely, and maintain, that we can form an idea, and that we can entertain the supposition, of the mind ceasing to exist or being annihilated, and, consequently, of ceasing to operate or becoming unconscious; also, that we can form a rational idea of the mind ceasing to operate whilst it still exists essentially and substantially.

This is all that I have meant, throughout this argument, by a state of annihilation and a state of death or unconsciousness; for, beyond and above the ceasing to be and ceasing to be conscious, we can form no rational idea or conception; and more than this the author ought not to demand, for of this we can form as rational and satisfactory an idea as we can of the mind commencing its existence by the creative power of God, and of the mind ceasing to operate and losing its consciousness, which, as I said before, would be tantamount to the annihilation of the external, visible, and tangible creation.

The following quotations from Berkeley will prove the fallacy of the author's reasoning, and the absurdity of his demanding more than can possibly be granted in the nature of things. I shall introduce these quotations by the following remark, viz.:—We have no immediate or positive idea of the soul's essence or substance, and we can only form a negative and relative idea of it, or an idea in relation to our perceptions, thus,—that it is not divisible, that it is not corporeal, and that it is not extended, and, consequently, that it is not corruptible or dissoluble; and that, therefore, it is naturally immortal. Berkeley says:—

“From the opinion that spirits are to be known after the manner of an idea or sensation, have arisen many absurd and heterodox tenets, and much scepticism about the nature of the soul. It is even probable, that this opinion may have produced a doubt in some whether they had any soul at all distinct from their body, since upon inquiry they could not find they had an idea [or perception] of it.”—*Principles of Human Knowledge*, sec. 137.

This is the fallacy into which this critic has fallen, as may be proved by applying this sentence of Berkeley to annihilation and unconsciousness, instead of to spiritual beings, thus:—“From the opinion that annihilation and death or unconsciousness are to be known after the manner

of an idea or perception, have arisen many absurd and heterodox tenets, and much scepticism about the nature of annihilation and death. It is even probable, that this opinion may have produced a doubt in some persons, whether there could be any such states at all distinct from their minds; since, upon inquiry, they could not find that they had any idea or perception of them." Whereas, it is self-evident, that, in the nature of things, they could not be known after the manner of an idea or perception; because, as I said before, they are, like spiritual beings, subjects of reason and credence.

Berkeley goes on to say:—

"I own I have properly [immediately or directly] no idea [or perception] either of God or any other spirit; for these being active, cannot be represented by things perfectly inert, as our ideas are. I do nevertheless know, that I who am a spirit or thinking substance, exist, as certainly as I know my ideas exist. Farther, I know what I mean by the terms *I* and *myself*; and I know this immediately, or intuitively, though I do not perceive it as I perceive a triangle, a colour, or a sound."—*Works*, London, 1820, vol. i, p. 184, *Third Dialogue*.

"In a large sense, indeed, we may be said to have an idea, or rather a notion, of *spirit*; that is, we understand the meaning of the word, otherwise we could not affirm or deny any thing of it; therefore, although there is properly no idea, or perception, or image signified by the terms soul, spirit, and substance, we are not to conclude that they are wholly insignificant or have no meaning in them; for by the word spirit we mean only that which thinks, wills, and perceives; this, and this alone, constitutes the signification of that term."—*Principles of Human Knowledge*, secs. 140, 138.

In like manner, I argue, that, although we have no perception of annihilation and death, we have a notion or conception of these states, that is, we understand the meaning of the words; otherwise we could not affirm or deny any thing of them. What we mean by the word annihilation or non-existence, is simply this, the ceasing to exist; and

what we mean by the word death, is simply this, ceasing to live; of which we have as rational a conception as we have of existence and life.

I trust that I have logically refuted both propositions of the critic:—first, That it is impossible that the mind itself, or that the external material creation, consisting of perceptions of the mind, could be annihilated, and equally impossible that death could ever take place; the second, That it is impossible to form a notion or conception of annihilation or death, without involving a downright paradox and contradiction in terms. But whilst I have argued the possibility of the annihilation of the mind, if it were God's pleasure to uncreate that which he created; still, I maintain as firmly as the critic himself, that the Divine Being never will annihilate any finite created mind or spirit. And further, that the mind or spirit is essentially and naturally immortal, that is, that it would exist for ever if God would never annihilate it; and he has declared in Divine revelation, that he never will, and that Christ "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel;" and that the righteous shall rise to everlasting life.

But, before I conclude this subject, I would just observe, that it is a matter of fact and experience, and not a mere hypothesis, that the visible creation, consisting of visible perceptions, is to each human being actually blotted out every time he shuts his eyes, and that a new visible creation is formed every time he opens them; because the objects of the senses can only exist, being perceptions of the mind, whilst they are perceived; consequently, we never perceive by any of the senses the same object twice, but only similar objects: for instance, the sun we see to-day is not the same sun we saw yesterday, but a similar visible object; the sun we saw yesterday, like yesterday itself, is passed away or annihilated, never to be restored; and, as to-day is not yesterday recalled, but only a similar portion of

time, so the sun we see to-day is not the sun of yesterday, but a similar visible object, the immediate creation of the Deity through the instrumentality of the visive faculty. The same truth is applicable to all the senses; for, we never see, touch, smell, taste, and hear the same objects twice together, but they are successively and immediately created. But in order to avoid perplexity of thought, and such an endless number and confusion of names as would render language impracticable, we instinctively combine a succession of similar ideas and perceptions apprehended by any one sense, and call them all by the same name, and consider them one and the same thing; and, also, the different perceptions apprehended by distinct senses we combine, and call by the same name, and consider the same thing. In the former case, a succession of visible suns is called and considered as one and the self-same sun: in the second case, a visible apple, a tangible apple, an apple of the taste, and an apple of the smell are all called by the same name and considered as one and the same thing, though it is self-evident, that each is a distinct object or perception of a totally distinct sense, having no similitude or necessary connection with each other. But as the percipient mind will evermore exist, so this operation of the mind, this ceasing and creating of objects of the senses, will always continue; consequently, the external material creation, consisting of mental perceptions, will evermore exist.

It may be objected, that the Scriptures nowhere assert that created objects, or the objects of the senses, are merely perceptions of the mind; but that they speak of them as if they existed in themselves independent of, and external to, the mind. I answer, the Scriptures do not purport to teach philosophy or metaphysics, consequently, they do not use philosophical or metaphysical language, but merely the common language of mankind, as, for instance, speaking after the appearance, and not the reality, of things,—of the sun and moon's rising and setting; whereas, according to

the Newtonian system, this apparent motion of the sun, moon, and stars moving from east to west, is a mere ocular deception, produced by the real, diurnal rotatory motion of the earth on its axis from west to east. Again, the Scriptures speak of the moon and the sun standing still; whereas, the sun always stands still, and this appearance of their standing still would be, according to the Newtonian system, another optical delusion, caused by the earth's standing still, its diurnal rotatory motion being stopped for a time. The Scriptures also speak of the sun's returning ten degrees by which it was gone down, according to the dial of Ahaz: this, also, according to the Newtonian system, would be an optical delusion, caused by the earth's returning ten degrees backward in an opposite course, from east to west.

In answering an objection brought against his system, Berkeley says:—

“It is thought strangely absurd, that upon closing my eye-lids, all the visible objects round me should be reduced to nothing; and yet is not this what philosophers commonly acknowledge, when they agree on all hands, that light and colours, which alone are the proper objects of sight, are mere perceptions, that exist no longer than they are perceived.”

Again:—

“It may to some, perhaps, seem very incredible, that things should be every moment creating. Yet this notion is commonly taught in the schools.”

Again, when speaking of the immortality of the soul, he says:—

“It must not be supposed, that they who assert the natural immortality of the soul are of opinion that it is absolutely incapable of annihilation even by the infinite power of the Creator who first gave it being: but only that it is not liable to be broken or dissolved by the ordinary laws of nature or motion.”—*Principles of Human Knowledge*, sec. 141.

Thus, by maintaining the possibility of the annihilation of the mind by the power of God, Berkeley totally opposes, and disagrees with, this critic, who has affirmed the contrary with such boldness, and argued it with such fallacy.

The following brief extracts will show the able manner in which Berkeley conducts the argument, deducively, in proof of the existence of our own souls, the souls of others, and of the Divine Being:—

“The mind, spirit, or soul, is that indivisible unextended thing which thinks, acts, and perceives. I say *indivisible*, because unextended; and *unextended*, because extended, figured, moveable things are ideas [or perceptions;] and that which perceives ideas, which thinks and wills, is plainly itself no idea, nor like an idea. Ideas are things inactive, and perceived: and spirits a sort of beings altogether different from them.”—Vol. i. pp. 184-5, *Third Dialogue*.

“We comprehend our own existence by inward feeling or reflection, and that of other spirits by reason. We may be said to have some knowledge or notion of our own minds, of spirits and active beings, whereof in a strict [or philosophical] sense we have not ideas.”—*Principles of Human Knowledge*, sec. 89.

“Spirits are *active, indivisible substances*; ideas [or perceptions] are *inert, fleeting, dependent beings*, which subsist not by themselves, but are supported by, or exist in, minds or spiritual substances.”—*Ibid.*

“Moreover, as we conceive the ideas that are in the minds of other spirits by means of our own, which we suppose to be resemblances of them: so we know other spirits by means of our own soul, which in that sense is the image or idea of them, it having a like respect to other spirits, that blueness or heat by me perceived hath to those ideas perceived by another.”—*Ibid.*, sec. 140.

“I repeat, that I have a conception of a spirit, though I have not, strictly and philosophically speaking, an idea, image, or perception of it. I do not perceive it as an idea or perception, or by means of an idea, but know it by reflection.”

“However, taking the word *idea* in a large sense, my soul may be said to furnish me with an idea, that is, an image, or likeness of God, though indeed extremely inadequate. For all the notion I have of God, is obtained by reflecting on my own soul, heightening its powers, and removing its imperfections. I have therefore, though not an

inactive idea, yet in myself some sort of an active thinking image of the Deity, [that is, my soul is the active thinking image of the Deity, though infinitely inadequate.] And though I perceive him not by sense, yet I have a notion [or conception] of him, or know him by reflection and reasoning. My own mind and my own ideas I have an immediate knowledge of; and by the help of these, do mediately apprehend the possibility of the existence of other spirits and ideas. Farther, from my own being, and from the dependency I find in myself and my ideas, I do by an act of reason, necessarily infer the existence of a God, and [the archetypes] of all created things in the mind of God."—Vol. i, p. 185, *Third Dialogue*.

Then, showing the impossibility of the existence of the material substratum of the philosophers, he says:—

"You neither perceive matter objectively, as you do an idea [or perception,] nor know it, as you do yourself by a reflex act: neither do you mediately apprehend it by similitude of the one or the other: nor yet collect it by reasoning from that which you know immediately. All which makes the case [or question] of *matter* widely different from that of the *Deity*," [or of our own souls and the souls of others.]—Vol. i, p. 185, *Third Dialogue*.

"I do not deny the existence of material substance, merely because I have no notion of it, but because the notion of it is inconsistent, or in other words, because it is repugnant that there should be a notion of it. Many things, for aught I know, may exist, whereof neither I nor any other man hath or can have any idea or notion whatsoever. But then those things must be possible, that is, nothing inconsistent must be included in their definition."—*Ibid.*, p. 186.

Amongst which, so far as we have no immediate idea or perception of their existence, he ranks the Deity, our own souls, and spirits in general.

"I say, that although we believe things to exist, which we do not perceive; yet we may not believe that any particular thing exists, without some reason for such belief: but I have no reason for believing the existence of matter. I have no immediate intuition thereof, [as he has of his own soul:] neither can I mediately from my sensations, ideas, notions, actions, or passions, infer an unthinking, unperceiving, inactive substance, either by probable deduction, or necessary consequence. Whereas the being of myself, that is, my

own soul, mind, or thinking principle, I evidently know by reflection."—Vol. i, p. 186, *Third Dialogue*.

"I am not in like manner conscious either of the existence or essence of matter, [as I am of my own soul.] On the contrary, I know that nothing inconsistent can exist, and that the existence of matter implies an inconsistency. Farther, I know what I mean, when I affirm that there is a spiritual substance or support of ideas, that is, that a spirit knows and perceives ideas. But I do not know what is meant, when it is said, that an unperceiving substance hath inherent in it and supports either ideas or the archetypes of ideas. There is therefore upon the whole no parity of case between spirit and matter."—*Ibid.*, pp. 187-8.

"From what hath been said, it is plain that we cannot know the existence of other spirits, otherwise than by their operations, or the ideas by them excited in us. I perceive several motions, changes, and combinations of ideas, that inform me there are certain particular agents like myself, which accompany them, and concur in their production. Hence the knowledge I have of other spirits is not [direct or] immediate, as is the knowledge of my ideas; but depending on the intervention of ideas, by me referred to agents or spirits distinct from myself, as effects or concomitant signs."—*Principles of Human Knowledge*, sec. 145.

"But though there be some things which convince us human agents are concerned in producing them; yet it is evident to every one, that those things which are called the works of nature, that is, the far greater part of the ideas or sensations perceived by us, are not produced by, or dependent on the wills of men. There is therefore some other [infinite] Spirit that causes them, since it is repugnant [to reason] that they should subsist [of or] by themselves. But if we attentively consider the constant regularity, order, and concatenation of natural things, the surprising magnificence, beauty, and perfection of the larger, and the exquisite contrivance of the smaller parts of the creation, together with the exact harmony and correspondence of the whole, but above all, the never enough admired laws of pain and pleasure, and the instincts or natural inclinations, appetites, and passions of animals; I say if we consider all these things, and at the same time attend to the meaning and import of the attributes, one, eternal, infinitely wise, good, and perfect, we shall clearly perceive that they belong to the aforesaid Spirit, *who works all in all*, and by *whom all things consist*."—*Ibid.*, sec. 146.

"Hence it is evident, that God is known as certainly and imme-

diately as any other mind or spirit whatsoever, distinct from ourselves. We may even assert, that the existence of God is far more evidently perceived than the existence of men ; because the effects of nature are infinitely more numerous and considerable, than those ascribed to human agents. There is not any one mark that denotes a man, or effect produced by him, which doth not more strongly evince the being of that Spirit who is the *author of nature*. For it is evident that in affecting other persons, the will of man hath no other object, than barely the motion of the limbs of his body ; but that such a motion should be attended by, or excite any idea in the mind of another, depends wholly on the will of the Creator. He alone it is who ‘upholding all things by the word of his power,’ maintains that intercourse between spirits, whereby they are able to perceive the existence of each other, [or rather, whereby the existence of each other is suggested.] And yet this pure and clear light which enlightens every one, is itself invisible.”—*Principles of Human Knowledge*, sec. 147.

“It seems to be a general pretence of the unthinking herd, that they cannot see God. Could we but see him, say they, as we see a man, we should believe that he is, and believing obey his commands. But alas, we need only open our eyes to see the sovereign Lord of all things with a more full and clear view, than we do any one of our fellow-creatures. I shall explain my meaning. A human spirit or person is not perceived by sense, as not being an idea [or sensation ;] when therefore we see the colour, size, figure, and motions of a man, we perceive only certain sensations or ideas excited in our own minds : and these being exhibited to our view in sundry distinct collections, serve to mark out unto us the existence of finite and created spirits like ourselves. Hence it is plain, we do not see a man, if by *man* is meant that which lives, moves, perceives, and thinks as we do : but only such a certain collection of ideas [or perceptions,] as directs us to think there is a distinct principle of thought and motion like to ourselves, accompanying and represented by it. And after the same manner we see God ; all the difference is, that whereas some one finite and narrow assemblage of ideas denotes a particular human mind, whithersoever we direct our view, we do at all times and in all places perceive manifest tokens of the Divinity : every thing we see, hear, feel, or anywise perceive by sense, being a sign or effect of the power [and immediate operation] of God ; as is our perception of those very motions, which are produced by men.”—*Ibid.* sec. 148.

CRITIQUE
ON
"THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF THE EXTERNAL
WORLD."

In the year 1847, an anonymous volume was published by John Churchill, Princes Street, Soho, London, entitled "On the Nature and Elements of the External World: or Universal Immaterialism fully explained and newly demonstrated." The author of this volume has, in the view of the writer of this paper, fallen into a few inconsistencies, rather singular in one who is so penetrating and subtle. The first inconsistency occurs in his examination of Dr. Thomas Brown's objections to Berkeley's theory. The Scotch professor, it is well known, tried to obviate the ideal hypothesis by the assertion, that ideas are nothing more than the mind affected in a certain manner: the sensation of colour, e.g., is the mind existing in a certain state. This argument the anonymous author tries to reduce *ad absurdum*: "That upon the sight of a teapot, my thinking and perceiving principle becomes converted into that shaped and coloured object which we call a teapot, is a notion of so astounding a nature," &c. He thus proceeds, on the mistake that Brown supposed the mind itself and the state of the mind were identical,—as though the ideas within the mind are the things which perceive and think. After pointing out this fallacy of the critic, the MS. proceeds:—

HE repeats this absurdity at page 191, and affirms, that Brown says, that "the mind and the state of the mind, are not two things, but one and the same thing." But this is another misrepresentation. For although Brown affirms,

that the mind and the state of the mind are not two things distinct in their nature and substance, and separable from each other, as Berkeley's theory of ideas would imply, still he does not form the monstrous conclusion, that the mind itself and the state of the mind are but one and the same thing, but, on the contrary, clearly demonstrates, that the essential sentient or percipient mind cannot be the same thing as its sensations and perceptions, states or acts, and he always maintains this self-evident distinction; consequently, all the author's arguments on this score are without the slightest foundation, except in his own "misguiding spirit:" so that when Brown perceived a teapot, he did not believe that he or his mind was converted into a teapot, (p. 192;) or that the colour of a rose "can think, its smell can think, its feel can think," (p. 193;) or any other such utter nonsense, so every way unworthy of appearing in the book of a philosophical writer of such talent as this author. Yet, strange as it seems, the author himself, at p. 90, and throughout the whole of the work, affirms, that all sounds, tastes, smells, feels, and colours are sensations within the mind, and there only: his words are,—“It is within the mind only these things can be.” At p. 92, he says, that “all the known elements of the sensible universe are the five sensations already enumerated;” and that “nothing can be better adapted to a subsistence within the mind than such elements as these.” (See also pp. 104-5.)

I grant, the author does not assert, like Brown, that these sensations are states or acts of the mind; nor does he tell us what he thinks they are. Yet what else can they be? But, at p. 182, he asserts, that the mind does not act in the excitement of its own sensations; and that Berkeley holds the same opinion. Still he does not attempt to solve the paradox, how the mind can be in a state of excitement, and not at the same time in a state of action.

I presume he would admit, that thoughts and volitions

are acts of the mind, as also objects of the memory, fancy, and imagination; since, at p. 262, he affirms, that "the mind possesses the power of exciting or creating [these] things within itself;" (also at pp. 263 and 267.) Now, if these things be acts of the mind, why may not sensations be, such as colours, feels, sounds, tastes, and smells? For objects of the memory, fancy, and imagination, he says, at p. 263, are "of the same spiritual nature as feels and colours, with a greater or less affinity to feels and colours." And again, at p. 262, asserts, that these things, which, he maintains, the mind creates, "are susceptible of great varieties in force and vividness."

As to the possibility of the human mind having the power to create any things within, or operate upon, itself, (pp. 262-7;) I think I have logically disproved this unphilosophical notion.

Granting, then, that the things above named and sensations are acts or states of the mind, I may quote his own words, and say:—"That the state of a thing is by no means identical with the thing itself,—[the thing or mind being the subject, and the state the affection or condition of the subject,]—and that, however much our sensations and ideas might be states of our minds, it does not at all follow that they must be the thing in us which thinks and feels," (p. 188; see also p. 183.) But the conclusion which the author deduces from this self-evident fact, is, that sensations and ideas are distinct from the mind, separable, essential substances, which, although he may term them "spiritual" in their nature, as he does at p. 263, and elsewhere, must, in the nature of things, be material, however he may attempt to refine and spiritualize them, as Brown has clearly demonstrated. And hence it is he is bitter and hostile against Brown.

Surely the author must admit, that a thought or volition is a state or act of the mind; and why then not allow sen-

sations to be so? For a thought or volition can neither think nor will, smell nor taste, feel nor hear, any more than a sensation. But the author asserts, that if we admit, with Brown and Reid, that sensations are states or acts of the mind, we must admit, as a logical consequence, "that colour can think, smell can think, and feel can think," (p. 193;) and that "the mind becomes transformed into a table, if it perceives a table,—into a tree, if it perceives a tree,—and so on, into whatever object of sense it perceives," (p. 6.) And, at the bottom of the same page, he affirms, that the sensation of blue is not a state or modification of the mind, but a something distinct from the mind within the mind, as, in p. 182, he affirms, that sensations are not acts of the mind, though excited by the mind. Again, at p. 29, he says, that, as a consequent from Brown's views, "the table which a person sees or feels is that person's mind invested with the qualities of a table;" and, at p. 192, "that upon the sight of a teapot, my thinking and perceiving principle becomes converted into that shaped and coloured object which we call a teapot."

But, according to his own and Berkeley's doctrine, he affirms, that "no one idea is capable of thinking;" and that "all agree that there is something connected with ideas which can do this—which can think and reason. This [something] is what, in common language, we call 'mind,' and is therefore a thing quite different from any idea, or any combination of ideas, with which it deals," (p. 119.) And he asserts, that "Berkeley [and he himself of course] did not mean that when an object exists within the mind, the mind, or any portion of the mind [or sentient substance,] constitutes a portion of that object," (p. 29.) Again, the author asserts, and endeavours to prove, that the mind is not the subject of figure and extension, yet that "the subject of figure and extension subsists in mind," (p. 231 compared with p. 229.) If so, the mate-

rialist may use the same mode of reasoning, and assert, that matter is not the subject of figure and extension, but that the subject of these qualities subsists in matter; for although not matter, it is something like matter, just as the author affirms of the subject of qualities of objects of sense, that though it is not mind, it is a something like mind; and thus the materialist would completely nullify the force of the author's argument throughout cap. v, and elsewhere, arising from the distinction which he has endeavoured to make between the subject of the qualities of an object of sense, which, he says, is always qualified by these qualities, (pp. 229, 191,) and the substance of the qualities, i.e., the substance in which they inhere, which, he says, is never qualified by them.

It is evident that the author has used this mode of argument, and made this distinction between subject and substance, in order to support the Berkeleyan theory of the nature of ideas, or sensations, or primary objects of the senses, as being substances distinct and separable from the mind itself, though always subsisting in some mind, and which he calls "spiritual things," like the substance of the mind.

The author has also had a second reason for using this mode of argument, namely, in order, as he supposed, to refute the theory of Reid, Brown, and Stewart, who maintain, as I have already stated, that what Berkeley calls ideas or sensations are merely states or acts of the mind itself. But the author maintains, at p. 229, in axiom 7, that there can be only two substances in the universe, matter and mind, if there be more than one, viz., mind; consequently, if ideas or sensations be not acts or states of the mind itself, they must be material, however the author may attempt to spiritualize them, or call them "spiritual things."

But though this style of argument relative to the qualities of sensible objects qualifying the subject of these qual-

ities, is based upon the grossness of the material theory, and totally inconsistent for an immaterialist to adopt, it was forced upon him by his advocating the Berkeleyan theory of the nature of ideas, as I said before.

But is it not absurd for an immaterialist to argue, that if the qualities called red or blue were states of the mind, the mind, as the subject of them, and the substance, would be qualified by them, i.e., become red or blue? And is not this supposing that these qualities were material ingredients, which were so diffused throughout the subject and substance as to render the mind red or blue? And the same may be said of the qualities of other sensible objects,—viz., *colours*, feels, sounds, tastes, and smells.

And here I would remark, that by an object of quality as contradistinguished from its qualities, the author means any combination of qualities which suggests its secondary object, or what the author calls the subject of them; for, strictly speaking, each quality is as truly an object of sense as a combination of them. This distinction should be borne in mind, in order to prevent confusion of ideas upon this intricate subject.

But to return from this digression. Surely the author would allow, that anger, shame, fear, love, or any of the other passions were states of the mind; and yet he would not maintain, that they qualified the mind after this gross material fashion, or, in other words, that the mind's essence or substance was suffused or diffused with anger, shame, fear, love, &c. And if he would not assert this, as a legitimate consequence from these passions being states of the mind, he ought to admit, that qualities of sensible objects, such as red or blue, rough or smooth, wet or dry, hard or soft, heavy or light, sweet or sour, &c., might be states of the mind without qualifying the mind's substance—without turning it red or blue, rough or smooth, wet or dry, hard or soft, heavy or light, or sweet or sour, &c. But strange

to say, the author contradicts himself, and asserts, at p. 188, as a "fact, that the state of a thing is by no means identical with the thing itself; and that, however much our sensations and ideas might be states of our minds, it does not at all follow that they must be the thing in us which thinks and feels," (see also p. 183.) And this fact is precisely what Brown affirms, though the author says, Brown denies it; and that the legitimate consequence from Brown's theory of sensations, as states of the mind, is, that sensations think and feel, or, that upon the sight of a teapot, the thinking and perceiving principle becomes converted into a teapot; because Brown affirms, and that philosophically, that "there is not the sensation of colour in addition to the mind, nor the sensation of fragrance in addition to the mind, but *the sensation of colour is the mind* existing in a certain state, and *the sensation of fragrance is the mind* existing in a different state," (p. 192.) And the author has endeavoured to pervert his meaning by printing in italics the words "the sensation of colour is the mind" and "the sensation of fragrance is the mind," instead of connecting the word "mind" with the words which follow it, namely, "existing in a certain state" and "existing in a different state." The sensation blue or red is not the mind, the thinking substance or principle, as the author will have Brown to maintain; but the sensation blue or red is the mind *existing in a certain state*, or, in other words, is a state of the mind—of the thinking, perceiving substance or principle. Moreover, if Brown, in stating his theory of sensations as states of the sentient mind, had written so unguardedly, as the author falsely asserts, the author's remarks would not have refuted Brown's main argument either in its premises or conclusions, but only have corrected his mode of argument, and thereby strengthened and perfected it in its premises and conclusions.

But laying aside this gross and laborious mode of argu-

ment, which the author has adopted, after the school of the materialists, in order to support the Berkeleyan theory of the nature of ideas, let us just appeal to matter of fact, to the testimony of our own conscious experience, and I feel assured that Brown's theory of sensations as states of the sentient mind, and the doctrine of immaterialism in general, will appear so simple and self-evident, that any person of common sense will readily understand them.

First, then, We sensate a sensation, a colour for instance, or a combination of colours, lights, and shades, which are all that we really see, and are, therefore, called the immediate or primary objects of vision.

Secondly, We perceive a thing, a something figured and extended, which, not being an object of vision, but only an idea or object of the mind, suggested by means of the immediate or primary objects of vision, is called a secondary object of vision: which secondary object has no necessary connection with the primary, but merely an arbitrary one, imposed by the Deity; for had he so ordained it as a law of vision, the primary objects might have suggested any other secondary objects than those which they now suggest. But as certain secondary objects are now invariably and instantly suggested by means of the primary, as invariable consequences, of which the primary are the invariable antecedents, we, in common language, say, that the secondary are composed of, or qualified by, the primary. But this is a gross notion and mode of speech derived from materialism; for the trees and mountains, which, we think and say, we see in a painting, and which, from the process of painting, appear to be composed of colours and their lights and shades, are, with respect to figure and extension, no more objects of vision, strictly speaking, than the trees, and mountains, and other objects of nature which we think we see. The secondary objects termed tangible, also, are, strictly, no more objects of the touch than the former are ob-

jects of the sight ; and both the former and the latter are as truly mental and ideal as the trees and mountains which we perceive in dreams, although the objects in dreams are called ideal, and those perceived in our waking state real. Moreover, as there is no necessary connection between the primary and secondary objects of vision, so there is no necessary connection between them and the primary and secondary objects of touch : as a proof of which, we have only to refer to a painting, a mirror, or a lake. Again, as the secondary objects of vision have no necessary connection with, or necessary dependence upon, the secondary objects of touch, so the former and latter objects have distinct and independent magnitudes or extensions,—the magnitude of the secondary visible object perpetually varying in extension or dimension as we approach to, or recede from, what we call the tangible object ; whereas the magnitude of the secondary tangible object continues always invariably the same.

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And here I would make a few observations on a point of vast importance, and which, although a fact in the experience of all mankind, the immaterialists in general either deny, or do not admit, or will not attempt to explain,—I mean, that all mankind naturally, though ignorantly, believe, that visible and tangible objects, especially the latter, subsist in a material substance, and that the objects and their substance exist out of the mind. Now I maintain, that there is a something apparently external to the mind, and apparently substantial, which mankind naturally, but ignorantly, believe to be material, and which some materialists—Reid, Stewart, &c.,—believe to be the material substance in which figure, and extension, and all other secondary qualities subsist. Berkeley, and this author, I presume, would maintain, that this something is a *spiritual* something in which both the primary and secondary qualities and ob-

jects of vision and touch inhere : but they would not call it a substance ; because they would affirm, that this something, which is perhaps what the author calls “the subject of figure and extension,” (p. 231,) subsists in mind, or, that mind is the substance in which it subsists. But since they both affirm, that there can be only two substances in the universe, viz., mind and matter, if there be more than one substance, viz., mind, (p. 229;) and since they maintain, that sensations and the objects of sensations are not states or acts of the mind, (pp. 183, 185-6, 188,) but spiritual things like the mind, i.e., real entities, distinct and separable from the mind, although they say they can only subsist in mind,—it is self-evident, that these sensations and their objects must be material, however they may please to refine them, with respect to their substance, and that this substance, in which they really subsist, must also subsist in mind ; and further, that this substance is this “something ;” and, therefore, this “something,” according to their premises, must be material. But as I consider sensations and their objects, called the primary and secondary objects of sense, to be merely states or acts of the sentient and percipient mind ; and as I know from experience, that the primary objects invariably suggest the secondary, viz., the figured and extended, and, also, that this “something” is invariably suggested along with the secondary, as the substance in which they subsist,—I consequently conclude and maintain, that this “something” is not external to the mind, is not substantial and material, but is merely an idea of the mind, *apparently* external to the mind, and *apparently* substantial and material, and therefore ignorantly and vulgarly supposed to be really so. But still I assert, that this “something” in question, although merely an idea of the mind, like an idea of the imagination, is as truly real as any primary idea or object of sensation ; and that as the real existence of this “something” is a fact of general experience, it was intended by

the Deity, for wise and obvious reasons, that it should have this appearance of being external to the mind, substantial, and material. Still he cannot be considered as deceiving us; because this semblance was ordained as the result of a fixed law of vision and touch, namely, that of suggestion, just as much as form and extension were so ordained,—which law we are allowed, by the exercise of reason, fully to understand. If we, therefore, through our ignorance of this law of nature, mistake this semblance of externality, substantiality, and materiality, and believe this “something,” this idea, to be really external to the mind, and really substantial and material, the fault is ours, and we deceive ourselves. I repeat, that the Deity did not intend us to believe that this “something” was really external, substantial, and material; but he intended us to believe that it has this really external, substantial, and material *appearance or semblance*.

I would further remark, that this “something” in question is that which the materialists consider to be the material framework of the objects of sense, and upon which are diffused the visible and palpable qualities of things, (pp. 41-5,) but which the author has demonstrated, supposing such a material framework to exist, to be invisible, impalpable, and imperceptible. Still I maintain, that this “something,” this framework, *appears* to be as visible, palpable, and perceptible as figure and extension, or any other of the secondary qualities of the objects of sense: for instance, when we hold a stone or any hard or heavy object in our hand, we appear to see and feel the material substance in question, just as visibly, palpably, and perceptibly as we do the figure and magnitude of the object; and moreover, the *apparent* material substance appears to be just as external to mind as the figure and extension appear to be. And let it be remembered, that this “something” does not suggest a material substance external to the mind, but that it

is itself a thing suggested by the primary qualities, such as colours and feels, having in itself the appearance or semblance of being a material substance external to the mind : and, also, that this "something," though only ideal, and only apparently substantial, material, and external to the mind, is as much a real something as any other ideal and merely apparent external something, such as figure and extension ; and is as much a real something of its kind as the material substance which it appears to be would be, supposing the material substance really existed.

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Toward the conclusion of his treatise, which is throughout one of strenuous elaboration in argument, though often illogical, the author investigates "the cause of our sensations." Some of his statements suggested the following reflections :—

The author says :—"We are every one of us conscious that the mind possesses the power of exciting or creating things within itself," according to its volition ; and, at p. 267, he repeats this opinion, stating, that we are all conscious that our volition is competent to create things in minds. But I maintain, that, strictly and philosophically speaking, the mind cannot possibly create or excite things within itself. By "things" he means objects of the memory, fancy, and imagination, "which are susceptible of great varieties in force and vividness," (p. 262 ;) and "are of the same spiritual nature as feels and colours, and with a greater or less affinity to feels and colours," (p. 263.)

Moreover I affirm, that the human mind can no more create its volitions or thoughts than it can create objects of memory, fancy, or imagination ; or the sensations called feels and colours, or their secondary qualities of shape, and size, and motion ; or the sensible objects, apparently external to the mind, suggested by sensations. We can no

more create a thought or volition, strictly speaking, than we can create a world: the mere supposition is a contradiction to reason. For to suppose we could create our own thoughts and volitions, we must pre-suppose that we fore-knew and had determined upon the kind of thought, and volition, and object of memory, fancy, and imagination, which we intended to create; and if so, they, or their archetypes, must have been already created in our minds; and if their archetypes, this supposition only puts the difficulty one step further off, since, it is self evident, we could not create the archetypes within our own minds: and no man was ever conscious of undergoing such a mental process.

The mind cannot operate upon or move itself: it cannot, at one and the same time, be the operator and the subject operated upon. The Deity alone is the immediate cause, operator, or creator of things,—whether of sensations, such as colours, feels, sounds, tastes, and smells, and their secondary qualities of size, shape, and motion, or objects of memory, fancy, and imagination, or of our thoughts and volitions: and these he creates according to the archetypes eternally existing in his own mind. We cannot even conceive the Deity creating or exciting thoughts or volitions in, or in any way operating upon, his own mind, for the self-evident reason already stated, namely, that we cannot conceive the mind, even the Divine mind, to be, at one and the same time, the operator and the subject operated upon.

We are as passive in the creation of those operations of the mind termed active, such as volition, with respect to their immediate cause, as we are in the creation of those termed passive. We are, in short, just as passive instruments in the hand of God, as a piano-forte under the hand of man, which cannot play or operate upon itself, with only this difference, that we are rendered *conscious* passive instruments. But whilst we are passive conscious instruments,

with respect to the creation of all our mental motions, whether called voluntary or involuntary, active or passive, we are rendered *active* agents with regard to the exercise of all our mental motions or operations ; for those termed passive, such as involuntary thoughts, spasmodic motions, &c., are as much actions of the mind as those termed active, such as voluntary thoughts and voluntary motions, &c.

But then it may be objected, that this mode of argument makes the Deity the immediate cause or creator of all our evil thoughts and sinful volitions. I grant this appears to be a logical conclusion ; but Berkeley justly argues, that this conclusion is no more the result of the immaterial theory, which he advocates, than of the material theory of his opponents : the fact is, this apparent dilemma is equally great on either theory. He says :—

“ The imputation of guilt is the same, whether a person commits an action with or without an instrument. In case therefore you suppose God to act by the mediation of an instrument, or occasion, called *matter*, you as truly make him the author of sin as I, who think him the immediate agent in all these operations vulgarly ascribed to nature. I farther observe, that sin or moral turpitude doth not consist in the outward physical action or motion, but in the internal deviation of the will from the laws of reason and religion. This is plain, in that the killing an enemy in battle, or putting a criminal legally to death, is not thought sinful, though the outward act be the very same with that in the case of murder. Since therefore sin doth not consist in the physical action, the making God an immediate cause of all such actions, is not making him the author of sin. Lastly, I have no where said that God is the only agent who produces all the motions in bodies ; [though he maintains God is the immediate agent of all *physical* motions in bodies.] It is true, I have denied there are any other agents besides spirits ; but this is very consistent with allowing to thinking rational beings, in the production of motions, the use of limited powers, ultimately indeed derived from God, but immediately under the direction of their own wills, which is sufficient to entitle them to all the guilt of their actions.”—*Works*, vol. i, p. 191, *Third Dialogue*.

Still I must confess, that this argument of Berkeley's, though admirable in a religious, moral, or practical point of view, does not appear to me to remove the metaphysical difficulty or dilemma ; because it might be objected, and that in his words just quoted against the materialist, "that in case you, Berkeley, suppose God to act, or operate physically, upon the mind by the mediation of an instrument or occasion, such as the use of those limited powers granted to intelligent creatures, ultimately indeed, as you allow, derived from God, but immediately under the direction of their own wills, you as truly or logically make him the author of sin as those who think him the immediate agent of all the operations of the mind, whether voluntary or involuntary, evil or good."

The Deity either is or is not the immediate cause or creator of all mental motions in his rational creatures ; consequently, we have the choice of two difficulties equally great, and apparently inscrutable : for, first, If we deny that God is the immediate cause or creator of the sinful volitions of his creatures, and maintain that they themselves are the immediate authors of their own sinful volitions, then there must be as many active immediate creators as there are active, intelligent sinful beings in the universe ; and secondly, If we deny that intelligent creatures are the immediate authors or creators of their sinful volitions, we apparently make God the immediate author of sin ; for sin is not something super-added to the volition by the creature, and, as Berkeley seems to intimate, under the direction of their own wills, but consists in the very nature and character of the volition, as being opposed to the revealed law of God, the light of conscience, and the light of nature. But as every volition, whether evil or good, must be an act or operation of the mind, and as, it is self-evident, the mind cannot act or operate upon itself, it cannot be the immediate cause or creator of its own volitions, evil or good.

From the latter part of the extract from Berkeley, if I rightly understand him, he seems to say, that thinking rational creatures are endowed with limited powers immediately under the direction of their own wills, whereby they are enabled to produce or create motions, such as sinful volitions, in their own minds, and which is sufficient to entitle them to the guilt of their actions and of their thoughts. But surely it must be allowed, that these "limited powers" with which we are endowed, when in exercise, are themselves operations of our minds, as much as the volitions which, Berkeley says, they produce; and if so, as I have before observed, they cannot be, in the nature of things, the immediate creations of our own minds, since the mind cannot create any motion or operation in itself. Still, Berkeley's argument is admirable in a religious and practical point of view, because it vindicates the Deity from the imputation of being the author of sin, and fixes the guilt of the sinful volitions on the creature. It is generally allowed, that the immediate cause or origin of sin is an inscrutable mystery; but, whatever be the immediate cause of our sinful volitions, the Scriptures assure us, that God is not the *author* of sin, but that the sin and guilt of our volitions and actions are our own, or so righteously imputed to us, that we stand condemned, not only in the sight of God, but by our own consciences, and are justly liable both to the moral and physical punishment of our sins, not only in this life, but in the life to come; and that we shall assuredly be doomed to righteous punishment,—whatever be the nature of it, or whatever it may consist in,—unless we be truly regenerated, and converted, and sanctified in the present life, repent and bring forth fruits meet for repentance not to be repented of, through a living, saving, and sanctifying faith in Jesus Christ. And it is well and blessed for us, that, when perplexed with such metaphysical difficulties and dilemmas, we have God's unerring Holy Word,

“the law and the testimony,” for our guidance and authority, and to which to appeal in all such doubtful and momentous matters and inscrutable mysteries. But whilst the Scriptures assure us, that God is not, mediately or immediately, the author of sin, and that our sins are our own, and justly chargeable to us as voluntary agents, they do not attempt to solve the metaphysical difficulty, by telling us who or what is the immediate cause or creator of our sinful thoughts and volitions, but lead us to the only remedy for the cure of sin, the atoning blood and righteousness of the Son of God, the almighty Physician of the diseased soul, and to the Holy Spirit’s sanctifying influences.

I would also observe, that if sensations and ideas, or objects of dreams, memory, fancy, and imagination, are not acts of the percipient mind, in which they are excited,—(see p. 182,)—then the difficulty and the impossibility of their being the *creations* of the mind itself, as this author maintains they are, (p. 262,) are the greater.

REMARKS

SUGGESTED BY

"A SPECIMEN OF TRUE PHILOSOPHY,"

BY ARTHUR COLLIER¹

IN this tractate, Mr. Collier maintains, that as the visible world exists in the mind of man, so man exists in Christ, and Christ in God. This forms what he calls the doctrine of "*inexistence*," and he deduces it from the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, — mystically interpreting "the beginning" or *archè* to mean the second person in the Godhead. According to a similar mode, he expounds the first and second verses of the gospel of St. John; from which he deduces, that Christ or the Logos eternally existed in God the Father, interpreting "the beginning" or *archè* to mean the first person in the Godhead: thus, "In *the* [or *a*] *beginning* was the Word [or Logos,] and the Word was *with* God [the Father,] and the Word was God. The same was in *the beginning with* God." After commenting on this original and profound speculation, the writer of this critique proceeds in his MS. to say:—

I SHALL conclude these observations by the following remarks on the subject of the Ego, on which Collier's doctrine seems to throw considerable light.

The Ego, I myself, is not innate or born with us, for au

¹ *Metaphysical Tracts by English Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century.* Prepared for the press by the late Rev. Samuel Parr, D.D. Lumley, London, 1837.

infant does not possess it ; consequently it is acquired by experience and habit, and originates in the distinction which the mind forms between external and internal suggestions, and is perpetuated by the reflex acts of the memory, and may be considered as a sixth sense. When once it is formed, it ever continues in exercise, unless interrupted by disease, as in the cases called double consciousness ; from which fact, and from our own common experience in health, we find that the Ego, when once formed, depends chiefly on the faculty of memory for its preservation.

The mode of its origin will appear self-evident when we consider the following facts :—namely, that an infant only sensates hunger, thirst, pain, and pleasure, and does not perceive *things* but by gradual experience, which things, at first, would be experienced internally in the mind, as they really are, though, of course, the infant would not *know* they were internal ; for until, by further experience of the senses, the suggestive faculties had been brought into exercise, it could have no knowledge whatever of internality or externality ; consequently, it could have no consciousness of the Ego, or personality, having as yet no knowledge of the external world, or non-Ego, whereby to form a contrast or comparison : and this, no doubt, is the case with many of the lower order of marine animals, who having only the sense of feeling, and that very imperfectly, can never have any consciousness of personality.

Thus we see that the Ego is not an innate sense ; and we see also how it is acquired, being simply the result of gradual experience and habit as contrasted with the non-Ego, or external world, and maintained or perpetuated by the memory.

As the Ego is *itself* acquired, and is the result of a succession of states or acts of consciousness, it cannot be the percipient or concipient ; still it always accompanies sensations perception and conception, and thus appropriates

them, and makes them its own; and for this reason, it is too often confounded with the percipient or concipient mind, which is its seat.

But the next question is, what is the mind? And the only answer which ever could be given is simply, that, in the very nature of things, *it is impossible to be known*, and therefore, impossible to say any thing about it, since the percipient mind can never perceive itself, or be at once the percipient and the perception, the subject and the object.

We know no more of mind, as such, than of matter, supposing matter to exist. All we can know is *mediately* or by its effects, i.e., by its own successive states or acts, from which we necessarily infer the existence of a *seat* of those states or acts, or a percipient being, which we call the human mind, soul, or spirit. But if Collier's theory of *inexistence* be true, there can be no such created being or substance as a human mind, soul, or spirit, existing simply or separately as such; but the human, as well as the angelic, mind exists immediately in the mind of Christ, the Logos or Archè, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," "and by whom all things consist;" and mediately in the mind of God the Father, which is the one uncreated, self-existing, eternal, absolute substance.

* * * *

According to Collier, the mind of Christ or the Logos is an eternal essential emanation from the Father, the one self-existent, absolute substance; the Holy Spirit, an eternal essential emanation from both; the minds of men and angels are non-eternal emanations proceeding immediately from Christ the Archè, and mediately from God the Father.

I think there is a self-evident distinction between essential identity and personal identity: the former of which I conceive to be the same as the mind, and the latter the same as the Ego, or our conscious sense of personality. Essential identity, or the mind, is the seat of, and therefore

distinct from, personal identity, or the Ego, which is the result of acts of consciousness.

But it may be objected, that a *succession* of conscious states would destroy personal identity, or the Ego. This I deny, because memory, by its reflex acts, supplies the place of all past states of consciousness by perpetually forming ideal images of them, however faint; and by this constant renewal, if so it may be called, of past states of consciousness, the Ego, or conscious sense of personal identity, is preserved and perpetuated; therefore, personal identity, without the reflex acts of memory, never could exist.

We must not confound essential identity, the mind, with personal identity, the Ego, of which it is the seat. The essential mind, although a *sentient* being, cannot, without the aid of experience, become a percipient or concipient being: it is only such when it has acquired a knowledge of the Ego. We know nothing of the nature and essence of the mind: we cannot be conversant with it, because the percipient cannot become its own perception; but as, according to Collier, the human and angelic mind is an *emanation proceeding* from the mind of Christ the Archè, he may know or be conversant with it immediately, as we are with our own ideas, though only mediately with its acts or operations, and with that which constitutes the Ego, I myself.

The mind of an infant, as before stated, is only a *sentient* being, or an unconscious sensor, and is not a personal perceiver or conceiver until it has acquired, by experience and habit, a knowledge of the Ego, or personal identity. In treating of the mode by which the Ego is acquired, p. 260, I stated, that it originated "in the distinction which the mind forms between external and internal suggestions," &c. I would now further remark, that as there is no *real* externality, so there is no *real* internality; that these are merely relative terms, and not to be considered absolutely; and that the objects of the senses are

no more external than those of memory or imagination, or the thoughts and volitions of the mind ; and the latter no more internal the former.

As to the nature of ideas, I would observe, that Berkeley, who followed Plato, was decidedly wrong in supposing, that ideas, whether deemed external or internal, were certain entities distinct from the percipient mind ; that they went in and out of it ; and that the same ideas existed in some other mind or minds when not existing in any particular individual mind ; and when not existing in any human mind, they then might be existing in the minds of angels ; and when not existing in any created finite mind, that they existed in the mind of God. But this notion has been demonstrated, by Dr. Brown and others, to be false and unphilosophical ; because, if they were entities distinct from the mind, refine them as you may, as I have had occasion repeatedly to state, they must still be considered material, for none will maintain that they are spiritual substances. Moreover, it is self-evident that they are only states or acts of the mind ; and, since we are conversant only with the states or acts of our own minds, it is also self-evident that ideas, whether called external objects of the senses, or internal objects of the fancy and imagination, or thoughts and volitions, cannot, philosophically speaking, be said to be *in*, any more than *out*, of the mind, with respect to place, but simply *of* the mind, with respect to state.

The mind exists not in place or time, which are merely suggestions of the mind.

THE END.

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“POEMS BY G. H. WOOD: To which are added Critiques on Metaphysical Subjects, by the same Author.

“THIS is a delightful book, and we feel assured that all who read it, with a capacity to understand and appreciate its varied beauties, will cordially endorse our opinion. As a Manxman, and to the ‘manner born,’ we feel a natural pride in our accomplished fellow-islesman, who to his well-known private worth, superadds genuine poetical talent, and deep scholarship as an acute writer and thinker in the most abstruse of all sciences—metaphysics. Mr. Wood has, in this charming volume, amply evinced the possession of both the natural and acquired gifts to which we refer. As a poet, he has at his command a singular elegance and vigour of expression, and his verses exhibit great beauty, in combination with much originality of thought. He has formed an ear to harmony, and trained his fancy to the graceful and melodious expression of noble ideas. As a metaphysician, we shall not pretend to decide on the merits of a gentleman whose mind has been deeply and zealously devoted to the study of Ethical Science for more than thirty years. The very few of our acquaintance who are capable of forming an accurate judgment of Mr. Wood’s attainments as a metaphysician, are unanimous in praise of his ability; to them, therefore, we leave a theme over which we possess no mastery, and more than doubt our own capacity to comprehend. Materialism and Immaterialism! Mind and Matter! What countless volumes of discussion and disquisition have been written upon these antagonistic theories; and how little, in reality, is understood, and probably ever will be understood, about the nature of the connection between the

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two. One thing, however, we think we have gathered from Mr. Wood's lucid analysis, and able condensation of the conflicting arguments in the closing half of the volume now before us, and that is—that of late years metaphysical science has gradually assumed a less ambitious and more reasonable tone; its investigations have borne a more practical character; and its attempts to penetrate into mysteries, which appear to have been purposely placed beyond the reach of the human understanding, have been less daring and presumptuous. We cannot conclude our present cursory notice of Mr. Wood's volume without expressing a feeling of gratified pride that the work of a fellow-islesman has received such unbounded patronage, not only in his native home, but throughout Great Britain. The appended Subscription List shows an aggregate extending to nearly nine hundred subscriptions, and among the names will be found, not merely those of the insular authorities, and leading inhabitants of the Isle of Man, but those of personages of the very highest birth and eminence in England, in the Church, the State, the Army, and the Navy. It is studded, also, with the names of British Authors of great and acknowledged celebrity; sure proofs of the estimation in which the Author is held by those most competent to decide on his merits. We can but sincerely endorse their unanimous suffrage."—*Manx Sun*, November 12th, 1853.

"POEMS & METAPHYSICAL CRITIQUES. By G. H. WOOD.
Douglas: published by Mylrea, &c.

"WE acknowledged the receipt of this book last week, but had no time to review it. We have since read it with some care and are prepared to speak about it. Mr. Wood, its author, is a native Manxman, and he has long been known to the public as a man of much genius and learning. A part of the poems composing this volume, had, on various occasions, and in different periodicals, appeared before; and the reading public had relished them, and were prepared to look for good things when they all should be collected into one volume, and many new ones added, which had never seen the light; but high as public expectation was, we think it must be fully gratified by this charming volume.

"It is a dispute amongst authors as to the period in a nation's history when its poetry is most prime. Some tell us that poetry appears in its best luxuriance during a nation's infancy—or rather

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barbarism—for what infant nation is otherwise than barbarous? The advocates of this theory point us to Homer, Ossian, Chaucer, and Shakspeare for proof, and defy us to show as good poets as these in a more advanced stage of civilisation to the respective countries where these flourished. The opposite class of authors contend, that nothing short of the most profound learning can qualify a man to write poetry worth the reading; and in proof they bring us Milton, Dryden, Pope, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. Now, we belong to neither of these disputant schools; and yet agree with both. Poetry is an ever-living, all-pervading principle, confined to no space, no country, no epoch, no nothing! It penetrates the deep caverns of the earth to its heart and centre—it flies upwards to the third heaven—to the temple and the throne of God—describes the trees of Paradise waving round the throne, and the waters of life issuing from beneath it—it expands over all seas, all climes, all races of men, and all epochs—and next to the omnipresence of Deity itself, it is ubiquitous and every where at all times. Why, what is poetry but the love of the beautiful in nature and imagination; and this lives and glows in the mind of the poor Indian in his native forest, where he communes with God alone, and is still; and it blazes in the rapt seraph that ‘adores and burns’ around the throne of God. Sound, and even great learning, so far from extinguishing this heavenly spark in the soul, does but clear away the dross that obscured it, and gives it a new and surprising lustre. John Milton was one of the profoundest scholars that ever flourished in this realm; and yet did his learning abate his poetic fire? Let ‘*Paradise Lost*’ answer. Now we have been led into these *outré* speculations from the fact, that our friend, the author under review, has embodied poetry and metaphysics in the same volume. Here are learning and song linked together, and who can say the learning is not most subtle and profound, and the song as gay and lively as that of the morning lark? As to Mr. Wood’s metaphysics, we who read, perfectly well understand that this branch of philosophy is divided into two schools, materialists and immaterialists. Berkeley, Collier, and others, were apostles of idealism nearly a century ago; and ever since that period some of the most acute thinkers in Europe and America have been of the same school.

“Upon the whole, Mr. Wood’s beautiful volume does the highest credit to Manx genius; is a substantial, if not a *material* proof of the author’s fine taste, poetic inspiration, and various learning; and we doubt not but that some of the poems will live for generations to come, shedding light on the author’s fame long after he has been released from mortal cares.”—*Mona’s Herald*, November 16th, 1853.

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"HEART HISTORIES, &c. BY MARION PAUL AIRD.
Kilmarnock, Edinburgh : Johnstone and Hunter.
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"POEMS. BY G. H. WOOD. Douglas, Isle of Man :
J. Mylrea. London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

"WE class these two very pleasing volumes of poetry together—the one by a Scottish lady, and the other by a Manx gentleman. We for once proceed to celebrate a marriage without the consent of parties, certain, however, that when they know, they will love each other, and bless us for proclaiming the banns.

* * * * *

"We cannot enlarge on the particular merits of these true and fine-hearted poems. We would recommend, however, with peculiar emphasis, her "Martyr Memories," her "Emblems from a Picture," her "Silent Foot," her "Auld Kirkyard," and her "Renwick's Farewell."

"Mr. Wood is a man of much more culture than Miss Aird's lot has permitted her to acquire. But, in native enthusiasm, in sincerity, and in piety, he is a kindred spirit. He was, we understand, an officer in the army, has been much abroad, and has, with a poet's eye, looked at many scenes and many men. He spent a considerable part of his time at St. Helena, while Napoleon was there, and has some very fine lines on the subject. His volume consists of a large mass of effusions,—most of them interesting, elegant, spirited, and poetical. The book has been published by subscription; and the subscription-list is curious, from the vast variety of well-known names it contains, from the Duke of Cambridge to J. S. Buckingham—from Thomas Carlyle to Dr. Carpenter—from Louis Napoleon to

"APOLLODORUS," (G. GILFILLAN.)

—*The Critic, London Literary Journal*, February 15th, 1854.

POEMS : To which are added Critiques on Metaphysical Subjects. By G. H. WOOD. London : Simpkin & Co.

"Mr. Wood sings sweetly and reasons well. He loves poetry and takes delight in the subtle fields of Metaphysics. Some of his sonnets are well executed and pointed, as witness this to our friend Gilfillan, who richly deserves the compliment." — *The Christian Weekly News*, August 18th, 1854.

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Captain Mitchell	1
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Lieut. L. B. Reeves, R.M...	2
Lieut. N. Steevens, 88th Foot	1
Lieut. Anstey, 20th Foot	1
Lieut. Hay, 20th Foot	1
Lieut. Butler, 20th Foot	1
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Lieut. James, 20th Foot	1
Lieut. Dowling, 20th Foot	1
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Lieut. Dickens, 20th Foot	1
Ensign Lutyens, 20th Foot	1
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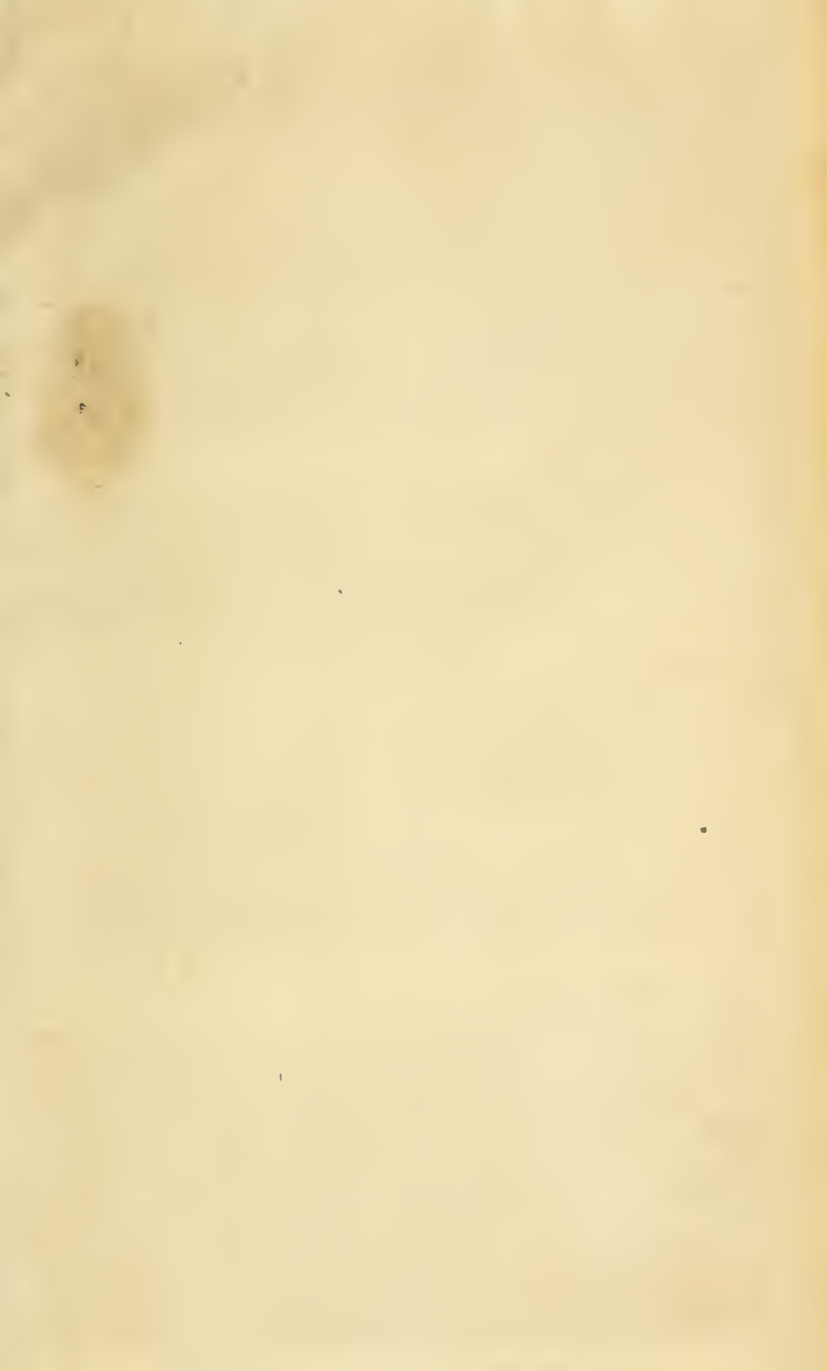
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